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*BELL's*

# BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. XII.

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# *BELL's*

# BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF

*THE MOST ESTEEMED*

## ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XII.

CONTAINING


BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE, . BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.
ALL IN THE WRONG, . . . . — MURPHY.
BROTHERS, . . . . . — CUMBERLAND.
SIEGE OF DAMASCUS, . . . . — HUGHES.



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Mrs. WELLS as ANNE LOVELY.

*I greatly fear the flesh and the weakness of the resolution —*

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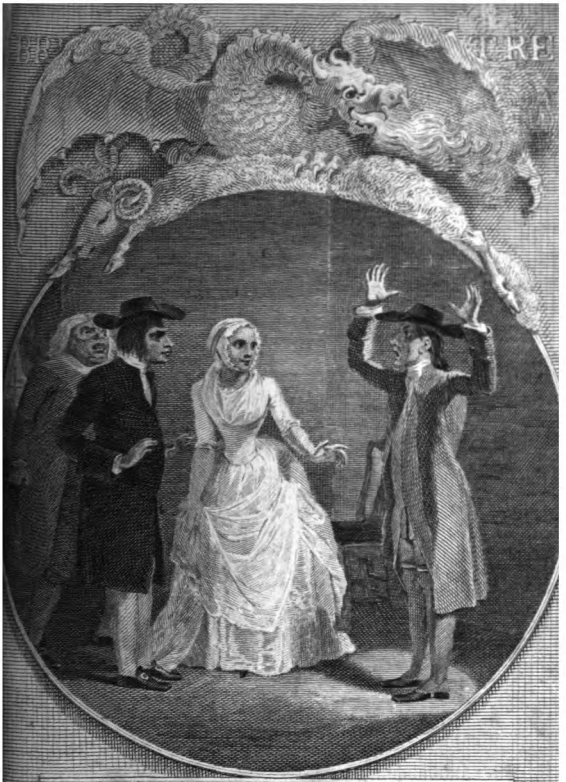

BOLD STROKE for a WIFE.

S. Pete. Avaunt Satan, approach me not:
I defy thee and all thy works.

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand. November 1782.

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A

# *BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.*

A

COMEDY,

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

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TO

HIS GRACE,

# *PHILIP,*

DUKE AND MARQUIS OF WHARTON, *&c.*

MY LORD,

*IT has ever been the custom of poets, to shelter productions of this nature under the patronage of the brightest men of their time; and 'tis observed, that the muses always met the kindest reception from persons of the greatest merit. The world will do me justice as to the choice of my patron; but will, I fear, blame my rash attempt, in daring to address your Grace, and offer at a work too difficult for our ablest pens,* viz. *an encomium on your Grace. I have no plea against such reflections, but the disadvantage of education, and the privilege of my sex.*

*If your Grace discovers a genius so surprising in this dawn of life, what must your riper years produce! Your Grace has already been distinguished in a most peculiar manner, being the first young nobleman that ever was admitted into a house of peers before he reached the age of one and twenty: but your Grace's judgment and eloquence soon convinced that august assembly, that the excellent gifts of na-*



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*ture ought not to be confined to time. We hope the example that Ireland has set, will shortly be followed by an English house of lords, and your Grace made a member of that body, to which you will be so conspicuous an ornament.*

*Your good sense, and real love for your country, taught your Grace to persevere in the principles of your glorious ancestors, by adhering to the defender of our religion and laws; and the penetrating wisdom of your royal master saw you merited your honours ere he conferred them. It is one of the greatest glories of a monarch to distinguish where to bestow his favours; and the world must do ours justice, by owning your Grace's titles most deservedly worn.*

*It is with the greatest pleasure imaginable, the friends of liberty see you pursuing the steps of your noble father: your courteous affable temper, free from pride and ostentation, makes your name adored in the country, and enables your Grace to carry what point you please. The late Lord Wharton will be still remembered by every lover of his country, which never felt a greater shock than what his death occasioned: their grief had been inconsolable, if Heaven, out of its wonted beneficence to this favourite isle, had not transmitted all his shining qualities to you, and phœnix-like, raised up one patriot out of the ashes of another.*

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*That your Grace has a high esteem for learning, particularly appears by the large progress you made therein: and your love for the muses shews a sweetness of temper, and generous humanity, peculiar to the greatness of your soul; for such virtues reign not in the breast of every man of quality.*

*Defer no longer then, my lord, to charm the world with the beauty of your numbers, and shew the poet, as you have done the orator; convince our unthinking Britons, by what vile arts France lost her liberty; and teach them to avoid their own misfortunes, as well as to weep over Henry IV. who (if it were possible for him to know) would forgive the bold assassin's hand, for the honour of having his fall celebrated by your Grace's pen.*

*To be distinguished by persons of your Grace's character is not only the highest ambition, but the greatest reputation to an author; and it is not the least of my vanities, to have it known to the public, I had your Grace's leave to prefix your name to this comedy.*

*I wish I were capable to clothe the following scenes in such a dress as might be worthy to appear before your Grace, and draw your attention as much as your Grace's admirable qualifications do that of all man-*

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*kind; but the muses, like most females, are least liberal to their own sex.*

*All I dare say in favour of this piece, is, that the plot is entirely new, and the incidents wholly owing to my own invention; not borrowed from our own, or translated from the works of any foreign poet; so that they have at least the charm of novelty to recommend them. If they are so lucky, in some leisure hour, to give your Grace the least diversion, they will answer the utmost ambition of,*

*My Lord,*

*Your Grace's most obedient, most devoted, and*

*Most humble servant,*

*SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.*

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# *A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.*

THIS is the play of a lady, whose productions we have before had occasion to notice generally. It seems to be such a kind of work, as any woman fertile in expedient might conceive, and any woman, conversant with language in a slight degree, might write.

It has no scenes of wit that demanded vivacity of intelligence to collect, and a mind skilled and exercised in remote resemblances to combine. Humour it has, but it is of the coarsest kind—not over delicate, nor exceedingly chaste.

One peculiarity strikes us in the comedy of female writers: it is, that their heroines are never to be won without stratagem. They invariably display the romantic cast of the sex, in such redundance of disguises and surprises, such conjurations of the lover, and such caprices of the mistress—so much inexorable folly in her guardian, or such blindness in her parents, such readiness of lying in the lady, and so much dexterity of contrivance in her maid.

Mrs. APHRA BEHN appears to have begun this loose comedy among us; which some of our present writers seem about to finish—We assure them they are heartily welcome, for all that either present or future readers will care.

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# PROLOGUE.

*To night we come upon a bold design,*
*To try to please without one borrow'd line;*
*Our plot is new and regularly clear,*
*And not one single tittle from Moliere.*
*O'er buried poets we with caution tread,*
*And parish sextons leave to rob the dead.*
*For you, bright British fair, in hopes to charm ye,*
*We bring to-night a lover from the army;*
*You know the soldiers have the strangest arts,*
*Such a proportion of prevailing parts,*
*You'd think that they rid post to women's hearts.*
*I wonder whence they draw their bold pretence;*
*We do not choose them sure for our defence:*
*That plea is both impolitic and wrong,*
*And only suit such dames as want a tongue.*
*Is it their eloquence and fine address?*
*The softness of their language?——Nothing less.*
*Is it their courage, that they bravely dare*
*To storm the sex at once?——Egad! 'tis there,*
*They act by us as in the rough campaign,*
*Unmindful of repulses, charge again:*
*They mine and countermine, resolv'd to win,*
*And, if a breach is made,—they will come in.*

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*You'll think, by what we have of soldiers said,*
*Our female wit was in the service bred:*
*But she is to the hardy toil a stranger,*
*She loves the cloth indeed, but hates the danger:*
*Yet to this circle of the brave and gay,*
*She bid one, for her good intentions say,*
*She hopes you'll not reduce her to half-pay.*
*As for our play, 'tis English humour all:*
*Then will you let our manufacture fall?*
*Would you the honour of our nation raise,*
*Keep English credit up, and English plays.*



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## Dramatis Personæ.

### *DRURY-LANE.*

| | *Men.* |
|---|---|
| Colonel FAINWELL, *in love with Mrs.* Lovely | Mr. Palmer. |
| Sir PHILIP MODELOVE, *an old beau* - - | Mr. Baddeley. |
| PERIWINKLE, *a kind of silly virtuoso* - - | Mr. Parsons. |
| TRADELOVE, *a Change broker* - - - | Mr. Faucett. |
| OBADIAH PRIM, *a Quaker hosier* - - | Mr. Moody. |
| FREEMAN, *the* Colonel's *friend, a merchant* | Mr. Barrymore. |
| SIMON PURE, *a Quaking preacher* - - - | Mr. Burton. |
| Mr. SACKBUT, *a vintner* - - - | Mr. Phillimore. |
| | *Women.* |
| Mrs. LOVELY, *a fortune of thirty thousand pounds* - - - - - | Miss Farren. |
| Mrs. PRIM, *wife to* Prim *the hosier* - | Mrs. Love. |
| BETTY, *servant to Mrs.* Lovely. - - - | Miss Tidswell. |

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

| | *Men.* |
|---|---|
| Colonel FAINWELL, *in love with Mrs.* Lovely | Mr. Ryder. |
| Sir PHILIP MODELOVE, *an old beau* - - | Mr. Bernard. |
| PERIWINKLE, *a kind of silly virtuoso* - - | Mr. Quick. |
| TRADELOVE, *a Change broker* - - - | Mr. Thompson. |
| OBADIAH PRIM, *a Quaker hosier* - - - | Mr. Booth. |
| FREEMAN, *the* Colonel's *friend, a merchant* | Mr. Davies. |
| SIMON PURE, *a Quaking preacher* - - - | Mr. Blanchard. |
| Mr. SACKBUT, *a vintner* - - - | Mr. Fearon. |
| | *Women.* |
| Mrs. LOVELY, *a fortune of thirty thousand pounds* - - - - - | Mrs. Wells. |
| Mrs. PRIM, *wife to* Prim *the hosier* - | Mrs. Pitt. |
| BETTY, *servant to Mrs.* Lovely - - - - | Mrs. Davenett. |

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A

# BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*A Tavern. Colonel* FAINWELL *and* FREEMAN *over a Bottle.*

*Freeman.*

COME, colonel, his majesty's health.—You are as melancholy as if you were in love! I wish some of the beauties of Bath ha'n't snapt your heart.

*Col.* Why, faith, Freeman, there is something in't; I have seen a lady at Bath, who has kindled such a flame in me, that all the waters there cann't quench.

*Free.* Women, like some poisonous animals, carry their antidote about 'em——Is she not to be had, colonel?

*Col.* That's a difficult question to answer; however, I resolve to try: perhaps you may be able to serve me; you merchants know one another.—The



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lady told me herself she was under the charge of four persons.

*Free.* Odso! 'tis Mrs. Anne Lovely.

*Col.* The same—Do you know her?

*Free.* Know her! ay,——Faith, colonel, your condition is more desperate than you imagine: why, she is the talk and pity of the whole town; and it is the opinion of the learned that she must die a maid.

*Col.* Say you so? That's somewhat odd, in this charitable city.—She's a woman, I hope?

*Free.* For aught I know,—but it had been as well for her, had nature made her any other part of the creation. The man who keeps this house serv'd her father; he is a very honest fellow, and may be of use to you; we'll send for him to take a glass with us: he'll give you her whole history, and 'tis worth your hearing.

*Col.* But may one trust him?

*Free.* With your life: I have obligations enough upon him to make him do any thing: I serve him with wine. [*Knocks.*

*Col.* Nay, I know him very well myself. I once used to frequent a club that was kept here.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, d'ye call?

*Free.* Ay; send up your master.

*Draw.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

*Col.* Do you know any of this lady's guardians, Freeman?

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*Free.* Yes, I know two of them very well.

*Enter* SACKBUT.

*Free.* Here comes one will give you an account of them all.——Mr. Sackbut, we sent for you to take a glass with us. 'Tis a maxim among the friends of the bottle, that as long as the master is in company, one may be sure of good wine.

*Sack.* Sir, you shall be sure to have as good wine as you send in.—Colonel, your most humble servant; you are welcome to town.

*Col.* I thank you, Mr. Sackbut.

*Sack.* I am as glad to see you as I should a hundred tun of French claret custom free.——My service to you, sir, [*Drinks.*] You don't look so merry as you used to do; ar'n't you well, colonel?

*Free.* He has got a woman in his head, landlord, can you help him?

*Sack.* If 'tis in my power, I shan't scruple to serve my friend.

*Col.* 'Tis one perquisite of your calling.

*Sack.* Ay, at t'other end of the town, where you officers use, women are good forcers of trade; a well-custom'd house, a handsome bar-keeper, with clean obliging drawers, soon get the master an estate; but our citizens seldom do any thing but cheat within the walls.—But as to the lady, colonel, point you at particulars? or have you a good Champagne stomach? Are you in full pay, or reduc'd, colonel?

*Col.* Reduc'd, reduc'd, landlord.



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*Free.* To the miserable condition of a lover!

*Sack.* Pish! that's preferable to half-pay; a woman's resolution may break before the peace: push her home, colonel, there's no parlying with the fair sex.

*Col.* Were the lady her own mistress, I have some reasons to believe I should soon command in chief.

*Free.* You know Mrs. Lovely, Mr. Sackbut?

*Sack.* Know her! Ay, poor Nancy: I have carried her to school many a frosty morning. Alas! if she's the woman, I pity you, colonel: her father, my old master, was the most whimsical out-of-the-way temper'd man I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last will and testament.—This was his only child: and I have heard him wish her dead a thousand times.

*Col.* Why so?

*Sack.* He hated posterity, you must know, and wish'd the world were to expire with himself.—He used to swear, if she had been a boy, he would have qualified him for the opera.

*Free.* 'Twas a very unnatural resolution in a father.

*Sack.* He died worth thirty thousand pounds, which he left to his daughter, provided she married with the consent of her guardian but that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the care of four men, as opposite to each other as the four elements; each has his quarterly rule, and three months in a year she is oblig'd to be subject to each of their humours, and

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they are pretty different, I assure you.—She is just come from Bath.

*Col.* 'Twas there I saw her.

*Sack.* Ay, sir, the last quarter was her beau guardian's.——She appears in all public places during his reign.

*Col.* She visited a lady who boarded in the same house with me: I liked her person, and found an opportunity to tell her so. She replied, she had no objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile contradictions, I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the caprice of four persons, who never yet agreed in any one thing, and she was obliged to please them all.

*Sack.* 'Tis most true, sir; I'll give you a short description of the men, and leave you to judge of the poor lady's condition. One is a kind of virtuoso, a silly half-witted fellow, but positive and surly, fond of every thing antique and foreign, and wears his clothes of the fashion of the last century; doats upon travellers, and believes more of Sir John Mandeville than he does of the Bible.

*Col.* That must be a rare odd fellow!

*Sack.* Another is a 'Change-broker; a fellow that will out-lye the devil for the advantage of stock, and cheat his father that got him, in a bargain: he is a great stickler for trade, and hates every man that wears a sword.

*Free.* He is a great admirer of the Dutch manage-



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ment, and swears they understand trade better than any nation under the sun.

*Sack.* The third is an old beau, that has May in his fancy and dress, but December in his face and his heels: he admires all the new fashions, and those must be French; loves operas, balls, masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole company on a birth-day.

*Col.* These are pretty opposite to one another, truly; and the fourth, what is he, landlord?

*Sack.* A very rigid quaker, whose quarter began this day.——I saw Mrs. Lovely go in, not above two hours ago,—Sir Philip set her down. What think you now, colonel, is not the poor lady to be pitied?

*Col.* Ay, and rescu'd too, landlord.

*Free.* In my opinion that's impossible.

*Col.* There is nothing impossible to a lover. What would not a man attempt for a fine woman and thirty thousand pounds? Besides, my honour is at stake; I promised to deliver her, and she bid me win her and wear her.

*Sack.* That's fair, faith.

*Free.* If it depended upon knight-errantry, I should not doubt your setting free the damsel; but to have avarice, impertinence, hypocrisy, and pride, at once to deal with, requires more cunning than generally attends a man of honour.

*Col.* My fancy tells me I shall come off with glory.



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I am resolved to try, however.—Do you know all the guardians, Mr. Sackbut?

*Sack.* Very well, sir; they all use my house.

*Col.* And will you assist me, if occasion requires?

*Sack.* In every thing I can, colonel.

*Free.* I'll answer for him; and whatever I can serve you in, you may depend on. I know Mr. Periwinkle and Mr. Tradelove; the latter has a very great opinion of my interest abroad.—I happen'd to have a letter from a correspondent two hours before the news arrived of the French king's death: I communicated it to him: upon which he bought all the stock he could, and what with that, and some wagers he laid, he told me he had got to the tune of five hundred pounds; so that I am much in his good graces.

*Col.* I don't know but you may be of service to me, Freeman.

*Free.* If I can, command me, colonel.

*Col.* Isn't it possible to find a suit of clothes ready made at some of these sale-shops fit to rig out a beau, think you, Mr. Sackbut?

*Sack.* O hang 'em—No, colonel, they keep nothing ready made that a gentleman would be seen in: but I can fit you with a suit of clothes, if you'd make a figure.—Velvet and gold brocade—They were pawn'd to me by a French Count, who had been stript at play, and wanted money to carry him home; he promised to send for them, but I have not heard any thing of him.

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*Free.* He has not fed upon frogs long enough yet to recover his loss; ha, ha!

*Col.* Ha, ha! Well, the clothes will do Mr. Sackbut,—tho' we must have three or four fellows in tawdry liveries: they can be procur'd, I hope.

*Free.* Egad! I have a brother come from the West-Indies that can match you; and, for expedition-sake, you shall have his servants: there's a black, a tawney-moor, and a Frenchman; they don't speak one word of English, so can make no mistake.

*Col.* Excellent!—Egad! I shall look like an Indian prince. First, I'll attack my beau guardian; where lives he?

*Sack.* Faith, somewhere about St. James's; tho' to say in what street I cannot; but any chairman will tell you where Sir Philip Modelove lives.

*Free.* Oh! you'll find him in the Park at eleven every day; at least, I never pass thro' at that hour without seeing him there.—But what do you intend?

*Col.* To address him in his own way, and find what he designs to do with the lady.

*Free.* And what then?

*Col.* Nay, that I cann't tell; but I shall take my measures accordingly.

*Sack.* Well, 'tis a mad undertaking in my mind: but here's to your success, colonel. [*Drinks.*

*Col.* 'Tis something out of the way, I confess; but fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed.—Come, landlord, let me see those clothes. Freeman, I shall expect you'll leave word with Mr. Sackbut where one

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may find you upon occasion; and send me my Indian equipage immediately, d'ye hear?

*Free.* Immediately. [*Exit.*

Col. *Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea,*
*But the first vent'ring lovers bolder were.*
*The path of love's a dark and dang'rous way,*
*Without a landmark, or one friendly star,*
*And he that runs the risque deserves the fair.* [Exit.

## *SCENE II.*

PRIM's *House.* *Enter Mrs.* LOVELY *and her Maid* BETTY.

*Betty.* Bless me, madam! Why do you fret and tease yourself so? This is giving them the advantage with a witness.

*Mrs. Lov.* Must I be condemned all my life to the preposterous humours of other people, and pointed at by every boy in town?——Oh! I could tear my flesh, and curse the hour I was born—Isn't it monstrously ridiculous, that they should desire to impose their Quaking dress upon me at these years? When I was a child, no matter what they made me wear, but now———

*Betty.* I would resolve against it, madam; I'd see 'em hang'd before I'd put on the pinch'd cap again.

*Mrs. Lov.* Then I must never expect one moment's ease: she has rung such a peal in my ears already,

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that I sha'n't have the right use of them this month. ——What can I do?

*Betty.* What can you *not* do, if you will but give your mind to it? *Marry*, madam.

*Mrs. Lov.* What! and have my fortune go to build churches and hospitals?

*Betty.* Why, let it go.——If the colonel loves you, as he pretends, he'll marry you without a fortune, madam; and I assure you a colonel's lady is no despicable thing; a colonel's post will maintain you like a gentlewoman, madam.

*Mrs. Lov.* So you would advise me to give up my own fortune, and throw myself upon the colonel's.

*Betty.* I would advise you to make yourself easy, madam.

*Mrs. Lov.* That's not the way, I'm sure. No, no, girl, there are certain ingredients to be mingled with matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worse as the better. When the woman has fortune enough to make the man happy, if he has either honour or good manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but a slovenly figure in a house, where poverty keeps the door.

*Betty.* And so you resolve to die a maid, do you, madam?

*Mrs. Lov.* Or have it in my power to make the man I love master of my fortune.

*Betty.* Then you don't like the colonel so well as I thought you did, madam, or you would not take such a resolution.

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*Mrs. Lov.* It is because I do like him, Betty, that I do take such a resolution.

*Betty.* Why, do you expect, madam, the colonel can work miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you with the consent of all your guardians?

*Mrs. Lov.* Or he must not marry me at all: and so I told him; and he did not seem displeased with the news.——He promised to set me free; and I, on that condition, promised to make him master of that freedom.

*Betty.* Well! I have read of enchanted castles, ladies delivered from the chains of magic, giants kill'd, and monsters overcome; so that I shall be the less surprised if the colonel should conjure you out of the power of your four guardians; if he does, I am sure he deserves your fortune.

*Mrs. Lov.* And shall have it, girl, if it were ten times as much—For I'll ingenuously confess to thee, that I do like the colonel above all the men I ever saw:—There's something so *jantée* in a soldier, a kind of *je-ne-sçai-quoi* air, that makes them more agreeable than the rest of mankind.—They command regard, as who shall say, We are your defenders. We preserve your beauties from the insults of rude and unpolish'd foes, and ought to be preferr'd before those lazy indolent mortals, who, by dropping into their fathers' estates, set up their coaches, and think to rattle themselves into our affections.

*Betty.* Nay, madam, I confess that the army has



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engrossed all the prettiest fellows—A laced coat and a feather have irresistible charms.

*Mrs. Lov.* But the colonel has all the beauties of the mind as well as the body.—O all ye powers that favour happy lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou god of love, if thou be'st aught but name, assist my Fainwell!

*Point all thy darts to aid his just design,*
*And make his plots as prevalent as thine.* [Exeunt.

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*The Park. Enter Colonel finely drest, three Footmen after him.*

*Colonel.*

So, now if I can but meet this beau!—Egad! methinks, I cut a smart figure, and have as much of the tawdry air as any Italian Count or French Marquée of them all.—Sure I shall know this knight again—Ah! yonder he sits, making love to a mask, i'faith. I'll walk up the Mall, and come down by him. [*Exit.*

*Scene draws, and discovers Sir* PHILIP *upon a Bench, with a Woman mask'd.*

*Sir Phil.* Well, but, my dear, are you really constant to your keeper?

*Wom.* Yes, really, sir.——Hey-day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty figure.

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*Sir Phil.* Ha! a stranger, by his equipage keeping so close at his heels.—He has the appearance of a man of quality.—Positively French, by his dancing air.

*Wom.* He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.

*Sir Phil.* He has a mind to make love to thee, child.

*Enter Colonel, and seats himself upon the Bench by Sir* PHILIP.

*Wom.* It will be to no purpose if he does.

*Sir Phil.* Are you resolved to be cruel then?

*Col.* You must be very cruel indeed, if you can deny any thing to so fine a gentleman, madam.

[*Takes out his Watch.*

*Wom.* I never mind the outside of a man.

*Col.* And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inside.

*Sir Phil.* I am positively of your mind, sir, for creatures of her function seldom penetrate beyond the pocket.

*Wom.* Creatures of your composition have, indeed, generally more in their pockets than in their heads.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Phil.* Pray what says your watch? mine is down. [*Pulling out his Watch.*

*Col.* I want thirty-six minutes of twelve, sir.——

[*Puts up his Watch, and takes out his Snuff-box.*

*Sir Phil.* May I presume, sir?

*Col.* Sir, you honour me. [*Presenting the Box.*

*Sir Phil.* He speaks good English—tho' he must be a foreigner. [*Aside.*]—This snuff is extremely good,



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—and the box prodigious fine; the work is French, I presume, sir.

*Col.* I bought it in Paris, sir——I do think the workmanship pretty neat.

*Sir Phil.* Neat! 'tis exquisitely fine, sir. Pray, sir, if I may take the liberty of enquiring—What country is so happy to claim the birth of the finest gentleman in the universe? France, I presume.

*Col.* Then you don't think me an Englishman?

*Sir Phil.* No, upon my soul, don't I.

*Col.* I am sorry for't.

*Sir Phil.* Impossible you should wish to be an Englishman! Pardon me, sir, this island could not produce a person of such alertness.

*Col.* As this mirror shews you, sir.

[*Puts up a Pocket Glass to Sir* Philip's *Face.*

*Wom.* Coxcombs! I'm sick to hear them praise one another. One seldom gets any thing by such animals; not even a dinner, unless one can dine upon soup and celery.

*Sir Phil.* O Gad, sir?—Will you leave us, madam? Ha, ha! [*Exit Wom.*

*Col.* She fears 'twill be only losing time to stay here, ha, ha!—I know not how to distinguish you, sir, but your mien and address speak you right honourable.

*Sir Phil.* Thus great souls judge of others by themselves—I am only adorn'd with knighthood, that's all, I assure you, sir; my name is Sir Philip Modelove.

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*Col.* Of French extraction?

*Sir Phil.* My father was French.

*Col.* One may plainly perceive it—There is a certain gaiety peculiar to my nation (for I will own myself a Frenchman) which distinguishes us every where—A person of your figure would be a vast addition to a coronet.

*Sir Phil.* I must own I had the offer of a barony about five years ago, but I abhorr'd the fatigue which must have attended it. I could never yet bring myself to join with either party.

*Col.* You are perfectly in the right, Sir Philip,—a fine person should not embark himself in the slovenly concern of politics: dress and pleasure are objects proper for the soul of a fine gentleman.

*Sir Phil.* And love———

*Col.* Oh! that's included under the article of pleasure.

*Sir Phil. Parbleu il est un homme d'esprit.* I must embrace you—[*Rises and embraces.*]—Your sentiments are so agreeable to mine, that we appear to have but one soul, for our ideas and conceptions are the same.

*Col.* I should be sorry for that. [*Aside.*]—You do me too much honour, Sir Philip.

*Sir Phil.* Your vivacity and *jantée* mien assured me, at first sight, there was nothing of this foggy island in your composition. May I crave your name, sir?

*Col.* My name is La Fainwell, sir, at your service.

*Sir Phil.* The La Fainwells are French, I know; tho' the name is become very numerous in Great-



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Britain of late years——I was sure you was French the moment I laid my eyes upon you; I could not come into the supposition of your being an Englishman: this island produces few such ornaments.

*Col.* Pardon me, Sir Philip, this island has two things superior to all nations under the sun.

*Sir Phil.* Ah! what are they?

*Col.* The ladies, and the laws.

*Sir Phil.* The laws indeed, do claim a preference of other nations,—but, by my soul, there are fine women every where.—I must own I have felt their power in all countries.

*Col.* There are some finish'd beauties, I confess, in France, Italy, Germany, nay, even in Holland, *mais elles sont bien rare:* but *les belles Angloises!* Oh, Sir Philip, where find we such women! such symmetry of shape! such elegancy of dress! such regularity of features! such sweetness of temper! such commanding eyes! and such bewitching smiles!

*Sir Phil.* Ah! *parbleu vous etes attrapé.*

*Col. Non, je vous assure, Chevalier.*—But I declare there is no amusement so agreeable to my *goût* as the conversation of a fine woman.——I could never be prevailed upon to enter into what the vulgar calls the pleasure of the bottle.

*Sir Phil.* My own taste, *positivement.*—A ball, or a masquerade, is certainly preferable to all the productions of the vineyard.

*Col.* Infinitely! I hope the people of quality in England will support that branch of pleasure, which

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was imported with their peace, and since naturaliz'd by the ingenious Mr. Heidegger.

*Sir Phil.* The ladies assure me it will become part of the constitution—upon which I subscrib'd a hundred guineas—It will be of great service to the public, at least to the company of surgeons; and the city in general.

*Col.* Ha, ha! it may help to ennoble the blood of the city. Are you married, Sir Philip?

*Sir Phil.* No; nor do I believe I ever shall enter into that honourable state: I have an absolute *tendre* for the whole sex.

*Col.* That's more than they have for you, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

*Sir Phil.* And I have the honour to be very well with the ladies, I can assure you, sir; and I won't affront a million of fine women to make one happy.

*Col.* Nay, marriage is reducing a man's taste to a kind of half pleasure: but then it carries the blessings of peace along with it; one goes to sleep without fear, and wakes without pain.

*Sir Phil.* There's something of that in't; a wife is a very good dish for an English stomach,—but gross feeding for nicer palates, ha, ha, ha!

*Col.* I find I was very much mistaken,—I imagined you had been married to that young lady, whom I saw in the chariot with you this morning in Grace-church-Street.

*Sir Phil.* Who, Nancy Lovely? I am a piece of a guardian to that lady: you must know, her father,

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I thank him, joined me with three of the most preposterous old fellows—that, upon my soul, I am in pain for the poor girl;—she must certainly lead apes, as the saying is; ha, ha!

*Col.* That's pity, Sir Philip. If the lady would give me leave, I would endeavour to avert that curse.

*Sir Phil.* As to the lady, she'd gladly be rid of us at any rate, I believe; but here's the mischief, he who marries Miss Lovely, must have the consent of us all four,—or not a penny of her portion.—For my part, I shall never approve of any but a man of figure,——and the rest are not only averse to cleanliness, but have each a peculiar taste to gratify.—For my part, I declare I would prefer you to all the men I ever saw.

*Col.* And I her to all women——

*Sir Phil.* I assure you, Mr. Fainwell, I am for marrying her, for I hate the trouble of a guardian, especially among such wretches; but resolve never to agree to the choice of any one of them,—and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any proposal of mine yet.

*Col.* I wish I had your leave to try them, Sir Philip.

*Sir Phil.* With all my soul, sir, I can refuse a person of your appearance nothing.

*Col.* Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

*Sir Phil.* But do you really like matrimony?

*Col.* I believe I could with that lady.

*Sir Phil.* The only point in which we differ—But you are master of so many qualifications, that I can

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excuse one fault; for I must think it a fault in a fine gentleman; and that you are such, I'll give it under my hand.

*Col.* I wish you'd give me your consent to marry Mrs. Lovely under your hand, Sir Philip.

*Sir Phil.* I'll do't, if you'll step into St. James's Coffee-house, where we may have pen and ink;—tho' I cann't foresee what advantage my consent will be to you, without you could find a way to get the rest of the guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however: she is now at a Quaker's, where I carried her this morning, when you saw us in Gracechurch-Street.—I assure you she has an odd *ragout* of guardians, as you will find when you hear the characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! *Pierre, Jaque, Renno,*—where are you all, scoundrels?—— Order the chariot to St. James's Coffee-house.

*Col. Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc.—Morbleu, ou sont ces Coquins la? Allons, Monsieur le Chevalier.*

*Sir Phil.* Ah! *Pardonez moi, Monsieur.*

*Col.* Not one step, upon my soul, Sir Philip.

*Sir Phil.* The best bred man in Europe, positively.

[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*Changes to* OBADIAH PRIM'*s House. Enter Mrs.* LOVELY, *followed by Mrs.* PRIM.

*Mrs. Prim.* Then thou wilt not obey me: and thou dost really think those fallals become thee?

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*Mrs. Lov.* I do, indeed.

*Mrs. Pr.* Now will I be judged by all sober people, if I don't look more like a modest woman than thou dost, Anne.

*Mrs. Lov.* More like a hypocrite you mean, Mrs. Prim.

*Mrs. Pr.* Ah! Anne, Anne, that wicked Philip Modelove will undo thee,—Satan so fills thy heart with pride, during the three months of his guardianship, that thou becomest a stumbling block to the upright.

*Mrs. Lov.* Pray who are they? Are the pinch'd cap and formal hood the emblems of sanctity? Does your virtue consist in your dress, Mrs. Prim?

*Mrs. Pr.* It doth not consist in cut hair, spotted face, and a bare neck.—Oh the wickedness of the generation! The primitive women knew not the abomination of hoop'd petticoats.

*Mrs. Lov.* No, nor the abomination of cant neither. Don't tell me, Mrs. Prim, don't.—I know you have as much pride, vanity, self-conceit, and ambition among you, couched under that formal habit, and sanctified countenance, as the proudest of us all; but the world begins to see your prudery.

*Mrs. Pr.* Prudery! What! do they invent new words as well as new fashions? Ah! poor fantastic age, I pity thee—Poor deluded Anne, which dost thou think most resemblest the saint, and which the sinner, thy dress or mine? Thy naked bosom allureth the eye of the by-stander—encourageth the frailty of

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human nature—and corrupteth the soul with evil longings.

*Mrs. Lov.* And pray who corrupted your son Tobias with evil longings? Your maid Tabitha wore a handkerchief, and yet he made the saint a sinner.

*Mrs. Pr.* Well, well, spit thy malice. I confess Satan did buffet my son Tobias, and my servant Tabitha; the evil spirit was at that time too strong, and they both became subject to its workings,—not from any outward provocation,—but from an inward call; he was not tainted with the rottenness of the fashions, nor did his eyes take in the drunkenness of beauty.

*Mrs. Lov.* No! that's plainly to be seen.

*Mrs. Pr.* Tabitha is one of the faithful; he fell not with a stranger.

*Mrs. Lov.* So! Then you hold wenching no crime, provided it be within the pale of your own tribe.—— You are an excellent casuist, truly.

*Enter* OBADIAH PRIM.

*Ob. Pr.* Not stripp'd of thy vanity, yet, Anne!— Why dost thou not make her put it off, Sarah?

*Mrs. Pr.* She will not do it.

*Ob. Pr.* Verily, thy naked breasts troubleth my outward man; I pray thee hide 'em, Anne: put on an handkerchief, Anne Lovely.

*Mrs. Lov.* I hate handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold weather, Mr. Prim.

*Mrs. Pr.* I have seen thee wear a handkerchief; nay, and a mask to boot, in the middle of July.

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*Mrs. Lov.* Ay, to keep the sun from scorching me.

*Ob. Pr.* If thou couldst not bear the sun-beams, how dost thou think man can bear thy beams? Those breasts inflame desire; let them be hid, I say.

*Mrs. Lov.* Let me be quiet, I say.—Must I be tormented thus for ever? Sure no woman's condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, folly, avarice and hypocrisy, are, by turns, my constant companions,—and I must vary shapes as often as a player—I cannot think my father meant this tyranny! No, you usurp an authority which he never intended you should take.

*Ob. Pr.* Hark thee, dost thou call good counsel tyranny? Do I, or my wife, tyrannize, when we desire thee in all love to put off thy tempting attire, and veil thy provokers to sin?

*Mrs. Lov.* Deliver me, good Heaven! or I shall go distracted. [*Walks about.*

*Mrs. Pr.* So! now thy pinners are tost, and thy breasts pulled up!——Verily, they were seen enough before.——Fie upon the filthy taylor who made thy stays.

*Mrs. Lov.* I wish I were in my grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

*Ob. Pr.* Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd play sure:—kill thee! Art thou prepared for death, Anne Lovely? No, no, thou wouldst rather have a husband, Anne:—thou wantest a gilt coach, with six lazy fellows behind, to flaunt it in the ring of vanity, among the princes and rulers of the

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land—who pamper themselves with the fatness thereof; but I will take care that none shall squander away thy father's estate: thou shalt marry none such, Anne.

*Mrs. Lov.* Wou'd you marry me to one of your own canting sect?

*Ob. Pr.* Yea, verily, no one else shall ever get my consent, I do assure thee, Anne.

*Mrs. Lov.* And I do assure thee, Obadiah, that I will as soon turn papist, and die in a convent.

*Mrs. Pr.* Oh wickedness!

*Mrs. Lov.* Oh stupidity!

*Ob. Pr.* Oh blindness of heart!

*Mrs. Lov.* Thou blinder of the world, don't provoke me,—lest I betray your sanctity, and leave your wife to judge of your purity:——What were the emotions of your spirit—when you squeez'd Mary by the hand last night in the pantry,—when she told you, you buss'd so filthily? Ah! you had no aversion to naked bosoms, when you begged her to shew you a little, little, little bit of her delicious bubby:—don't you remember those words, Mr. Prim?

*Mrs. Pr.* What does she say, Obadiah?

*Ob. Pr.* She talketh unintelligibly, Sarah. Which way did she hear this? This should not have reach'd the ears of the wicked ones:—verily, it troubleth me. [*Aside.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Philip Modelove, whom they call Sir Phi-



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lip, is below, and such another with him; shall I send them up?

*Ob. Pr.* Yea. [*Exit.*

*Enter Sir* PHILIP *and Colonel.*

*Sir Phil.* How dost thou do, friend Prim? Odso! my she-friend here too! What, are you documenting Miss Nancy; reading her a lecture upon the pinch'd coif, I warrant ye.

*Mrs. Pr.* I am sure thou didst never read her any lecture that was good.—My flesh riseth so at these wicked ones, that prudence adviseth me to withdraw from their sight. [*Exit.*

*Col.* Oh! that I could find means to speak with her! How charming she appears! I wish I could get this letter into her hand. [*Aside.*

*Sir Phil.* Well, Miss Cockey, I hope thou hast got the better of them.

*Mrs. Lov.* The difficulties of my life are not to be surmounted, Sir Philip.——I hate the impertinence of him as much as the stupidity of the other. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Verily, Philip, thou wilt spoil this maiden.

*Sir Phil.* I find we still differ in opinion; but that we may none of us spoil her, pr'ythee, Prim, let us consent to marry her.—I have sent for our brother guardians to meet me here about this very thing—Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a husband to you?—Here's a gentleman, whom, in my mind, you can have no objection to.

[*Presents the Colonel to her, she looks another way.*

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*Mrs. Lov.* Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantastic fool!

*Col.* A fine woman,——a fine horse, and fine equipage, are the finest things in the universe: and if I am so happy to possess you, madam, I shall become the envy of mankind, as much as you outshine your whole sex.

[*As he takes her hand to kiss it, he endeavours to put a letter into it; she lets it drop*——Prim *takes it up.*

*Mrs. Lov.* I have no ambition to appear conspicuously ridiculous, sir. [*Turning from him.*

*Col.* So fail the hopes of Fainwell.

*Mrs. Lov.* Ha! Fainwell! 'Tis he! What have I done? Prim has the letter, and it will be discover'd. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Friend, I know not thy name, so cannot call thee by it; but thou seest thy letter is unwelcome to the maiden, she will not read it.

*Mrs. Lov.* Nor shall you; [*Snatches the letter.*] I'll tear it in a thousand pieces, and scatter it, as I will the hopes of all those that any of you shall recommend to me. [*Tears the letter.*

*Sir Phil.* Ha! Right woman, faith!

*Col.* Excellent woman! [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Friend, thy garb savoureth too much of the vanity of the age for my approbation; nothing that resembleth Philip Modelove shall I love, mark that;——therefore, friend Philip, bring no more of thy own apes under my roof.

*Sir Phil.* I am so entirely a stranger to the mon-



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sters of thy breed, that I shall bring none of them I am sure.

*Col.* I am likely to have a pretty task by that time I have gone thro' them all; but she's a city worth taking, and 'egad I'll carry on the siege: if I can but blow up the out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the town. [*Aside.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Toby Periwinkle and Thomas Tradelove demand to see thee. [*To Sir* Philip.

*Sir Phil.* Bid them come up.

*Mrs. Lov.* Deliver me from such an inundation of noise and nonsense. Oh, Fainwell! whatever thy contrivance be, prosper it Heaven;—but oh! I fear thou never canst redeem me.

*Sir Phil. Sic transit gloria mundi.*

*Enter Mr.* PERIWINKLE *and* TRADELOVE.

These are my brother guardians, Mr. Fainwell, pr'ythee observe the creatures. [*Aside to Col.*

*Trade.* Well, Sir Philip, I obey your summons.

*Per.* Pray, what have you to offer for the good of Mrs. Lovely, Sir Philip?

*Sir Phil.* First, I desire to know what you intend to do with that lady? Must she be sent to the Indies for a venture—or live an old maid, and then be enter'd amongst your curiosities, and shewn for a monster, Mr. Periwinkle?

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*Col.* Humph, curiosities; that must be the virtuoso. [*Aside.*

*Per.* Why, what wou'd you do with her?

*Sir Phil.* I would recommend this gentleman to her for a husband, sir—a person, whom I have pick'd out from the whole race of mankind.

*Ob. Pr.* I would advise thee to shuffle him again with the rest of mankind, for I like him not.

*Col.* Pray, sir, without offence to your formality, what may be your objections?

*Ob. Pr.* Thy person; thy manners; thy dress; thy acquaintance;—— thy every thing, friend.

*Sir Phil.* You are most particularly obliging, friend, ha, ha!

*Trade.* What business do you follow, pray, sir?

*Col.* Humph, by that question he must be the broker. [*Aside.*]—Business, sir! the business of a gentleman.

*Trade.* That is as much as to say, you dress fine, feed high, lie with every woman you like, and pay your surgeon's bills better than your taylor's, or your butcher's.

*Col.* The court is much obliged to you, sir, for your character of a gentleman.

*Trade.* The court, sir! What would the court do without us citizens?

*Sir Phil.* Without your wives and daughters, you mean, Mr. Tradelove.

*Per.* Have you ever travell'd, sir?



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*Col.* That question must not be answered now—— In books I have, sir.

*Per.* In books! That's fine travelling indeed!—— Sir Philip, when you present a person I like, he shall have my consent to marry Mrs. Lovely; till then, your servant. [*Exit.*

*Col.* I'll make you like me before I have done with you, or I am mistaken. [*Aside.*

*Trade.* And when you can convince me that a beau is more useful to my country than a merchant, you shall have mine; 'till then, you must excuse me. [*Exit.*

*Col.* So much for trade—I'll fit you too. [*Aside.*

*Sir Phil.* In my opinion, this is very inhuman treatment, as to the lady, Mr. Prim.

*Ob. Pr.* Thy opinion and mine happens to differ as much as our occupations, friend; business requireth my presence, and folly thine; and so I must bid thee farewell. [*Exit.*

*Sir Phil.* Here's breeding for you, Mr. Fainwell! Gad take me,

*Half my estate I'd give to see 'em bit.*

Col. *I hope to bite you all, if my plot hit.* [Exeunt.

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## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The Tavern.* SACKBUT *and the Colonel in an Egyptian Dress.*

*Sackbut.*

A LUCKY beginning, colonel,——you have got the old beau's consent.

*Col.* Ay, he's a reasonable creature; but the other three will require some pains.—Shall I pass upon him, think you? 'Egad, in my mind, I look as antique as if I had been preserved in the Ark.

*Sack.* Pass upon him! ay, ay, as roundly as white wine dash'd with sack does for mountain and sherry, if you have assurance enough——

*Col.* I have no apprehension from that quarter; assurance is the cockade of a soldier.

*Sack.* Ay, but the assurance of a soldier differs much from that of a traveller.—Can you lye with a good grace?

*Col.* As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country call'd, and king commanded; so don't you fear that part; if he don't know me again, I am safe.—I hope he'll come.

*Sack.* I wish all my debts would come as sure. I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of a most singular taste; he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

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*Col.* Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away.—Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord; our ancestors drank sack.

*Sack.* You shall have it.

*Col.* And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

*Sack.* There's the conveyance, sir. [*Exit.*

*Col.* Now, if I should cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a *grand coup d'eclat*—Odso! here comes Periwinkle.——Ah! Deuce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the slip, and spoil all.

*Enter* SACKBUT *with Wine, and* PERIWINKLE *following.*

*Sack.* Sir, this gentleman hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you; he is a man of a curious taste himself.

*Col.* The gentleman has it in his face and garb; sir, you are welcome.

*Per.* Sir, I honour a traveller, and men of your enquiring disposition; the oddness of your habit pleases me extremely; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

*Col.* 'Tis very antique, sir;—this habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

*Sack.* If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lye



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with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw. [*Aside.*

*Per.* A hundred and thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the finest thing in the world to be a traveller.

*Col.* For my part, I value none of the modern fashions a fig-leaf.

*Per.* No more don't I, sir; I had rather be the jest of a fool, than his favourite.—I am laugh'd at here for my singularity——This coat, you must know, sir, was formerly worn by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr. John Tradescant, of Lambeth.

*Col.* John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, sir—John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory; he was a very curious man indeed.

*Per.* Your uncle, sir——Nay, then 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why you have it in your blood.——My humble service to you, sir; to the immortal memory of John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. [*Drinks.*

*Col.* Give me a glass, landlord.

*Per.* I find you are primitive, even in your wine; Canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of 'pothecaries cordials—Oh! that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive;—Oh! how proud he'd be of such a nephew!

*Sack.* Oh, pox! that would have spoil'd the jest. [*Aside.*

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*Per.* A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

*Col.* I have some, sir, which are not yet come ashore; as an Egyptian idol.

*Per.* Pray, what may that be?

*Col.* It is, sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worshipp'd in that country; I took it from the breast of a female mummy.

*Per.* Ha, ha! our women retain part of their idolatry to this day, for many an ape lies on a lady's breast, ha, ha!——

*Sack.* A smart old thief. [*Aside.*

*Col.* Two tusks of an Hippopotamus, two pair of Chinese nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

*Per.* Pray, sir, have you never a crocodile?

*Col.* Humph! the boatswain brought one with a design to shew it, but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet.

*Sack.* The devil's in that nation, it rivals us in every thing.

*Per.* I should have been very glad to have seen a living crocodile.

*Col.* My genius led me to things more worthy of regard——Sir, I have seen the utmost limits of this globular world; I have seen the sun rise and set; know in what degree of heat he is at noon, to the breadth of a hair, and what quantity of combustibles he burns in a day, and how much of it turns to ashes and how much to cinders.

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*Per.* To cinders! You amaze me, sir, I never heard that the sun consum'd any thing.——Descartes tells us———

*Col.* Descartes, with the rest of his brethren, both ancient and modern, knew nothing of the matter.—I tell you, sir, that nature admits an annual decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar eyes.—Sometimes his rays destroy below, sometimes above.——You have heard of blazing comets, I suppose?

*Per.* Yes, yes, I remember to have seen one, and our astrologers tell us of another which will happen very quickly.

*Col.* Those comets are little islands bordered on the sun, which at certain times are set on fire by that luminous body's moving over them perpendicular, which will one day occasion a general conflagration.

*Sack.* One need not scruple the colonel's capacity, faith. [*Aside.*

*Per.* This is marvellous strange! These cinders are what I never read of in any of our learned dissertations.

*Col.* I don't know how the devil you should. [*Aside.*

*Sack.* He has it at his fingers ends; one would swear he had learn'd to lye at school, he does it so cleverly. [*Aside.*

*Per.* Well! you travellers see strange things! Pray, sir, have you any of those cinders?

*Col.* I have, among my other curiosities.

*Per.* Oh, what have I lost for want of travelling! Pray, what have you else?

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*Col.* Several things worth your attention.—I have a muff made of the feathers of those geese that sav'd the Roman capitol.

*Per.* Is't possible?

*Sack.* Yes, if you are such a gander as to believe him. [*Aside.*

*Col.* I have an Indian leaf, which, open, will cover an acre of land, yet folds up in so little a compass, you may put it into your snuff-box.

*Sack.* Humph! That's a thunderer. [*Aside.*

*Per.* Amazing!

*Col.* Ah! mine is but a little one; I have seen some of them that would cover one of the Caribbee Islands.

*Per.* Well, if I don't travel before I die, I sha'n't rest in my grave——Pray, what do the Indians with them?

*Col.* Sir, they use them in their wars for tents, the old women for riding-hoods, the young for fans and umbrellas.

*Sack.* He has a fruitful invention. [*Aside.*

*Per.* I admire our East India Company imports none of them; they would certainly find their account in them.

*Col.* Right, if they could find the leaves. [*Aside.*] ——Look ye, sir, do you see this little phial?

*Per.* Pray you, what is it?

*Col.* This is call'd Poluflosboio.

*Per.* Poluflosboio!——It has a rumbling sound.

*Col.* Right, sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature.——This water was part of those waves which



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bore Cleopatra's vessel when she sail'd to meet Antony.

*Per.* Well, of all that ever travelled, none had a taste like you.

*Col.* But here's the wonder of the world.——This, sir, is called Zona, or Moros Musphonon; the virtues of this are inestimable.

*Per.* Moros Musphonon! What in the name of wisdom can that be?—To me it seems a plain belt.

*Col.* This girdle has carried me all the world over.

*Per.* You have carried it, you mean.

*Col.* I mean as I say, sir.—Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

*Per.* You must pardon me, sir, I cann't believe it.

*Col.* If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

*Sack.* I thank you kindly, sir, but I have no inclination to ride post to the devil.

*Col.* No, no, you sha'n't stir a foot, I'll only make you invisible.

*Sack.* But if you could not make me visible again.

*Per.* Come, try it upon me, sir, I am not afraid of the devil, nor all his tricks.———'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

*Col.* There, sir, put it on.——Come, landlord, you and I must face the East. [*They turn about.*] Is it on, sir?



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*Per.* 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*

*Sack.* Heaven protect me! Where is he?

*Per.* Why here, just where I was.

*Sack.* Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle!—Egad, look to't, you had best, sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

*Col.* Have patience, good landlord.

*Per.* But really don't you see me now?

*Sack.* No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

*Per.* Are you sure you don't lye? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

*Sack.* Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

*Col.* Take off the girdle, sir. [*He takes it off.*

*Sack.* Ah, sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart. [*Embraces him.*

*Per.* This is very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't.——Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourself.

*Col.* With all my heart.

*Per.* But first I'll secure the door.

*Col.* You know how to turn the screw, Mr. Sackbut?

*Sack.* Yes, yes.——Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full East.

[*They turn, the Colonel sinks down the Trap-door.*

*Col.* 'Tis done, now turn. [*They turn.*

*Per.* Ha! Mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon

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my bones.——This must be a conjurer, Mr. Sackbut.

*Sack.* He is the devil, I think.

*Per.* Oh, Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

*Sack.* At my elbow, marry, Heaven forbid.

*Col.* Are you satisfied? [*From under the Stage.*

*Per.* Yes, sir, yes—How hollow his voice sounds!

*Sack.* Yours seem'd just the same—Faith, I wish this girdle were mine, I'd sell wine no more. Hark ye, Mr. Periwinkle, [*Takes him aside till the Colonel rises again.*] if he would sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

*Col.* But it is not to be parted with for money.

*Per.* I am sorry for't, sir, because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

*Col.* By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of *four* men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind; and the *first* of the *four* that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle——'Till I have found this jewel, I shall not part with the girdle.

*Per.* What can that rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

*Col.* Yes, sir: he called it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected woman.

*Per.* Pish! Women are no rarities——I never had any great taste that way. I married, indeed, to please



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my father, and I got a girl to please my wife; but she and the child (thank Heaven) died together—— Women are the very gewgaws of the creation; play-things for boys, who, when they write man, they ought to throw aside.

*Sack.* A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies! [*Aside.*

*Per.* What woman is there, drest in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a fore-top as the cockatoo?

*Col.* I must humour him—[*Aside.*]—Such a skin as the lizard?

*Per.* Such a shining breast as the humming bird?

*Col.* Such a shape as the antelope?

*Per.* Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

*Col.* No, that must be allow'd—For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them, for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh-fly.

*Per.* Pray, sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

*Col.* Why, sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying their dead; and, for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

*Per.* Od! these are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

*Sack.* He hits it off admirably, and t' other swal-

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lows it like sack and sugar—[*Aside.*]——Certainly this lady must be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of four persons.

*Per.* By the description it should———'Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the tour of the world in four and twenty hours.—[*Aside.*] And are you to give that girdle to the first of the four guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, sir?

*Col.* I am so order'd, when I can find him.

*Per.* I fancy I know the very woman—her name is Anne Lovely?

*Col.* Excellent!—he said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was L.

*Per.* Did he really?——Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a person in Grand Cairo should know any thing of my ward.

*Col.* Your ward!

*Per.* To be plain with you, sir, I am one of those four guardians.

*Col.* Are you indeed, sir? I am transported to find the man who is to possess this Moros Musphonon is a person of so curious a taste—Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is yours.

*Per.* If I live till this boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

*Col.* That you shall most certainly.



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*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Here's Mr. Staytape the taylor enquires for you, colonel.

*Col.* Who do you speak to, you son of a whore?

*Per.* Ha! colonel. [*Aside.*

*Col.* Confound the blundering dog! [*Aside.*

*Draw.* Why, to colonel———

*Sack.* Get you out, you rascal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*

*Draw.* What the devil is the matter?

*Col.* This dog has ruin'd all my schemes, I see by Periwinkle's looks. [*Aside.*

*Per.* How finely I should have been chous'd—colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your title before—it was pure ignorance, faith it was——Pray—hem, hem! Pray, colonel, what post had this learned Egyptian in your regiment?

*Col.* A pox of your sneer. [*Aside.*] I don't understand you, sir.

*Per.* No, that's strange! I understand you, colonel ——An Egyptian of Grand Cairo! ha, ha, ha!—I am sorry such a well-invented tale should do you no more service———We old fellows can see as far into a millstone as them that pick it—I am not to be trick'd out of my trust—mark that.

*Col.* The devil! I must carry it off, I wish I were fairly out. [*Aside.*] Look ye, sir, you may make what jest you please—but the stars will be obey'd, sir, and, depend upon't, I shall have the lady, and you

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none of the girdle.——Now for Mr. Freeman's part of the plot. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

*Per.* The stars! ha, ha!—No star has favoured you, it seems——The girdle! ha, ha, ha! none of your legerdemain tricks can pass upon me——Why, what a pack of trumpery has this rogue picked up—His Pagod, Poluflosboio, his Zonas, Moros Musphonons, and the devil knows what——But I'll take care—Ha, gone!—Ay, 'twas time to sneak off.——Soho! the house! [*Enter* Sackbut.] Where is this trickster? Send for a constable, I'll have this rascal before the lord mayor; I'il Grand Cairo him, with a pox to him—I believe you had a hand in putting this imposture upon me, Sackbut.

*Sack.* Who I, Mr. Periwinkle? I scorn it; I perceiv'd he was a cheat, and left the room on purpose to send for a constable to apprehend him, and endeavour'd to stop him when he went out—But the rogue made but one step from the stairs to the door, call'd a coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the devil, as Mr. Freeman can witness, who is at the bar, and desires to speak with you; he is this minute come to town.

*Per.* Send him in. [*Exit* Sackbut.] What a scheme this rogue has laid! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it succeeded!

*Enter* FREEMAN, *booted and spurr'd.*

Mr. Freeman, your dress comands your welcome to

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town; what will you drink? I had like to have been impos'd upon here by the veriest rascal——

*Free.* I am sorry to hear it—The dog flew for't; he had not 'scaped me, if I had been aware of him; Sackbut struck at him but miss'd his blow, or he had done his business for him.

*Per.* I believe you never heard of such a contrivance, Mr. Freeman, as this fellow had found out.

*Free.* Mr. Sackbut has told me the whole story, Mr. Periwinkle; but now I have something to tell you of much more importance to yourself.——I happen'd to lie one night at Coventry, and knowing your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle, I paid him a visit, and, to my great surprise, found him dying.

*Per.* Dying!

*Free.* Dying, in all appearance; the servants weeping, the room in darkness: the 'pothecary, shaking his head, told me the doctors had given him over; and then there are small hopes, you know.

*Per.* I hope he made his will—he always told me he would make me his heir.

*Free.* I have heard you say as much, and therefore resolved to give you notice. I should think it would not be amiss if you went down to-morrow morning.

*Per.* It is a long journey, and the roads very bad.

*Free.* But he has a great estate, and the land very good——Think upon that.

*Per.* Why, that's true, as you say; I'll think upon it: in the mean time, I give you many thanks for

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your civility, Mr. Freeman, and should be glad of your company to dine with me.

*Free.* I am oblig'd to be at Jonathan's coffee-house at two, and now it is half an hour after one; if I dispatch my business, I'll wait on you; I know your hour.

*Per.* You shall be very welcome, Mr. Freeman, and so your humble servant. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Colonel and* SACKBUT.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! I have done your business, colonel; he has swallow'd the bait.

*Col.* I overheard all, though I am a little in the dark; I am to personate a highwayman, I suppose—that's a project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his consent, he may fright me out of my life, when he discovers me, as he certainly must in the end.

*Free.* No, no, I have a plot for you without danger, but first we must manage Tradelove—Has the taylor brought your clothes?

*Sack.* Yes, pox take the thief.

*Free.* Well, well, no matter, I warrant we have him yet—But now you must put on the Dutch merchant.

*Col.* The deuce of this trading plot—I wish he had been an old soldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own way, heard him fight o'er all the battles of the late war——But for trade, by Jupiter, I shall never do it.

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*Sack.* Never fear, colonel, Mr. Freeman will instruct you.

*Free.* You'll see what others do, the coffee-house will instruct you.

*Col.* I must venture, however——But I have a farther plot in my head upon Tradelove, which you must assist me in, Freeman; you are in credit with him, I heard you say.

*Free.* I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, colonel.

*Col.* Come along then—Now for the Dutchman——Honest Ptolomy. By your leave.

*Now must bag-wig and business come in play;*
*A thirty thousand pound girl leads the way.*

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## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

Jonathan's *Coffee-house, in 'Change-alley. A crowd of People with Rolls of Paper and Parchment in their Hands; a Bar, and Coffee Boys waiting. Enter* TRADELOVE *and Stock-Jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.*

*1st Stock-Jobber.*

SOUTH-Sea at seven-eighths; who buys?

*2d Stock.* South-Sea bonds due at Michaelmas, 1718. Class lottery-tickets?

*3d Stock.* East India bonds?

*4th Stock.* What, all sellers and no buyers? Gen-

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tlemen, I'll buy a thousand pound for Tuesday next, at three-fourths.

*Coff. Boy.* Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee?

*Trade.* Hark ye, Gabriel, you'll pay the difference of that stock we transacted for t'other day?

*Gab.* Ay, Mr. Tradelove, here's a note for the money upon the Sword Blade Company.

[*Gives him a Note.*

*Coff. Boy.* Bohea-tea, gentlemen?

*Enter a Man.*

*Man.* Is Mr. Smuggle here?

*1st Coff. Boy.* Mr. Smuggle's not here, sir, you'll find him at the books.

*2d Stock.* Ho! here comes two sparks from t'other end of the town; what news bring they?

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*Trade.* I would fain bite the spark in the brown coat; he comes very often into the Alley, but never employs a broker.

*Enter Colonel and* FREEMAN.

*2d Stock.* Who does any thing in the Civil List lottery? or Caco? Zounds, where are all the Jews this afternoon? Are you a bull or a bear to-day, Abraham?

*3d Stock.* A bull, faith—but I have a good put for next week.

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*Trade.* Mr. Freeman, your servant! Who is that gentleman?

*Free.* A Dutch merchant just come to England; but hark ye, Mr. Tradelove—I have a piece of news will get you as much as the French king's death did if you are expeditious.

*Free.* [*Shewing him a Letter.*] Read there, I received it just now from one that belongs to the Emperor's minister.

*Trade.* [Reads.] *Sir, as I have many obligations to you, I cannot miss any opportunity to shew my gratitude; this moment my lord has receiv'd a private express, that the Spaniards have rais'd their siege from before Cagliari; if this proves any advantage to you, it will answer both the ends and wishes of, sir, your most obliged humble servant,* Henricus Dusseldorp.

Postscript.

*In two or three hours the news will be public.*

May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

[*Aside to* Freeman.

*Free.* You may—I never knew this person send me a false piece of news in my life.

*Trade.* Sir, I am much obliged to you—'Egad, 'tis rare news.—Who sells South Sea for next week?

*Stock-Job.* [*All together.*] I sell; I, I, I, I, I sell.

*1st Stock.* I'll sell 5000l. for next week, at five-eighths.

*2d Stock.*——I'll sell ten thousand, at five-eighths, for the same time.

*Trade.* Nay, nay, hold, hold, not all together, gen-

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tlemen, I'll be no bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: will you sell ten thousand pounds at a half, for any day next week, except Saturday?

*1st Stock.* I'll sell it you, Mr. Tradelove.

*Free.* [*Whispers to one of the Gentlemen.*]

*Gent.* [*Aside.*] The Spaniards rais'd the siege of Cagliari; I don't believe one word of it.

*2d Gent.* Rais'd the siege; as much as you have rais'd the monument.

*Free.* 'Tis rais'd, I assure you, sir.

*2d Gent.* What will you lay on't?

*Free.* What you please.

*1st Gent.* Why, I have a brother upon the spot, in the Emperor's service; I am certain if there were any such thing, I should have had a letter.

*2d Stock.* How's this? the siege of Cagliari rais'd?—I wish it may be true, 'twill make business stir, and stocks rise.

*1st Stock.* Tradelove's a cunning fat bear; if this news proves true, I shall repent I sold him the five thousand pounds.——Pray, sir, what assurance have you that the siege is rais'd?

*Free.* There is come an express to the Emperor's minister.

*2d Stock.* I'll know that presently.

*1st Gent.* Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty pounds 'tis false.

*Free.* 'Tis done.

*2d Gent.* I'll lay you a brace of hundreds upon the same.



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*Free.* I'll take you.

*4th Stock.* 'Egad, I'll hold twenty pieces 'tis not rais'd, sir.

*Free.* Done with you too.

*Trade.* I'll lay any man a brace of thousands the siege is rais'd.

*Free.* The Dutch merchant is your man to take in. [*Aside to* Tradelove.

*Trade.* Does not he know the news?

*Free.* Not a syllable; if he did, he would bet a hundred thousand pounds as soon as one penny;—he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at wagers. [*To* Tradelove.

*Trade.* Say you so—'Egad, I'll bite him, if possible.——Are you from Holland, sir?

*Col.* Ya, mynheer.

*Trade.* Had you the news before you came away?

*Col.* What believe you, mynheer?

*Trade.* What do I believe? Why, I believe that the Spaniards have actually rais'd the siege of Cagliari.

*Col.* Wat duyvel's news is dat? 'Tis niet waer, mynheer——'tis no true, sir.

*Trade.* 'Tis so true, mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand pounds upon it.——You are sure the letter may be depended upon, Mr. Freeman?

*Free.* Do you think I would venture my money, if I were not sure of the truth of it? [*Aside to* Trade.

*Col.* Two duysend pound, mynheer, 'tis gadaen—dis gentleman sal hold de gelt. [*Gives* Free. *money.*

*Trade.* With all my heart—this binds the wager.



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*Free.* You have certainly lost, mynheer, the siege is rais'd indeed.

*Col.* Ik gelov't niet, Mynheer Freeman, ik sal ye dubbled honden, if you please.

*Free.* I am let into the secret, therefore won't win your money.

*Trade.* Ha, ha, ha! I have snapt the Dutchman, faith, ha, ha! this is no ill day's work.—Pray, may I crave your name, mynheer?

*Col.* Myn naem, mynheer! myn naem is Jan van Timtamtirelereletta Heer Fainwell.

*Trade.* Zounds, 'tis a damn'd long name, I shall never remember it—Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim, ——What the devil is it?

*Free.* Oh! never heed, I know the gentleman, and will pass my word for twice the sum.

*Trade.* That's enough.

*Col.* You'll hear of me sooner than you'll wish, old gentleman, I fancy. [*Aside.*] You'll come to Sackbut's, Freeman. [*Exit.*

*Free.* Immediately. [*Aside to the Colonel.*

*1st Man.* Humphry Hump here?

*2d Boy.* Mr. Humphry Hump is not here; you'll find him upon the Dutch walk.

*Trade.* Mr. Freeman, I give you many thanks for your kindness———

*Free.* I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aside.*

*Trade.* Will you dine with me?

*Free.* I'm engag'd at Sackbut's; adieu. [*Exit.*



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*Trade.* Sir, your humble servant. Now I'll see what I can do upon 'Change with my news. [*Exit.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Tavern. Enter* FREEMAN *and Colonel.*

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! The old fellow swallowed the bait as greedily as a gudgeon.

*Col.* I have him, faith, ha, ha, ha!—His two thousand pounds secure——If he would keep his money, he must part with the lady, ha, ha!——What came of your two friends? they perform'd their part very well; you should have brought 'em to take a glass with us.

*Free.* No matter, we'll drink a bottle together another time.——I did not care to bring them hither; there's no necessity to trust them with the main secret, you know, colonel.

*Col.* Nay, that's right, Freeman.

*Enter* SACKBUT.

*Sack.* Joy, joy, colonel! the luckiest accident in the world.

*Col.* What say'st thou?

*Sack.* This letter does your business.

*Col.* [*Reads.*] To Obadiah Prim, Hosier, near the building call'd the Monument, in London.

*Free.* A letter to Prim! How came you by it?

*Sack.* Looking over the letters our post-woman

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brought, as I always do, to see what letters are directed to my house (for she cann't read, you must know), I 'spy'd this directed to Prim, so paid for it among the rest; I have given the old jade a pint of wine on purpose to delay time, till you see if the letter be of any service; then I'll seal it up again, and tell her I took it by mistake;—I have read it, and fancy you'll like the project.—Read, read, colonel.

*Col.* [Reads.] *Friend Prim, there is arrived from Pennsylvania one Simon Pure, a leader of the faithful, who hath sojourned with us eleven days, and hath been of great comfort to the brethren.——He intendeth for the quarterly meeting in London; I have recommended him to thy house. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy wife cherish him, for he's of weakly constitution——he will depart from us the third day; which is all from thy friend in the faith,* Aminadab Holdfast.

Ha, ha, excellent! I understand you, landlord, I am to personate this Simon Pure, am I not?

*Sack.* Don't you like the hint?

*Col.* Admirably well!

*Free.* 'Tis the best contrivance in the world, if the right Simon gets not there before you———

*Col.* No, no, the Quakers never ride post; he cann't be here before to-morrow at soonest: do you send and buy me a Quaker's dress, Mr. Sackbut; and suppose, Freeman, you should wait at the Bristol coach, that if you see any such person, you might contrive to give me notice.———



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*Free.* I will—the country dress and boots, are they ready?

*Sack.* Yes, yes, every thing, sir.

*Free.* Bring 'em in then.—[*Exit* Sack.] Thou must dispatch Periwinkle first—remember his uncle, Sir Toby Periwinkle, is an old batchelor of seventy-five—that he has seven hundred a year, most in abbey land—that he was once in love with your mother, shrewdly suspected by some to be your father—that you have been thirty years his steward—and ten years his gentleman—remember to improve these hints.

*Col.* Never fear, let me alone for that—but what's the steward's name?

*Free.* His name is Pillage.

*Col.* Enough——[*Enter* Sackbut *with Clothes.*]——Now for the country put—— [*Dresses.*

*Free.* 'Egad, landlord, thou deservest to have the first night's lodging with the lady for thy fidelity;—what say you, colonel, shall we settle a club here? you'll make one?

*Col.* Make one! I'll bring a set of honest officers, that will spend their money as freely to the king's health, as they would their blood in his service.

*Sack.* I thank you, colonel; here, here. [*Bell rings.* [*Exit* Sackbut.

*Col.* So, now for my boots. [*Puts on boots.*] Shall I find you here, Freeman, when I come back?

*Free.* Yes,——or I'll leave word with Sackbut where he may send for me—Have you the writings, the will———and every thing?

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*Col.* All, all!———

*Enter* SACKBUT.

*Sack.* Zounds! Mr. Freeman! yonder is Tradelove in the damned'st passion in the world—He swears you are in the house—he says you told him you were to dine here.

*Free.* I did so, ha, ha, ha! he has found himself bit already.———

*Col.* The devil! he must not see me in this dress.

*Sack.* I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet———

*Free.* Very well—make you haste out, colonel, and let me alone to deal with him: where is he?

*Sack.* In the King's Head.

*Col.* You remember what I told you?

*Free.* Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in——and now, Mr. Pillage, success attend you. [*Exit* Sack.

*Col.* Mr. Proteus rather———

*From changing shape, and imitating Jove,*
*I draw the happy omens of my love.*
*I'm not the first young brother of the blade,*
*Who made his fortune in a masquerade.*

[Exit Colonel.

*Enter* TRADELOVE.

*Free.* Zounds! Mr. Tradelove, we're bit, it seems.

*Trade.* Bit, do you call it, Mr. Freeman! I am ruin'd.——Pox on your news.

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*Free.* Pox on the rascal that sent it me.——

*Trade.* Sent it you! Why Gabriel Skinflint has been at the minister's, and spoke with him, and he has assur'd him 'tis every syllable false; he received no such express.

*Free.* I know it: I this minute parted with my friend, who protested he never sent me any such letter——Some roguish stock-jobber has done it on purpose to make me lose my money, that's certain: I wish I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it—I have lost 900l. by it.

*Trade.* What signifies your three hundred pounds to what I have lost? There's two thousand pounds to that Dutchman with a cursed long name, besides the stock I bought: the devil! I could tear my flesh—I must never shew my face upon 'Change more;—— for, by my soul, I cann't pay it.

*Free.* I am heartily sorry for it! What can I serve you in? Shall I speak to the Dutch merchant, and try to get you time for the payment.

*Trade.* Time! Ads'heart, I shall never be able to look up again.

*Free.* I am very much concern'd that I was the occasion, and wish I could be an instrument of retrieving your misfortune; for my own, I value it not. Adso, a thought comes into my head, that, well improv'd, may be of service.

*Trade.* Ah! there's no thought can be of any service to me, without paying the money, or running away.

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*Free.* How do we know? What do you think of my proposing Mrs. Lovely to him? He is a single man—and I heard him say he had a mind to marry an English woman——nay, more than that, he said somebody told him you had a pretty ward—he wish'd you had betted her instead of your money.

*Trade.* Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her instead of the money; the Dutch are too covetous for that; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

*Free.* So much the better; you may venture to give him your consent, if he'll forgive you the wager: it is not your business to tell him that your consent will signify nothing.

*Trade.* That's right, as you say; but will he do it, think you?

*Free.* I cann't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him——He has promis'd to meet me here an hour hence; I'll feel his pulse, and let you know: if I find it feasible, I'll send for you; if not, you are at liberty to take what measures you please.

*Trade.* You must extol her beauty, double her portion, and tell him I have the entire disposal of her, and that she cann't marry without my consent;—— and that I am a covetous rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable consideration.

*Free.* Ay, ay, let me alone for a lye at a pinch.

*Trade.* 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. Freeman, I'll make you whole again; I'll pay the three hundred pounds you lost with all my soul.

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*Free.* Well, I'll use my best endeavours——Where will you be?

*Trade.* At home; pray Heaven you prosper——If I were but the sole trustee now, I should not fear it. Who the devil would be a guardian?

*If, when cash runs low, our coffers t' enlarge,*
*We cann't, like other stocks, transfer our charge?* [Exit.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha!——he has it. [*Exit.*

## *SCENE III.*

*Changes to* PERIWINKLE'*s House.* *Enter* PERIWINKLE *on one Side, and Footmen on t'other.*

*Foot.* A gentleman from Coventry enquires for you, sir.

*Per.* From my uncle, I warrant you; bring him up——This will save me the trouble, as well as the expence of a journey.

*Enter Colonel.*

*Col.* Is your name Periwinkle, sir?

*Per.* It is, sir.

*Col.* I am sorry for the message I bring—My old master, whom I served these forty years, claims the sorrow due from a faithful servant to an indulgent master. [*Weeps.*

*Per.* By this I understand, sir, my uncle, Sir Toby Periwinkle, is dead.

*Col.* He is, sir, and he has left you heir to seven

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hundred a year, in as good abbey-land as ever paid Peter-pence to Rome.——I wish you long to enjoy it, but my tears will flow when I think of my benefactor.—[*Weeps.*] Ah! he was a good man——he has not left many of his fellows——the poor lament him sorely.

*Per.* I pray, sir, what office bore you?

*Col.* I was his steward, sir.

*Per.* I have heard him mention you with much respect; your name is———

*Col.* Pillage, sir.

*Per.* Ay, Pillage, I do remember he called you Pillage.——Pray, Mr. Pillage, when did my uncle die?

*Col.* Monday last, at four in the morning. About two he sign'd his will, and gave it into my hands, and strictly charg'd me to leave Coventry the moment he expir'd; and deliver it to you with what speed I could: I have obey'd him, sir, and there is the will. [*Gives it to* Per.

*Per.* 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

*Col.* There are two things which he forgot to insert, but charg'd me to tell you, that he desir'd you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the will, which is to remove his corpse, and bury him by his father at St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, and to give all his servants mourning.

*Per.* That will be a considerable charge; a pox of all modern fashions. [*Aside.*] Well! it shall be done. Mr. Pillage, I will agree with one of death's fashion-

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mongers, call'd an undertaker, to go down, and bring up the body.

*Col.* I hope, sir, I shall have the honour to serve you in the same station I did your worthy uncle; I have not many years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the family, where I was brought up——[*Weeps.*]—He was a kind and tender master to me.

*Per.* Pray don't grieve, Mr. Pillage, you shall hold your place, and every thing else which you held under my uncle.——You make me weep to see you so concern'd. [*Weeps.*] He liv'd to a good old age, and we are all mortal.

*Col.* We are so, sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this lease: you'll find Sir Toby has taken particular notice of it in his will———I could not get it time enough from the lawyer, or he had sign'd it before he died. [*Gives him a paper.*

*Per.* A lease! for what?

*Col.* I rented a hundred a year of Sir Toby upon lease, which lease expires at Lady-day next. I desire to renew it for twenty years———that's all, sir.

*Per.* Let me see. [*Looks over the lease.*

*Col.* Matters go swimmingly, if nothing intervene. [*Aside.*

*Per.* Very well—Let's see what he says in his will about it.

[*Lays the lease upon the table, and looks on the will.*

*Col.* He's very wary, yet I fancy I shall be too cunning for him. [*Aside.*

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*Per.* Ho, here it is—*The farm lying—now in possession of* Samuel Pillage—*suffer him to renew his lease —at the same rent*——Very well, Mr. Pillage, I see my uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his will. Give me the lease—[Col. *gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the table.*] Pray you step to the door, and call for a pen and ink, Mr. Pillage.

*Col.* I have a pen and ink in my pocket, sir, [*Pulls out an ink-horn.*] I never go without that.

*Per.* I think it belongs to your profession—[*He looks upon the pen, while the* colonel *changes the lease, and lays down the contract.*] I doubt this is but a sorry pen, though it may serve to write my name. [*Writes.*

*Col.* Little does he think what he signs. [*Aside.*

*Per.* There is your lease, Mr. Pillage. [*Gives him the paper.*] Now I must desire you to make what haste you can down to Coventry, and take care of every thing, and I'll send down the undertaker for the body; do you attend it up, and whatever charge you are at, I'll repay you.

*Col.* You have paid me already, I thank you, sir. [*Aside.*

*Per.* Will you dine with me?

*Col.* I would rather not; there are some of my neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the town this afternoon, they told me, and I should be glad of their company down.

*Per.* Well, well, I won't detain you.

*Col.* I don't care how soon I am out. [*Aside.*

*Per.* I will give orders about mourning.



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*Col.* You will have cause to mourn, when you know your estate imaginary only. [*Aside.*

*You'll find your hopes and cares alike are vain,*
*In spite of all the caution you have ta'en,*
*Fortune rewards the faithful lover's pain.* [Exit.

*Per.* Seven hundred a year! I wish he had died seventeen years ago:—What a valuable collection of rarities might I have had by this time!—I might have travell'd over all the known parts of the globe, and made my own closet rival the Vatican at Rome.——Odso, I have a good mind to begin my travels now;——let me see——I am but sixty! My father, grandfather, and great grandfather, reach'd ninety odd;—I have almost forty years good:—Let me consider! what will seven hundred a year amount to in ——ay! in thirty years, I'll say but thirty——thirty times seven, is seven times thirty——that is——just twenty-one thousand pounds,—'tis a great deal of money.——I may very well reserve sixteen hundred of it for a collection of such rarities as will make my name famous to posterity;——I would not die like other mortals, forgotten in a year or two, as my uncle will be——No,

*With nature's curious works I'll raise my fame,*
*That men, till Doom's-day, may repeat my name.* [Exit.

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## *SCENE IV.*

*Changes to a Tavern.* FREEMAN *and* TRADELOVE *over a Bottle.*

*Trade.* Come, Mr. Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan Van Tim, Tam, Tam;——I shall never think of that Dutchman's name——

*Free.* Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell.

*Trade.* Ay, Heer Van Fainwell, I never heard such a confounded name in my life—here's his health, I say.

*Free.* With all my heart.

*Trade.* Faith I never expected to have found so generous a thing in a Dutchman.

*Free.* Oh, he has nothing of the Hollander in his temper——except an antipathy to monarchy.——As soon as I told him your circumstances, he reply'd, he would not be the ruin of any man for the world—and immediately made this proposal himself—Let him take what time he will for the payment, said he; or, if he'll give me his ward, I'll forgive him the debt.

*Trade.* Well, Mr. Freeman, I can but thank you.—'Egad you have made a man of me again! and if ever I lay a wager more, may I rot in a gaol.

*Free.* I assure you, Mr. Tradelove, I was very much concern'd, because I was the occasion——tho' very innocently, I protest.

*Trade.* I dare swear you was, Mr. Freeman.



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*Enter a Fiddler.*

*Fid.* Please to have a lesson of music, or a song, gentlemen?

*Free.* Song; ay, with all our hearts; have you a very merry one?

*Fid.* Yes, sir, my wife and I can give you a merry dialogue. [*Here is the song.*

*Trade.* 'Tis very pretty faith.

*Free.* There's something for you to drink, friend, go, lose no time.

*Fid.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter Drawer and Colonel, dressed for the Dutch Merchant.*

*Col.* Ha, Mynheer Tradelove, Ik ben sorry voor your troubles—maer Ik sal you easie maken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben——

*Trade.* I shall for ever acknowledge the obligation, sir.

*Free.* But you understand upon what condition, Mr. Tradelove; Mrs. Lovely.

*Col.* Ya, de Frow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

*Trade.* With all my heart, Mynheer; you shall have my consent to marry her freely——

*Free.* Well, then, as I am a party concern'd between you, Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell shall give you a discharge of your wager under his own hand,——and you shall give him your consent to marry Mrs. Lovely under yours,

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——that is the way to avoid all manner of disputes hereafter.

*Col.* Ya, weeragtig.

*Trade.* Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. Freeman, I'll give it under mine this minute. [*Sits down to write.*

*Col.* And so Ik sal. [*Does the same.*

*Free.* So ho, the house. [*Enter Drawer.*] Bid your master come up——I'll see there be witnesses enough to the bargain. [*Aside.*

*Enter* SACKBUT.

*Sack.* Do you call, gentlemen?

*Free.* Ay, Mr. Sackbut, we shall want your hand here——

*Trade.* There, Mynheer, there's my consent, as amply as you can desire; but you must insert your own name, for I know not how to spell it; I have left a blank for it. [*Gives the Colonel a paper.*

*Col.* Ya Ik sal dat well doen——

*Free.* Now, Mr. Sackbut, you and I will witness it. [*They write.*

*Col.* Daer, Mynheer Tradelove, is your discharge. [*Gives him a paper.*

*Trade.* Be pleas'd to witness this receipt too, gentlemen. [Freeman *and* Sackbut *put their hands.*

*Free.* Ay, ay, that we will.

*Col.* Well, Mynheer, ye most meer doen, ye most myn voorsprach to de frow syn.

*Free.* He means you must recommend him to the lady.——



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*Trade.* That I will, and to the rest of my brother guardians.

*Col.* Wat, voor, de duyvel, heb you meer guardians?

*Trade.* Only three, Mynheer.

*Col.* What donder heb ye myn betrocken Mynheer?——Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik soude eaven met you geweest syn.

*Sack.* But Mr. Tradelove is the principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, sir.

*Free.* And he shall use his interest, I promise you, mynheer.

*Trade.* I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, mynheer; and if you please, I'll introduce you to the lady.

*Col.* Well, dat is waer——Maer ye must first spreken of myn to de frow, and to oudere gentlemen.

*Free.* Ay, that's the best way,—and then I and the Heer Van Fainwell will meet you there.

*Trade.* I will go this moment, upon honour——Your most obedient humble servant.——My speaking will do you little good, mynheer, ha ha! we have bit you, faith, ha, ha!

*Well—my debt's discharged, and for the man,*
*He has my consent—to get her, if he can.* [Exit.

*Col.* Ha, ha, ha! this was a masterpiece of contrivance, Freeman.

*Free.* He hugs himself with his supposed good fortune, and little thinks the luck's on our side!——but come, pursue the fickle goddess while she's in the mood——Now for the Quaker.

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*Col.* That's the hardest task.
*Of all the counterfeits perform'd by man,*
*A soldier makes the simplest puritan.* [Exeunt.

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

PRIM's *House.* *Enter Mrs.* PRIM *and Mrs.* LOVELY, *in Quakers' dresses, meeting.*

*Mrs. Prim.*

So, now I like thee, Anne; art thou not better without thy monstrous hoop-coat and patches?—If Heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, wou'd it not fright thee, Anne?

*Mrs. Lov.* If it shou'd turn your inside outward, and shew all the spots of your hypocrisy, t'would fright me worse!

*Mrs. Pr.* My hypocrisy! I scorn thy words, Anne, I lay no baits.

*Mrs. Lov.* If you did, you'd catch no fish.

*Mrs. Pr.* Well, well, make thy jests—but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I cou'd have catch'd as many fish (as thou call'st them) in my time, as ever thou did'st with all thy fool-traps about thee—If admirers be thy aim, thou wilt have more of them in this dress than the other—The men, take my word for't, are more desirous to see what we are most careful to conceal.

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*Mrs. Lov.* Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs. Prim? Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than goodness in the pinch'd cap.

*Mrs. Pr.* Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays, and filthy romances——good for nothing but to lead youth into the high-road of fornication.——Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

*Mrs. Lov.* Too familiar with the wicked ones? Pray no more of those freedoms, madam——I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself:——How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy woman you. [*Bursts into tears.*

*Enter* TRADELOVE.

*Trade.* What, in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

*Mrs. Lov.* Done to me! I admire I keep my senses among you;—but I will rid myself of your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had;——I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

*Mrs. Pr.* Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins, Anne——Yea, for thy manifold sins.

*Mrs. Lov.* Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me.——No, I'll wear what I please——go when and where I please——and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct——I will.

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*Trade.* For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, Mrs. Lovely—'tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come.

*Enter Mr.* PERIWINKLE *and* OBADIAH PRIM, *with a letter in his hand.*

*Per.* I have bought some black stockings of your husband, Mrs. Prim, but he tells me the glover's trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or six dozen of mourning gloves, such as are given at funerals, and send them to my house.

*Ob. Pr.* My friend Periwinkle has got a good windfall to-day—seven hundred a year.

*Mrs. Pr.* I wish thee joy of it, neighbour.

*Trade.* What, is Sir Toby dead then?

*Per.* He is! You'll take care, Mrs. Prim.

*Mrs. Pr.* Yea, I will, neighbour.

*Ob. Pr.* This letter recommendeth a speaker; 'tis from Aminadab Holdfast of Bristol; peradventure he will be here this night; therefore, Sarah, do thou take care for his reception———. [*Gives her the letter.*

*Mrs. Pr.* I will obey thee. [*Exit.*

*Ob. Pr.* What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

*Trade.* We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

*Ob. Pr.* Why truly, if we could find a husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou wouldst, neighbour.

*Per.* Well said, there are but few worth having.

*Trade.* I can recommend you a man, now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to!

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*Enter Sir* PHILIP MODELOVE.

*Per.* You recommend! Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband———

*Sir Phil.* What must it be, a whale or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? ha, ha, ha! Mr. Tradelove, I have a bill upon you, [*Gives him a paper*] and have been seeking for you all over the town.

*Trade.* I'll accept it, Sir Philip, and pay it when due.———

*Per.* He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with full perukes and empty skulls—nor yet any of your trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches.—No, he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity; ———one who has searched into the profundity of nature! When Heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

*Mrs. Lov.* The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

*Sir Phil.* Ay, ay, madam, he would dissect you.

*Trade.* Or, pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot——ha, ha! but I have a husband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

*Mrs. Lov.* And would send me for a venture perhaps.

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*Trade.* One that will dress you in all the pride of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—a Dutch merchant, my girl.

*Sir Phil.* A Dutchman! ha, ha; there's a husband for a fine lady.——Ya frow, will you meet myn slapen—ha, ha! he'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, madam, ha, ha!

*Trade.* He'll learn you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs.—The Dutch know the trading interest to be of more benefit to the state, than the landed.

*Sir Phil.* But what is either interest to a lady?

*Trade.* 'Tis the merchant makes the belle——How would the ladies sparkle in the box without the merchant? The Indian diamond! The French brocade! The Italian fan! The Flanders lace! The fine Dutch holland! How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have Champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant?

*Ob. Pr.* Verily, neighbour Tradlove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world—The merchant is a very great friend to satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the pope.

*Per.* Right, I say knowledge makes the man.

*Ob. Pr.* Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge—— it is the knowledge of truth.——Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

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*Mrs. Lov.* Ah, study your country's good, Mr. Periwinkle, and not her insects.——Rid you of your home-bred monsters, before you fetch any from abroad——I dare swear you have maggots enough in your own brain to stock all the virtuosos in Europe with butterflies.

*Sir Phil.* By my soul, Miss Nancy's a wit.

*Ob. Pr.* That is more than she can say by thee, friend—Look ye, it is in vain to talk, when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

*Mrs. Lov.* Provided he be of the faithful——Was there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! [*Aside.*] Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no husband of your choosing, nor shall you lord it over me long——I'll try the power of an English senate——Orphans have been redress'd, and wills set aside——And none did ever deserve their pity more—Oh, Fainwell! where are thy promises to free me from these vermin? Alas! the task was more difficult than he imagin'd!

*A harder task than what the poets tell*
*Of yore, the fair Andromeda befel;*
*She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,*
*And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.* [Exit.

*Enter Servant, and whispers to* PRIM.

*Serv.* One Simon Pure enquireth for thee.

*Per.* The woman is mad. [*Exit.*

*Sir Phil.* So you are all in my opinion. [*Exit.*

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*Ob. Pr.* Friend Tradelove, business requireth my presence.

*Trade.* Oh, I shan't trouble you—pox take him for an unmannerly dog—However, I have kept my word with my Dutchman, and will introduce him too for all you. [*Exit.*

*Enter Colonel in a Quaker's habit.*

*Ob. Pr.* Friend Pure, thou art welcome; how is it with friend Holdfast, and all friends in Bristol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Christopher Keepfaith?

*Col.* A goodly company! [*Aside.*] They are all in health, I thank thee for them.

*Ob. Pr.* Friend Holdfast writes me word, that thou camest lately from Pennsylvania, how do all friends there?

*Col.* What the devil shall I say? I know just as much of Pennsylvania as I do of Bristol. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Do they thrive?

*Col.* Yea, friend, the blessing of their good works fall upon them.

*Enter Mrs.* PRIM *and Mrs.* LOVELY.

*Ob. Pr.* Sarah, know our friend Pure.

*Mrs. Pr.* Thou art welcome. [*He salutes her.*

*Col.* Here comes the sum of all my wishes—How charming she appears even in that disguise! [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Why dost thou consider the maiden so attentively, friend?



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*Col.* I will tell thee: about four days ago I saw a vision—This very maiden, but in vain attire, standing on a precipice; and heard a voice, which called me by my name—and bid me put forth my hand and save her from the pit——I did so, and methought the damsel grew unto my side.

*Mrs. Pr.* What can that portend?

*Ob. Pr.* The damsel's conversion—I am persuaded.

*Mrs. Lov.* That's false, I'm sure——— [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Wilt thou use the means, friend Pure?

*Col.* Means! What means? Is she not thy daughter, already one of the faithful?

*Mrs. Pr.* No, alas! she's one of the ungodly.

*Ob. Pr.* Pray thee, mind what this good man will say unto thee; he will teach thee the way that thou shouldest walk, Anne.

*Mrs. Lov.* I know my way without his instruction: I hop'd to have been quiet when once I had put on your odious formality here.

*Col.* Then thou wearest it out of compulsion, not choice, friend?

*Mrs. Lov.* Thou art in the right of it, friend.——

*Mrs. Pr.* Art thou not asham'd to mimic the good man? Ah! thou art a stubborn girl.

*Col.* Mind her not; she hurteth not me—If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss some few points with her, that may perchance soften her stubbornness, and melt her into compliance.

*Ob. Pr.* Content: I pray thee *put it home to her.*—Come, Sarah, let us leave the good man with her.

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*Mrs. Lov.* [*Catching hold of* Prim, *he breaks loose, and* Exit.] What do you mean—to leave me with this old enthusiastical canter? Don't think, because I comply'd with your formality, to impose your ridiculous doctrine upon me.

*Col.* I pray thee, young woman, moderate thy passion.

*Mrs. Lov.* I pray thee walk after thy leader, you will but lose your labour upon me.—These wretches will certainly make me mad!

*Col.* I am of another opinion; the spirit telleth me I shall convert thee, Anne.

*Mrs. Lov.* 'Tis a lying spirit, don't believe it.

*Col.* Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my angel. [*Catching her in his Arms.*

*Mrs. Lov.* [*Shricks.*] Ah! monster, hold off, or I'll tear thy eyes out.

*Col.* Hush! for Heaven's sake—dost thou not know me? I am Fainwell.

*Mrs. Lov.* Fainwell! [*Enter old* Prim.] Oh, I'm undone! Prim here——I wish with all my soul I had been dumb.

*Ob. Pr.* What is the matter? Why did'st thou shriek out, Anne?

*Mrs. Lov.* Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry murder, thieves, or any thing, to drown the noise of that eternal babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

*Ob. Pr.* Was that all? Fie, fie, Anne.



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*Col.* No matter, I'll bring down her stomach, I'll warrant thee——Leave us, I pray thee.

*Ob. Pr.* Fare thee well. [*Exit.*

*Col.* My charming, lovely woman! [*Embraces her.*

*Mrs. Lov.* What mean'st thou by this disguise, Fainwell?

*Col.* To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy promise.

*Mrs. Lov.* Make me mistress of my fortune, and make thy own conditions.

*Col.* This night shall answer all my wishes.——See here, I have the consent of *three* of thy guardians already, and doubt not but Prim will make the *fourth.* [Prim *listening.*

*Ob. Pr.* I would gladly hear what arguments the good man useth to bend her. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Lov.* Thy words give me new life, methinks.

*Ob. Pr.* What do I hear?

*Mrs. Lov.* Thou best of men, Heaven meant to bless me sure, when I first saw thee.

*Ob. Pr.* He hath mollified her.——Oh, wonderful conversion!

*Col.* Ha! Prim listening.—No more, my love, we are observed; seem to be edified, and give 'em hopes that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the rest to me. [*Aloud.*] I am glad to find that thou art touch'd with what I said unto thee, Anne; another time I will explain the other article unto thee; in the mean while, be thou dutiful to our friend Prim.

*Mrs. Lov.* I shall obey thee in every thing.

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*Enter* OBADIAH PRIM.

*Ob. Pr.* Oh, what a prodigious change is here!—Thou hast wrought a miracle, friend! Anne, how dost thou like the doctrine he hath preached?

*Mrs. Lov.* So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am ashamed of my former folly, and ask your pardon, Mr. Prim.

*Col.* Enough, enough, that thou art sorry; he is no pope, Anne.

*Ob. Pr.* Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, friend; will it please thee to walk into the next room, and refresh thyself——Come, take the maiden by the hand.

*Col.* We will follow thee.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* There is another Simon Pure enquireth for thee, master.

*Col.* The devil there is. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Prim.* Another Simon Pure! I do not know him, is he any relation of thine?

*Col.* No, friend, I know him not——Pox take him, I wish he were in Pennsylvania again, with all my soul. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Lov.* What shall I do? [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Bring him up.

*Col.* Humph! then one of us must go down, that's certain—Now impudence assist me.



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*Enter* SIMON PURE.

*Ob. Pr.* What is thy will with me, friend?

*S. Pu.* Didst thou not receive a letter from Aminadab Holdfast, of Bristol, concerning one Simon Pure?

*Ob. Pr.* Yea, and Simon Pure is already here, friend.

*Col.* And Simon Pure will stay here, friend, if it be possible. [*Aside.*

*S. Pu.* That's an untruth, for I am he.

*Col.* Take thou heed, friend, what thou dost say; I do affirm that I am Simon Pure.

*S. Pu.* Thy name may be Pure, friend, but not that Pure.

*Col.* Yea, that Pure, which my good friend, Aminadab Holdfast, wrote to my friend Prim about; the same Simon Pure that came from Pennsylvania, and sojourned in Bristol eleven days; thou wouldst not take my name from me, wouldst thou?——till I have done with it. [*Aside.*

*S. Pure.* Thy name! I'm astonish'd!

*Col.* At what? at thy own assurance?

[*Going up to him,* S. Pure *starts back.*

*S. Pu.* Avaunt, Satan, approach me not; I defy thee and all thy works.

*Mrs. Lov.* Oh, he'll outcant him—Undone, undone for ever. [*Aisde.*

*Col.* Hark thee, friend, thy sham will not take——Don't exert thy voice, thou art too well acquainted

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with Satan to start at him, thou wicked reprobate—What can thy design be here?

*Enter a Servant, and gives* PRIM *a Letter.*

*Ob. Pr.* One of these must be a counterfeit, but which I cannot say.

*Col.* What can that letter be? [*Aside.*

*S. Pu.* Thou must be the devil, friend, that's certain, for no human power can stock so great a falsehood.

*Ob. Pr.* This letter sayeth that thou art better acquainted with that prince of darkness than any here.—Read that, I pray thee, Simon. [*Gives it the Col.*

*Col.* 'Tis Freeman's hand—[*Reads.*] *There is a design formed to rob your house this night, and cut your throat; and for that purpose there is a man disguised like a Quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure; the gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol; one of them came in the coach with the Quaker, whose name he hath taken; and, from what he hath gathered from him, formed that design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you, as to make you turn out the real Simon Pure, and keep him with you. Make the right use of this. Adieu.*——Excellent well! [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Dost thou hear this? [*To* S. Pure.

*S. Pu.* Yea, but it moveth me not; that, doubtless, is the impostor. [*Pointing at the Col.*

*Col.* Ah! thou wicked one—now I consider thy



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face, I remember thou didst come up in the leathern conveniency with me—thou hadst a black bob wig on, and a brown camblet coat with brass buttons.——— Canst thou deny it, ha?

*S. Pu.* Yea, I can, and with a safe conscience too, friend.

*Ob. Pr.* Verily, friend, thou art the most impudent villain I ever saw.

*Mrs. Lov.* Nay, then I'll have a fling at him.—[*Aside.*] I remember the face of this fellow at Bath—Ay, this is he that pick'd my Lady Raffle's pocket in the Grove——Don't you remember that the mob pump'd you, friend?——This is the most notorious rogue———

*S. Pu.* What dost provoke thee to seek my life?—Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

*Ob. Pr.* She will do thee no hurt, nor thou shalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy business, friend, and leave thy wicked course of life, or thou may'st not come off so favourably every where.

*Col.* Go, friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy fate no more.

*S. Pu.* Yea, I will go, but it shall be to thy confusion; for I shall clear myself: I will return with some proofs that shall convince thee, Obadiah, that thou art highly imposed upon. [*Exit.*

*Col.* Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain—What the devil shall I do? [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* What monstrous works of iniquity are there in this world, Simon!

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*Col.* Yea, the age is full of vice——'Sdeath, I am so confounded, I know not what to say. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Thou art disorder'd, friend——art thou not well?

*Col.* My spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good work in converting this maiden, this tender maiden, yet my labour will be in vain: for the evil spirit fighteth against her; and I see, yea I see with the eye of my inward man, that Satan will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very damsel will, return again to that abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as if it were, yea, as if it were out of the jaws of the fiend.

*Ob. Pr.* Good lack, thinkest thou so?

*Mrs. Lov.* I must second him. [*Aside.*] What meaneth this struggling within me? I feel the spirit resisteth the vanities of this world, but the flesh is rebellious, yea, the flesh—I greatly fear the flesh and the weakness thereof ——hum——

*Ob. Pr.* The maid is inspir'd. [*Aside.*

*Col.* Behold, her light begins to shine forth.—— Excellent woman!

*Mrs. Lov.* This good man hath spoken comfort unto me, yea comfort, I say; because the words which he hath breathed into my outward ears, are gone through and fix'd in mine heart, yea verily in mine heart, I say;—and I feel the spirit doth love him exceedingly—hum——

*Col.* She acts it to the life. [*Aside.*

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*Ob. Pr.* Prodigious! The damsel is filled with the spirit—Sarah.

*Enter Mrs.* PRIM.

*Mrs. Pr.* I am greatly rejoiced to see such a change in our beloved Anne. I came to tell thee that supper stayeth for thee.

*Col.* I am not disposed for thy food, my spirit longeth for more delicious meat!—fain would I redeem this maiden from the tribe of sinners, and break those cords asunder wherewith she is bound—hum—

*Mrs. Lov.* Something whispers in my ears, methinks—that I must be subject to the will of this good man, and from him only must hope for consolation.——hum.—It also telleth me, that I am a chosen vessel to raise up seed to the faithful, and that thou must consent that we two be one flesh according to the word—hum——

*Ob. Pr.* What a revelation is here! This is certainly part of thy vision, friend, this is the maiden's *growing into thy side*; ah! with what willingness should I give thee my consent, could I give thee her fortune too——but thou wilt never get the consent of the wicked ones.

*Col.* I wish I was sure of yours. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* My soul rejoiceth; yea, rejoiceth, I say, to find the spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with *natural* agitation—yea, with *natural* agitation, towards this good man—yea, it *stirreth*, as one may

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say—yea, verily I say it *stirreth* up thy inclination—yea, as one would *stir* a pudding.

*Mrs. Lov.* I see, I see! the spirit guiding of thy hand, good Obadiah Prim, and now behold thou art signing thy consent;——and now I see myself within thy arms, my friend and brother, yea, I am become *bone* of thy *bone*, and *flesh* of thy *flesh*. [*Embracing him*]—hum——

*Col.* Admirably perform'd. [*Aside.*]—And I will take thee in all spiritual love for an helpmate, yea, for the wife of my bosom——and now methinks——I feel a *longing*——yea, a *longing*, I say, for the consummation of thy love,———yea, I do *long* exceedingly.

*Mrs. Lov.* And verily, verily, my spirit feeleth the same *longing*.

*Mrs. Pr.* The spirit hath greatly moved them both,—friend Prim, thou must consent, there's no resisting of the spirit!

*Ob. Pr.* Yea, the light within sheweth me, that I shall fight a good fight—and wrestle thro' those reprobate fiends, thy other guardians;——yea, I perceive the spirit will hedge thee into the flock of the righteous.—Thou art a chosen lamb—yea, a chosen lamb, and I will not push thee back—No, I will not, I say;—no, thou shalt leap-a, and frisk-a, and skip-a, and *bound*, and *bound*, I say,—yea, *bound* within the *fold* of the righteous——yea, even within thy *fold*, my brother.——Fetch me the pen and ink, Sarah

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—and my hand shall confess its obedience to the spirit.

*Col.* I wish it were over.

*Enter Mrs.* PRIM, *with pen and ink.*

*Mrs. Lov.* I tremble lest this quaking rogue should return and spoil all. [*Aside.*

*Ob. Pr.* Here, friend, do thou write what the spirit prompteth, and I will sign it. [*Col. sits down.*

*Mrs. Pr.* Verily, Anne, it greatly rejoiceth me, to see thee reformed from that original wickedness wherein I found thee.

*Mrs. Lov.* I do believe thou art, and I thank thee—

*Col.* [Reads.] *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my right and title, in Anne Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full consent that she shall become his wife, according to the form of marriage. Witness my hand.*

*Ob. Pr.* That's enough, give me the pen.

[*Signs it.*

*Enter* BETTY, *running to Mrs.* LOVELY.

*Betty.* Oh! madam, madam, here's the quaking man again, he has brought a coachman and two or three more.

*Mrs. Lov.* Ruin'd past redemption! [*Aside to Col.*

*Col.* No, no, one minute sooner had spoil'd all; but now——here's company coming, friend, give me the paper. [*Going up to* Prim *hastily.*

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*Ob. Pr.* Here it is, Simon; and I wish thee happy with the maiden.

*Mrs. Lov.* 'Tis done, and now, devil, do thy worst.

*Enter* SIMON PURE, *and Coachman, &c.*

*S. Pu.* Look thee, friend, I have brought these people to satisfy thee that I am not that impostor which thou didst take me for, this is the man that did drive the leathern conveniency, and brought me from Bristol—and this is——

*Col.* Look ye, friend, to save the court the trouble of examining witnesses—I plead guilty—ha, ha!

*Ob. Pr.* How's this? Is not thy name Pure, then?

*Col.* No really, sir, I only make bold with this gentleman's name——but I here give it up safe and sound; it has done the business which I had occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his service upon the same occasion at any time.——Ha, ha, ha!

*S. Pu.* Oh! the wickedness of the age!

*Coachman.* Then you have no further need of us.

[*Exit.*

*Col.* No, honest man, you may go about your business.

*Ob. Pr.* I am struck dumb with thy impudence. Anne, thou hast deceiv'd me—and perchance undone thyself.

*Mrs. Pr.* Thou art a dissembling baggage, and shame will overtake thee. [*Exit.*



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*S. Pu.* I am grieved to see thy wife so much troubled: I will follow and console her. [*Exit.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Thy brother guardians enquire for thee; here is another man with them.

*Mrs. Lov.* Who can that other man be?

[*To the Colonel.*

*Col.* 'Tis one Freeman, a friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the guardians here.

*Enter Sir* PHILIP, TRADELOVE, PERIWINKLE, *and* FREEMAN.

*Free.* [*To the Col.*] Is all safe? did my letter do you service?

*Col.* All, all's safe! ample service. [*Aside.*

*Sir Phil.* Miss Nancy, how do'st do, child?

*Mrs. Lov.* Don't call me miss, friend Philip, my name is Anne, thou knowest.———

*Sir Phil.* What, is the girl metamorphos'd?

*Mrs. Lov.* I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd.—Ah! Philip, throw off that gaudy attire, and wear the clothes becoming thy age.

*Ob. Pr.* I am ashamed to see these men. [*Aside.*

*Sir Phil.* My age! the woman is possess'd.

*Col.* No, thou art possess'd rather, friend.

*Trade.* Hark ye, Mrs. Lovely, one word with you.

[*Takes hold of her hand.*

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*Col.* This maiden is my wife, thanks to friend Prim, and thou hast no business with her.

[*Takes her from him.*

*Trade.* His wife! hark ye, Mr. Freeman.

*Per.* Why, you have made a very fine piece of work of it, Mr. Prim.

*Sir Phil.* Married to a Quaker! thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan truly——there's a husband for a young lady!

*Col.* When I have put on my beau clothes, Sir Philip, you'll like me better——

*Sir Phil.* Thou wilt make a very scurvy beau——friend——

*Col.* I believe I can prove it under your hand that you thought me a very fine gentleman in the Park t'other day, about thirty-six minutes after eleven; will you take a pinch, Sir Philip——One of the finest snuff-boxes you ever saw. [*Offers him Snuff.*

*Sir Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoy'd, faith, I am, if thou be'st the gentleman——I own I did give my consent to the gentleman I brought here to-day;——but whether this is he, I cann't be positive.

*Ob. Pr.* Can'st thou not?——Now, I think thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan.—Thou shallow brain'd shuttlecock, he may be a pick-pocket for ought thou dost know.

*Per.* You would have been two rare fellows to have been trusted with the sole management of her fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. Trade-love and myself shall take care of her portion.——



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*Trade.* Ay, ay, so we will—Didn't you tell me the Dutch merchant desired me to meet him here, Mr. Freeman.

*Free.* I did so, and I am sure he will be here, if you'll have a little patience.

*Col.* What, is Mr. Tradelove impatient? Nay, then, ik ben gereet voor you, heb be, Jan Van Timtam-tirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell, vergeeten!

*Trade.* Oh! pox of the name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. Freeman?

*Col.* Trick'd, Mr. Tradelove! did not I give you two thousand pounds for your consent fairly? And now do you tell a gentleman he has trick'd you?

*Per.* So, so, you are a pretty guardian, faith, to sell your charge; what, did you look upon her as part of your stock?

*Ob. Pr.* Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy knavery is found out, however——I confess the maiden over-reached me, and I had no sinister end at all.

*Per.* Ay, ay, one thing or other over-reached you all—but I'll take care he shall never finger a penny of her money, I warrant you;—over reach'd quoth'a! Why, I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more wit: I don't know but this very fellow may be him that was directed to me from Grand Cairo t'other day. Ha, ha, ha!

*Col.* The very same.

*Per.* Are you so, sir? but your trick would not pass upon me.——

*Col.* No, as you say, at that time it did not, that was

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not my lucky hour;——but hark ye, sir, I must let you into one secret——you may keep honest John Tradescant's coat on, for your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle is not dead—so the charge of mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Mr. Pillage, your uncle's steward? Ha, ha, ha!

*Per.* Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

*Col.* Don't you remember the signing of a lease, Mr. Periwinkle?

*Per.* Well, and what signifies that lease, if my uncle is not dead?——Ha! I am sure it was a lease I signed.——

*Col.* Ay, but it was a lease for life, sir, and of this beautiful tenement, I thank you.

[*Taking hold of Mrs.* Lovely.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours fare.

*Free.* So then I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

*Per.* I am certain I read as plain a lease as ever I read in my life.

*Col.* You read a lease, I grant you, but you sign'd this contract. [*Shewing a Paper.*

*Per.* How durst you put this trick upon me, Mr. Freeman? Didn't you tell me my uncle was dying?

*Free.* And would tell you twice as much to serve my friend, ha, ha!

*Sir Phil.* What, the learned and famous Mr. Periwinkle chous'd too!——Ha, ha, ha!—I shall die with laughing, ha, ha, ha!

*Ob. Pr.* It had been well if her father had left



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her to wiser heads than *thine* and *mine*, friends, ha, ha, ha!

*Trade.* Well, since you have outwitted us all, pray you what and who are you, sir?

*Sir Phil.* Sir, the gentleman is a fine gentleman. ——I am glad you have got a person, madam, who understands dress and good breeding.———I was resolved she should have a husband of my choosing.

*Ob. Pr.* I am sorry the maiden has fallen into such hands.

*Trade.* A beau! nay then she is finely help'd up.

*Mrs. Lov.* Why, beaux are great encouragers of trade, sir, ha, ha, ha!

*Col.* Look ye, gentlemen—I am the person who can give the best account of myself, and I must beg Sir Philip's pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much aversion to what he calls dress and breeding, as I have to the enemies of my religion. I have had the honour to serve his majesty, and headed a regiment of the bravest fellows that ever push'd bayonet in the throat of a Frenchman; and notwithstanding the fortune this lady brings me, whenever my country wants my aid, this sword and arm are at her service.

*Therefore, my dear, if thou'lt but deign to smile,*
*I meet a recompence for all my toil;*
*Love and religion ne'er admit restraint,*
*And force makes* many *sinners, not* one *saint;*

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*Still free as air the active mind does rove,*
*And searches proper objects for its love;*
*But that once fix'd, 'tis past the pow'r of art*
*To chace the dear idea from the heart:*
*'Tis liberty of choice that sweetens life,*
*Makes the glad* husband, *and the happy* wife.

[Exeunt omnes.

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# EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. SEWELL.

*WHAT new strange ways our modern beaux devise!*
*What trials of love-skill to gain the prize!*
*The heathen gods, who never matter'd rapes,*
*Scarce wore such strange variety of shapes:*
*The devil take their odious barren skulls,*
*To court in form of* snakes *and filthy* bulls:
*Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,*
*In a whole lap-full of true standard gold;*
*How must his godship then fair Danae warm!*
*In trucking* ware *for* ware *there is no harm,*
*Well, after all that,* money *has a charm.*
*But now, indeed, that stale invention's past;*
*Besides you know that guineas fall so fast,*
*Poor nymph must come to pocket-piece at last.*
*Old Harry's face, or good Queen Bess's ruff,*
*Not that I'd take 'em—may do well enough;*
*No——my ambitious spirit's far above*
*Those little tricks of mercenary love.*
*That man be mine, who, like the Colonel here,*
*Can top his character in ev'ry sphere;*
*Who can a thousand ways employ his wit,*
*Out-promise statesmen, and out-cheat a cit:*

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*Beyond the colours of a trav'ller paint,*
*And cant, and ogle too—beyond a saint.*
*The last disguise most pleas'd me, I confess,*
*There's something tempting in the* preaching *dress;*
*And pleas'd me more than once a* dame *of note,*
*Who lov'd her* husband *in his* footman's *coat.*
*To see one eye in wanton motions play'd,*
*The other to the heav'nly regions stray'd,*
*As if, for it's fellow's frailties it pray'd:*
*But yet I hope, for all that I have said,*
*To find my spouse a* man of war in bed.

THE END.

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Wilde pinx.t Audinet sculp.

Mrs. MATTOCKS as LADY RESTLESS.

*This is really a handsome picture: what a charming countenance!*

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library. Strand. May 5. 1792.

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ALL IN THE WRONG.

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# ALL IN THE WRONG.

A

COMEDY,

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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M DCC XCII.

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# PROLOGUE.

Written and spoken by SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

*TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, gall'ry, and pit,*
*Will be open'd the best * summer-warehouse for wit;*
*The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers;*
*Play, pantomime, opera, farce—by the makers!*
*We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe*
*To* Shakspere *and* Southern, *to* Otway *and* Rowe.
*Though our judgment may err, yet our justice is shewn,*
*For we promise to mangle no works but our own.*
*And moreover on this you may firmly rely,*
*If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry.*
*For* Roscius, *who knew we were mirth-loving souls,*
*Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and bowls.*
*Resolv'd that in buskins no hero shall stalk,*
*He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.*
*No blood, no blank-verse!—and in short we're undone,*
*Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.*

*If tir'd of her round in the* Ranelagh-mill,
*There should be but one female inclin'd to sit still;*

* Mr. GARRICK, at this time, had let his playhouse for the summer months.



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*If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,*
*A party should shun to catch cold at* Vauxhall;
*If at* Sadler's sweet Wells *the made wine should be thick,*
*The cheese-cakes turn sour, or Miss* Wilkinson *sick;*
*If the fume of the pipes should oppress you in* June,
*Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;*
*I hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury;*
*We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure you;*
*Domestic and foreign, and all kinds of wares;*
English *cloths,* Irish *linen, and* French *petenlairs!*

*If for want of good custom, or losses in trade,*
*The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;*
*If from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in debt,*
*And* WHEREAS *issue out in the* Muses' *Gazette;*
*We'll on you our* assigns *for* CERTIFICATES *call;*
*Though insolvent, we're honest, and give up our all.*

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## Dramatis Personae.

### *DRURY-LANE.*

| | |
|---|---|
| | *Men.* |
| Sir JOHN RESTLESS, | Mr. Wroughton. |
| BEVERLEY, | Mr. Kemble. |
| Sir WILLIAM BELLMONT, | Mr. Phillimore. |
| Young BELLMONT, | Mr. Barrymore. |
| BLANDFORD, | Mr. Packer. |
| ROBERT, *servant to Sir* John, | Mr. Waldron. |
| BRUSH, *servant to* Beverley, | Mr. Burton. |
| | *Women.* |
| Lady RESTLESS, | Mrs. Ward. |
| BELINDA, | Miss Farren. |
| CLARISSA, | Miss Collins. |
| TATTLE, | Mrs. Wilson. |
| TIPPET, | Miss Barnes. |
| MARMALET, | Miss Tidswell. |

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

| | |
|---|---|
| | *Men.* |
| Sir JOHN RESTLESS, | Mr. Ryder. |
| BEVERLEY, | Mr. Lewis. |
| Sir WILLIAM BELLMONT, | Mr. Thompson. |
| Young BELLMONT, | Mr. Davies. |
| BLANDFORD, | Mr. Fearon. |
| ROBERT, *servant to Sir* John, | Mr. Booth. |
| BRUSH, *servant to* Beverley, | Mr. Wewitzer. |
| | *Women.* |
| Lady RESTLESS, | Mrs. Mattocks. |
| BELINDA, | Mrs. Pope. |
| CLARISSA, | Mrs. Mountain. |
| TATTLE, | Mrs. Davenett. |
| TIPPET, | Miss Platt. |
| MARMALET, | Miss Stuart. |

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# ALL IN THE WRONG.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*The Park. Enter Sir* JOHN RESTLESS *and* ROBERT, *from a House in the Side Scene.*

*Sir John.*

SIR John Restless! Sir John Restless! thou hast played the fool with a vengeance. What devil whispered thee to marry such a woman?——Robert, you have been a faithful servant, and I value you. Did your lady go out at this door here into the Park, or did she go out at the street-door?

*Rob.* This door, sir.

*Sir John.* Robert, I will never live in a house again that has two doors to it.

*Rob.* Sir!

*Sir John.* I will give warning to my landlord instantly. The eyes of Argus are not sufficient to watch the motions of a wife, where there is a street-door, and a back-door, to favour her escapes.

*Rob.* Upon my word, sir, I wish—you will pardon my boldness, sir,—I wish you would shake off this uneasiness that preys upon your spirits. It grieves me to the heart,—it does, indeed, sir, to see you in

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this way: banish your suspicions: you have conceived some strange aversion, I am afraid, to my lady, sir.

*Sir John.* No, Robert; no aversion: in spite of me I dote upon her still.

*Rob.* Then why will you not think generously, sir, of the person you love? My lady, I dare be sworn—

*Sir John.* Is false to me. That embitters my whole life. I love her, and she repays me with ingratitude, with perfidy, with falsehood, with——

*Rob.* I dare be sworn, sir, she is a woman of honour.

*Sir John.* Robert, I have considered you as a friend in my house: don't you betray me too: don't attempt to justify her.

*Rob.* Dear sir, if you will but give me leave: you have been an indulgent master to me, and I am only concerned for your welfare. You married my lady for love, and I have heard you so warm in her praise: why will you go back from those sentiments?

*Sir John.* Yes, I married her for love—Oh! love! love! what mischief dost thou not occasion in this world? Yes, Robert, I married her for love. When first I saw her, I was not so much struck with her beauty, as with that air of an ingenuous mind that appeared in her countenance; her features did not so much charm me with their symmetry, as that expression of sweetness, that smile that indicated affability, modesty, and compliance. But, honest Robert, I was deceived: I was not a month married,

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when I saw her practising those very smiles at her glass: I saw through the artifice; plainly saw there was nothing natural in her manner, but all forced, all studied, put on with her head-dress: I was alarmed; I resolved to watch her from that moment, and I have seen such things!

*Rob.* Upon my word, sir, I believe you wrong her, and wrong yourself: you build on groundless surmises; you make yourself unhappy, and my lady too; and by being constantly uneasy, and never shewing her the least love, you'll forgive me, sir,—you fill her mind with strange suspicions, and so the mischief is done.

*Sir John.* Suspicions, Robert?

*Rob.* Yes, sir, strange suspicions!—My lady finds herself treated with no degree of tenderness; she infers that your inclinations are fixed elsewhere, and so she is become—you will pardon my blunt honesty—she is become downright jealous,—as jealous as yourself, sir.

*Sir John.* Oh! Robert, you are little read in the arts of women; you little know the intricacies of their conduct; the mazes through which they walk, shifting, turning, winding, running into devious paths, but tending all through a labyrinth to the temple of Venus. You cannot see, that all her pretences to suspect me of infidelity are merely a counter-plot to cover her own loose designs: it is but a gauze covering, though; it is seen through, and only serves to shew her guilt the more.

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*Rob.* Upon my word, Sir John, I cannot see——

*Sir John.* No, Robert; I know you cann't. Her suspicions of me all make against her; they are female stratagems, and yet it is but too true that she still is near my heart. Oh! Robert, Robert, when I have watched her at a play, or elsewhere; when I have counted her oglings, and her whisperings, her stolen glances, and her artful leer, with the cunning of her sex, she has pretended to be as watchful of me: dissembling, false, deceitful woman!

*Rob.* And yet, I dare assure you——

*Sir John.* No more; I am not to be deceived; I know her thoroughly, and now,—now—has not she escaped out of my house, even now?

*Rob.* But with no bad design.

*Sir John.* I am the best judge of that: which way did she go?

*Rob.* Across the Park, sir; that way towards the Horse Guards.

*Sir John.* Towards the Horse Guards!——there,—there,—there, the thing is evident: you may go in, Robert.

*Rob.* Indeed, sir, I——

*Sir John.* Go in, I say; go in.

*Rob.* There is no persuading him to his own good. [*Exit.*

*Sir John.* [*Alone.*] Gone towards the Horse Guards! my head aches; my forehead burns; I am cutting my horns. Gone towards the Horse Guards!—I'll pursue her thither; if I find her, the time, the place,

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all will inform against her. Sir John! Sir John; you were a madman to marry such a woman. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BEVERLEY *and* BELLMONT, *at opposite Sides.*

*Bev.* Ha! my dear Bellmont! A fellow sufferer in love is a companion well met.

*Bel.* Beverley, I rejoice to see you.

*Bev.* Well! I suppose the same cause has brought us both into the Park: both come to sigh our amorous vows in the friendly gloom of yonder walk. Belinda keeps a perpetual war of love and grief, and hope and fear in my heart: and let me see.—[*Lays his hand on* Bellmont's *breast.*] how fares all here? I fancy my sister is a little busy with you.

*Bel.* Busy! she makes a perfect riot there. Not one wink the whole night. Oh! Clarissa, her form so animated! her eyes so——

*Bev.* Pr'ythee! truce; I have not leisure to attend to her praise: a sister's praise too! the greatest merit I ever could see in Clarissa is, that she loves you freely and sincerely.

*Bel.* And to be even with you, sir, your Belinda! upon my soul, notwithstanding all your lavish praises, her highest perfection, in my mind, is her sensibility to the merit of my friend.

*Bev.* Oh! Bellmont! such a girl!

Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame!

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But tell me honestly now, do you think she has ever betrayed the least regard for me?

*Bel.* How can you, who have such convincing proofs, how can you ask such a question? That uneasiness of yours, that inquietude of mind——

*Bev.* Pr'ythee don't fix that character upon me.

*Bel.* It is your character, my dear Beverley: instead of enjoying the object before you, your are ever looking back to something past, or conjecturing about something to come, and are your own self-tormentor.

*Bev.* No, no, no; don't be so severe: I hate the very notion of such a temper: the thing is, when a man loves tenderly as I do, solicitude and anxiety are natural; and when Belinda's father opposes my warmest wishes——

*Bel.* Why yes, the good Mr. Blandford is willing to give her in marriage to me.

*Bev.* The senseless old dotard!

*Bel.* Thank you for the compliment! and my father, the wise Sir William Bellmont——

*Bev.* Is a tyrannical, positive, headstrong——

*Bel.* There again I thank you. But in short the old couple, Belinda's father and mine, have both agreed upon the match. They insist upon compliance from their children; so that, according to their wise heads, I am to be married off-hand to Belinda, and you and your sister, poor Clarissa, are to be left to shift for yourselves.

*Bev.* Racks and torments!

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*Bel.* Racks and torment!—Seas of milk and ships of amber, man!—We are sailing to our wished for harbour, in spite of their machinations. I have settled the whole affair with Clarissa.

*Bev.* Have you?

*Bel.* I have, and to-morrow morning makes me possessor of her charms.

*Bev.* My dear boy, give us your hand: and then, thou dear rogue, and then Belinda's mine! *Loll-toll-loll.*

*Bel.* Well, may you be in raptures, sir; for here, here, here they both come.

*Enter* BELINDA, *and* CLARISSA.

*Bev.* Grace was in all her steps; heav'n in her eye;
In every gesture dignity and love.——

*Belin.* A poetical reception truly!—But cann't your passion inspire you to a composition of your own, Mr. Beverley?

*Bev.* It inspires me with sentiments, madam, which I cann't find words to express. Suckling, Waller, Landsdown, and all our dealers in love-verses, give but a faint image of a heart touched like mine.

*Belin.* Poor gentleman! what a terrible taking you are in! But if the sonneteers cannot give an image of you, sir, have you had recourse to a painter, as you promised me?

*Bev.* I have, Belinda, and here,——here is the humble portrait of your adorer.

*Belin.* [*Takes the picture.*] Well! there is a likeness;



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but after all, there is a better painter than this gentleman, whoever he be.

*Bev.* A better!——now she is discontented. [*Aside.*] Where, madam, can a better be found?——If money can purchase him——

*Belin.* Oh! sir, when he draws for money he never succeeds. But when pure inclination prompts him, then his colouring is warm indeed. He gives a portrait that endears the original.——

*Bev.* Such an artist is worth the Indies!

*Belin.* You need not go so far to seek him: he has done your business already. The limner I mean is a certain little blind god, called Love, and he has stamped such an impression of you here——

*Bev.* Madam, your most obedient: and I can tell you, that the very same gentleman has been at work for you too.——

*Bel.* [*Who had been talking apart with* Clarissa.] Oh! he has had a world of business upon his hands, for we two have been agreeing what havock he has made with us.

*Cla.* Yes, but we are but in a kind of fool's paradise here: all our schemes are but mere castle-building, which your father, Mr. Bellmont, and my dear Belinda,—yours too are most obstinately determined to destroy.

*Bel.* Why, as you say, they are determined that I shall have the honour of Belinda's hand in the country-dance of matrimony.

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*Belin.* Without considering that I may like another partner better.

*Bev.* And without considering that I, forlorn as I am, and my sister, there—who is as well inclined to a matrimonial game of romps as any girl in Christendom, must both of us sit down, and bind our brows with willow, in spite of our strongest inclinations to mingle in the groupe.

*Bel.* But we have planned our own happiness, and with a little resolution we shall be successful in the end, I warrant you. Clarissa, let us take a turn this way, and leave that love-sick pair to themselves: they are only fit company for each other, and we may find wherewithal to entertain ourselves.

*Cla.* Let us try: turn this way.

*Belin.* Are you going to leave us, Clarissa?

*Cla.* Only just sauntering into this side-walk: we sha'n't lose one another.

*Belin.* You are such a tender couple! you are not tired I see of saying pretty soft things to each other. Well, well! take your own way.

*Cla.* And if I guess right, you are glad to be left together.

*Belin.* Who, I?

*Cla.* Yes, you; the coy Belinda!

*Belin.* Not I truly: let us walk together.

*Cla.* No, no, by no means: you shall be indulged. Adieu!—we shall be within call. [*Ex.* Bel. *and* Cla.

*Bev.* My sister is generously in love with Bellmont: I wish Belinda would act as openly towards me. [*Aside.*



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*Belin.* Well, sir!—Thoughtful! I'll call Mr. Bellmont back, if that is the case.

*Bev.* She will call him back. [*Aside.*

*Belin.* Am I to entertain you, or you me?

*Bev.* Madam!

*Belin.* Madam!—ha, ha! why, you look as if you were frightened: are you afraid of being left alone with me?

*Bev.* Oh! Belinda, you know that is the happiness of my life;—but——

*Belin.* But what, sir?

*Bev.* Have I done any thing to offend you?

*Belin.* To offend me?

*Bev.* I should have been of the party last night; I own I should; it was a sufficient inducement to me that you was to be there; it was my fault, and you, I see, are piqued at it.

*Belin.* I piqued!

*Bev.* I see you are; and the company perceived it last night. I have heard it all: in mere resentment you directed all your discourse to Mr. Bellmont.

*Belin.* If I did, it was merely accidental.

*Bev.* No, it was deliberately done: forgive my rash folly in refusing the invitation: I meant no manner of harm.

*Belin.* Who imagines you did, sir?——

*Bel.* I beg your pardon, Belinda: you take offence oo lightly.

*Belin.* Ha, ha! what have you taken into your head

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now? This uneasiness is of your own making: I have taken nothing ill, sir.

*Bev.* You could not but take it ill; but by all that's amiable about you, I meant not to incur your displeasure: forgive that abrupt answer I sent: I should have made a handsomer apology.

*Belin.* Apology!—you was engaged, was not you?

*Bev.* I said so; I own it, and beg your pardon——

*Belin.* Beg my pardon! for what? Ha, ha!

*Bev.* I only meant——

*Belin.* Ha, ha! can you think I see any thing in your message to be offended at, sir?

*Bev.* I was wrong: I beg your pardon. Where you were concerned, I own I should have expressed myself with more delicacy, than those hasty words, I am engaged, and can't wait upon you to-night. I should have told you that my heart was with you, though necessity dragged me another way: this omission you resented. I could learn, since, what spirits you were in the whole evening, though I enjoyed nothing in your absence. I could hear the sallies of your wit, the sprightliness of your conversation, and on whom your eyes were fixed the whole night.

*Belin.* They were fixed upon Mr. Bellmont, you think!

*Bev.* Ay! and fixed with delight upon him, negociating the business of love before the whole company.

*Belin.* Upon my word, sir, whoever is your author, you are misinformed. You alarm me with these fan-



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cies, and you know I have often told you that you are of too refining a temper: you create for yourself imaginary misunderstandings, and then are ever entering into explanations. But this watching for intelligence, from the spies and misrepresenters of conversation, betrays strong symptoms of jealousy. I would not be married to a jealous man for the world.

*Bev.* Now she's seeking occasion to break off. [*Aside.*]—Jealousy, ma'am, can never get admission into my breast. I am of too generous a temper: a certain delicacy I own I have; I value the opinion of my friends, and when there are circumstances of a doubtful aspect, I am glad to set things in their true light. And if I do so with others, surely with you, on whom my happiness depends, to desire a favourable interpretation of my words and actions cannot be improper.

*Belin.* But these little humours may grow up, and gather into the fixed disease of jealousy at last. [*Lady* Restless *crosses the stage, and rings a bell at the door.*] And there now,—there goes a lady who is a victim to her own fretful imagination.

*Bev.* Who is the lady, pray?

*Belin.* My Lady Restless. Walk this way, and I will give you her whole character. I am not acquainted with her ladyship, but I have heard much of her. This way. [*Exit* Belinda *and* Beverley.

*Lady Rest.* [*Ringing at the door.*] What do these servants mean? There is something going forward here. I will be let in, or I will know the reason

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why. [*Rings again.*] But in the mean time, Sir John can let any body he pleases out at the street-door: I'll run up the steps here, and observe. [*Exit.*

TATTLE *opens the door,* MARMALET *follows her.*

*Tat.* Who rung this bell?—I don't see any body; and yet I am sure the bell rung. Well, Mrs. Marmalet, you will be going, I see.

*Mar.* Yes, Mrs. Tattle; I am obliged to leave you. I'll step across the Park, and I shall soon reach Grosvenor-Square. When shall I see you at our house?

*Tat.* Heaven knows when I shall be able to get out: my lady leads us all such lives! I wish I had such another place as you have of it.

*Mar.* I have nothing to complain of.

*Tat.* No, that you have not: when shall I get such a gown as that you have on by my lady? She will never fling off such a thing, and give it to a poor servant! Worry, worry, worry herself, and every body else too.

*Re-enter Lady* RESTLESS.

*Lady Rest.* No; there is nobody stirring that way. What do I see? A hussey coming out of my house!

*Mar.* Well, I must be gone, Mrs. Tattle: fare you well.

*Lady Rest.* She is dizen'd out too! why did not you open the door, Tattle, when I rung?

*Tat.* I came as soon as possible, madam.

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*Lady Rest.* Who have you with you here? What is your business, mistress? [*To* Marmalet.

*Mar.* My business, madam?

*Lady Rest.* In confusion too! The case is plain. You come here after Sir John, I suppose.

*Mar.* I come after Sir John, madam?

*Lady Rest.* Guilt in her face! Yes, after Sir John: and, Tattle, you are in the plot against me; you were favouring her escape, were you?

*Tat.* I favour her escape, madam? What occasion for that? This is Mrs. Marmalet, madam; an acquaintance of mine, madam; as good a kind of body as any at all.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! very fine, mistress! you bring your creatures after the vile man, do you?

*Mar.* I assure you, madam, I am a very honest girl.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! I dare say so. Where did you get that gown.

*Mar.* La, ma'am! I came by it honestly; my Lady Conquest gave it to me. I live with my Lady Conquest, madam.

*Lady Rest.* What a complexion she has! How long have you lived in London?

*Mar.* Three years, madam.

*Lady Rest.* In London three years with that complexion! it cann't be: perhaps she is painted: all these creatures paint. You are all so many painted dolls. [*Rubs her face with a white handkerchief.*] No, it does not come off. So, Mrs. Tattle, you

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bring your fresh country girls here to my house, do you?

*Tat.* Upon my credit, ma'am—

*Lady Rest.* Don't tell me: I see through this affair. Go you about your business, mistress, and let me never see you about my doors again: go, go your ways.

*Mar.* Lord, ma'am, I shan't trouble your house. Mrs. Tattle, a good day. Here's a deal to-do, indeed! I have as good a house as hers to go to, whatever she may think of herself. [*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* There, there, there; see there; she goes off in a huff! the way with them all. Ay! I see how it is, Tattle: you false, ungrateful—that gown was never given her by a woman, she had that from Sir John. Where is Sir John?

*Tat.* Sir John an't at home, ma'am.

*Lady Rest.* Where is he? Where is he gone?—When did he go out?

*Tat.* I really don't know, ma'am.

*Lady Rest.* Tattle, I know you fib now. But I'll sift this to the bottom. I'll write to my Lady Conquest to know the truth about that girl that was here but now.

*Tat.* You will find I told you truth, madam.

*Lady Rest.* Very well, Mrs. Pert. I'll go and write this moment. Send Robert, to give me an account of his master. Sir John, Sir John, you will distract me. [*Exeunt.*

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*Re-enter* BELINDA *and* BEVERLEY.

*Belin.* Ay! but that quickness, that extreme sensibility is what I am afraid of. I positively would not have a jealous husband for the world.

*Bev.* By heaven no earthly circumstance shall ever make me think injuriously of you. Jealousy!—— ha, ha!—it is the most ridiculous passion!—ha, ha!

*Belin.* You may laugh, sir; but I know your over-refining temper too well, and I absolutely will have it in our marriage-articles, that I must not be plagued with your suspicions.

*Bev.* I subscribe, ma'am.

*Belin.* I will have no enquiries where I am going to visit: no following me from place to place: and if we should chance to meet, and you should perceive a man of wit, or a pretty fellow, speaking to me, I will not have you fidgetting about on your chair, knitting your brow, and looking at your watch—'My dear, is it not time to go home?—my love, the coach is waiting:'—and then, if you are prevailed upon to stay, I will not have you converse with a 'Yes, sir,' and a 'No, sir,' for the rest of the evening, and then wrangle with me in the carriage all the way home, and not be commonly civil to me for the rest of the night. I positively will have none of this.

*Bev.* Agreed, ma'am, agreed——

*Belin.* And you shan't tell me you are going out of town, and then steal privately to the play, or to Ra-

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nelagh, merely to be a spy upon me. I positively will admit no curiosity about my letters. If you were to open a letter of mine, I should never forgive you. I do verily believe, if you were to open my letters I should hate you.

*Bev.* I subscribe to every thing you can ask. You shall have what female friends you please; lose your money to whom you please; dance with what beau you please; ride out with whom you please; go to what china-shop you please; and, in short, do what you please, without my attempting to bribe your footmen or your maid for secret intelligence.

*Belin.* Oh, lud! Oh, lud! that is in the very strain of jealousy. Deliver me! there is my father yonder, and Sir William Bellmont with him. Fly this instant, fly, Mr. Beverley, down that walk; any where.

*Bev.* You promise then——

*Belin.* Don't talk to me now: what would you be at? I am yours, and only yours, unalterably so. Fly, begone, leave me this moment.

*Bev.* I obey: I am gone. [*Exit.*

*Belin.* Now they are putting their wise heads together to thwart all my schemes of happiness: but love, imperious love, will have it otherwise.

*Enter Mr.* BLANDFORD *and Sir* WILLIAM BELLMONT.

*Bland.* Sir William, since we have agreed upon every thing——



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*Sir Will.* Why yes, Mr. Blandford, I think every thing is settled.

*Bland.* Why then we have only to acquaint the young people with our intentions, and so conclude the affair without delay.

*Sir Will.* That is all, sir.

*Bland.* As to my girl, I don't mind her nonsense about Beverley: she must do as I will have her.

*Sir Will.* And my son too, he must follow my directions. As to his telling me of his love for Clarissa, it is all a joke with me. Children must do as their parents will have them.

*Bland.* Ay, so they must; and so they shall. Hey! here is my daughter. So, Belinda!——Well, my girl, Sir William and I have agreed, and you are to prepare for marriage, that's all.

*Belin.* With Mr. Beverley, sir?

*Bland.* Mr. Beverley!

*Belin.* You know you encouraged him yourself, sir.

*Bland.* Well, well! I have changed my mind on that head: my friend, Sir William, here offers you his son. Do as I advise you: have a care, Belinda, how you disobey my commands.

*Belin.* But, sir——

*Bland.* But, madam, I must and will be obeyed. You don't like him, you say: but I like him, and that's sufficient for you.

*Sir Will.* And so it is, Mr. Blandford. If my son pretended to have a will of his own, I should let him know to the contrary.



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*Belin.* And can you, Sir William, against our inclination force us both?

*Bland.* Hold your tongue, Belinda; don't provoke me. What makes you from home? Go your ways back directly, and settle your mind. I tell you once for all I will have my own way. Come, Sir William, we will step to the lawyer's chambers. Go home, Belinda, and be observant of my commands. Come, Sir William. What did you say? [*To* Belinda.] You mutiny, do you? Don't provoke me. You know, Belinda, I am an odd sort of man when provok'd. Look ye here: mind what I say; I won't reason with you about the matter; my power is absolute, and if you offer to rebel, you shall have no husband at all with my consent. I'll cut you off with a shilling; I'll see you starve; beg an alms; live miserable; die wretched; in short, suffer any calamity without the least compassion from me. If I find you an undutiful girl, I cast you off for ever. So there's one word for all. [*Exit: Sir* William *follows him.*

*Belin.* What will become of me?——his inhumanity overcomes me quite—I can never consent: the very sight of this picture is enough to forbid it. Oh! Beverley, you are master of my heart. I'll go this instant—and—heavens! I can scarce move. I am ready to faint.

*Enter Sir* JOHN.

*Sir John.* No tidings of her far or near.



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*Belin.* How I tremble!—I shall fall—no help?

*Sir John.* What do I see!—a young lady in distress!

*Belin.* Oh! [*Faints in his arms, and drops the picture.*

*Sir John.* She is fallen into a fit. Would my servants were in the way.

*Lady* RESTLESS. *At her Window.*

*Lady Rest.* Where can this barbarous man be gone to?—How!—under my very window!

*Sir John.* How cold she is!—quite cold—

[*Lays his hand to her cheek.*

*Lady Rest.* How familiar he is with her!

*Sir John.* And yet she looks beautiful still.

*Lady Rest.* Does she so?

*Sir John.* Her eyes open—how lovely they look!

*Lady Rest.* Traitor!

*Sir John.* Her cheek begins to colour. Well, young lady, how fare you now, my dear?

*Lady Rest.* My dear too!

*Belin.* Heavens! where am I?——

*Sir John.* Repose yourself awhile, or will you step into my house?

*Lady Rest.* No, truly, sha'n't she. Vile man! but I will spoil your sport. I will come down to you directly, and flash confusion in your face.

[*Exit from above.*

*Sir John.* Where do you live, madam?

*Belin.* In Queen's-square, sir, by the side of the Park.

*Sir John.* I will wait upon you: trust yourself with

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me. You look much better now. Lean on my arm. There, there, I will conduct you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lady* RESTLESS.

*Lady Rest.* Now I'll make one among ye. How! fled! gone! which way? Is not that he, yonder?—No—he went into my house, I dare say, as I came down stairs. Tattle, Tattle, Robert. Will nobody answer?

*Enter* TATTLE.

*Lady Rest.* Where is Sir John?

*Tat.* La! ma'am, how should I know?

*Lady Rest.* Did not he go in this moment?

*Tat.* No, ma'am.

*Lady Rest.* To be sure you will say so. I'll follow him through the world, or I'll find him out. So, so,—what is here?—This is her picture, I suppose. I will make sure of this at least: this will discover her to me, tho' she has escaped now. Cruel, false, deceitful man! [*Exit.*

*Tat.* Poor lady! I believe her head is turned, for my part. Well! I am determined I'll look out for another place, that's a sure thing I will. [*Exit.*



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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Sir* JOHN'*s House.* *Enter Sir* JOHN *and* ROBERT.

*Sir John.*

ROBERT, where is your lady?

*Rob.* In her own room, sir.

*Sir John.* Any body with her?

*Rob.* I cann't say, sir: my lady is not well.

*Sir John.* Not well! fatigued with rioting about this town, I suppose. How long has she been at home?

*Rob.* About an hour, sir.

*Sir John.* About an hour!—very well, Robert, you may retire. [*Exit* Robert.] Now will I question her closely. So—so—so—she comes, leaning on her maid: finely dissembled! finely dissembled! But this pretended illness shall not shelter her from my strict enquiry. Soft a moment! If I could overhear what passes between 'em, it might lead to the truth. I'll work by stratagem. The hypocrite! how she acts her part! [*Exit.*

*Enter Lady* RESTLESS *and* TATTLE.

*Tat.* How are you now, madam?

*Lady Rest.* Somewhat better, Tattle. Reach that chair. Tattle, tell me honestly, does that girl live with Lady Conquest?

*Tat.* She does, madam, upon my veracity.

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*Lady Rest.* Very well! you will be obstinate, I see, but I shall know the truth presently. I shall have an answer from her ladyship, and then all will come out.

*Tat.* You will hear nothing, ma'am, but what I have told you already.

*Lady Rest.* Tattle, Tattle, I took you up in the country in hopes gratitude would make you my friend. But you are as bad as the rest of them. Conceal all you know: it is of very little consequence. I now see through the whole affair. Though it is the picture of a man, yet I am not to be deceived: I understand it all. This is some former gallant. The creature gave this to Sir John as a proof that she had no affection for any one but himself.—What art he must have had to induce her to this!—I have found him out at last.

*Sir* JOHN, *peeping in.*

*Sir John.* What does she say?

*Lady Rest.* I have seen enough to convince me what kind of man he is. The fate of us poor women is hard: we all wish for husbands, and they are the torment of our lives.

*Tat.* There is too much truth in what you say, ma'am.

*Sir John.* You join her, do you, Mrs. Iniquity?

*Lady Rest.* What a pity it is, Tattle, that poor women should be under severer restraints than the men are!



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*Sir John.* You repine for want of freedom, do you?

*Lady Rest.* Cruel laws of wedlock! The tyrant-husband may triumph in his infidelity. He may securely trample upon all laws of decency and order: it redounds to his credit; gives him a fashionable air of vice, while a poor woman is obliged to submit to his cruelty. She remains tied to him for life, even though she has reason to entertain a mortal hatred for him.

*Sir John.* Oh! very well argued, madam!

*Lady Rest.* What a pity it is, Tattle, that we cannot change our husbands, as we do our ear-rings or our gloves!

*Sir John.* There is a woman of spirit!

*Lady Rest.* Tattle! will you own the truth to me about that girl?

*Tat.* I really have told you the truth, madam.

*Lady Rest.* You won't discover, I see: very well! you may go down stairs.

*Tat.* I assure your ladyship———

*Lady Rest.* Go down stairs.

*Tat.* Yes, ma'am. [*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Would I had never seen my husband's face!

*Sir John.* I am even with you: I have as good wishes for you, I assure you.

*Lady Rest.* This picture here—Oh the base man!

*Sir John.* The picture of her gallant, I suppose.

*Lady Rest.* This is really a handsome picture: what a charming countenance! it is perfumed, I fancy: the scent is agreeable.

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*Sir John.* The jade, how eagerly she kisses it!

*Lady Rest.* Why had I not such a dear, dear man, instead of the brute, the monster——

*Sir John.* Monster!—She does not mince the matter: plain downright English! I must contain my rage, and steal upon her meditations—So—so—so—

[*Enters on tiptoe.*

*Lady Rest.* There is no falsehood in this look.

*Sir John.* [*Looking over her shoulder.*] Oh! what a handsome dog she has chosen for herself!

*Lady Rest.* With you, I could be for ever happy!

*Sir John.* You could, could you?

[*Snatches the picture.*

*Lady Rest.* [*Screams out.*] Mercy on me!—Oh! is it you, sir?

*Sir John.* Now, madam, now, false one, have I caught you?

*Lady Rest.* You are come home at last, I find, sir.

*Sir John.* My Lady Restless, my Lady Restless, what can you say for yourself now?

*Lady Rest.* What can I say for myself, Sir John?

*Sir John.* Ay, madam! this picture——

*Lady Rest.* Yes, sir, that picture!

*Sir John.* Will be evidence——

*Lady Rest.* Of your shame, Sir John.

*Sir John.* Of my shame!—'tis very true what she says: yes, madam, it will be an evidence of my shame; I feel that but too sensibly. But on your part——

*Lady Rest.* You own it then, do you?

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*Sir John.* Own it! I must own it, madam; though confusion cover me, I must own it: it is what you have deserved at my hands.

*Lady Rest.* I deserve it, Sir John! find excuses if you will. Cruel, cruel man!——to make me this return at last. I cannot bear it. Oh! oh! [*Cries.*] Such black injustice!

*Sir John.* You may weep; but your tears are lost: they fall without effect. I now renounce you for ever. This picture will justify me to the wide world; it will shew what a base woman you have been.

*Lady Rest.* What does the man mean?

*Sir John.* The picture of your gallant, madam! the darling of your amorous hours, who gratifies your luxurious appetites abroad, and——

*Lady Rest.* Scurrilous wretch! Oh! sir, you are at your old stratagem, I find: recrimination, you think, will serve your turn.

*Sir John.* It is a pity, you know, madam, that a woman should be tied to a man for life, even though she has a mortal hatred for him.

*Lady Rest.* Artful hypocrite!

*Sir John.* That she cann't change her husband as she does her ear-rings or her gloves.

*Lady Rest.* Sir John, this is your old device: this won't avail you.

*Sir John.* Had the original of this fallen to your lot, you could kiss the picture for ever. You can gloat upon it, madam, glue your very lips to it.

*Lady Rest.* Shallow artifice!

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*Sir John.* With him you could be for ever happy.

*Lady Rest.* This is all in vain, Sir John.

*Sir John.* Had such a dear, dear man fallen to your lot, instead of the brute, the monster—Am I a monster? I am, and you have made me so. The world shall know your infamy.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! brave it out, sir, brave it out to the last: harmless, innocent man! you have nothing to blush for, nothing to be ashamed of: you have no intrigues, no private amours abroad. I have not seen any thing, not I.

*Sir John.* Madam, I have seen, and I now see your paramour.

*Lady Rest.* That air of confidence will be of great use to you, sir. You have no convenient to meet you under my very window, to loll softly in your arms!

*Sir John.* Hey! how!

*Lady Rest.* Her arm thrown carelessly round your neck! Your hand tenderly applied to her cheek.

*Sir John.* 'Sdeath! that's unlucky—she will turn it against me. [*Aside.*

*Lady Rest.* You are in confusion, are you, sir? But why should you? You meant no harm—'You are safe with me, my dear—will you step into my house, my love?'—Yes, sir, you would fain bring her into my very house.

*Sir John.* My Lady Restless, this evasion is mean and paultry. You beheld a young lady in distress.

*Lady Rest.* I know it, and you, tender-hearted

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man, could caress her out of mere compassion: you could gaze wantonly out of charity; from pure benevolence of disposition you could convey her to some convenient dwelling. Oh! Sir John, Sir John!

*Sir John.* Madam, this well-acted passion——

*Lady Rest.* Don't imagine she has escaped me, sir.

*Sir John.* You may talk and rave, ma'am; but, depend upon it, I shall spare no pains to do myself justice on this occasion. Nor will I rest till——

*Lady Rest.* Oh! fie upon you, Sir John: these artifices——

*Sir John.* Nor will I rest, madam, until I have found, by means of this instrument here in my hand, who your darling is. I will go about it straight. Ungrateful, treacherous woman! [*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Yes, go, under that pretext, in pursuit of your licentious pleasures. This ever has been his scheme to cloak his wicked practices: abandoned man! to face me down too, after what my eyes so plainly beheld! I wish I could wring that secret out of Tattle. I'll step to my own room directly, and try by menaces, by wheedling, by fair means, by foul means, by every means, to wrest it from her.

[*Exit.*

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## *SCENE II.*

*The Park. Enter Sir* JOHN *and* ROBERT.

*Sir John.* Come hither, Robert. Look at this picture.

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*Rob.* Yes, sir.

*Sir John.* Let me watch his countenance. Well! well! dost thou know it, Robert?

*Rob.* 'Tis a mighty handsome picture, sir.

*Sir John.* A handsome picture!—— [*Aside.*

*Rob.* The finest lady in the land need not desire a handsomer man, sir.

*Sir John.* How well he knows the purposes of it! —Well! well! honest Robert, tell me: well—who is it?—tell me.

*Rob.* Sir!

*Sir John.* You know whose picture it is: I know you do. Well! well! who—who—who is it?

*Rob.* Upon my word, sir, it is more than I can tell.

*Sir John.* Not know! I am convinced you do. So own the truth: don't be a villain; don't.

*Rob.* As I am an honest man, sir——

*Sir John.* Be an honest man then, and tell me. Did you never see such a smooth-faced, fiery-eyed, warm-complexioned, taper young fellow here about my house?

*Rob.* Never, sir.

*Sir John.* Not with my wife!—to drink chocolate of a morning, tea of an evening? Come, honest Robert; I'll give you a lease of a good farm. What say you? A lease for your life—well! well!—you may take your wife's life into the bargain. Well!

*Rob.* Believe me, Sir John, I never saw——

*Sir John.* I'll add your child's life. Come, speak

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out—your own life, your wife's life, and your child's! now! now! a lease for three lives! Now, Robert!

*Rob.* As I hope for mercy, I never saw any such a gentleman.

*Sir John.* Robert, Robert, you are bribed by my wife.

*Rob.* No, as I am a sinner, sir.

*Sir John.* And the worst of sinners you will be, if you are a confederate in this plot against my peace and honour. Reflect on that, Robert.

*Enter a Footman.*

*Foot.* Pray, does not Sir John Restless live somewhere hereabout?

*Sir John.* He does, friend; what is your business with him?

*Foot.* My business is with his lady.

*Sir John.* I guessed as much. [*Aside.*

*Foot.* I have a letter here for my Lady Restless, sir.

*Sir John.* A letter for my lady!—from whom, pray?

*Foot.* From my Lord Conquest.

*Sir John.* My Lord Conquest! very well, friend: you may give the letter to me. I am Sir John Restless: that there is my house. Let me have the letter: I will take care of it.

*Foot.* I was ordered to deliver it into my lady's own hand.

*Sir John.* The devil you was! I must have the let-

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ter. I'll buy it of the rascal. [*Aside.*] Here, take this for your trouble, friend, [*Gives him money.*] And I'll take care of the letter.

*Foot.* I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*

*Sir John.* Now, now, now; let me see what this is. Now, my Lady Restless; now false one, now. [*Reads.*

'MADAM,

'My Lady Conquest being gone into the country for a few days, I have judged it proper to send a speedy answer to yours, and to assure you, for your peace of mind, that you need not entertain the least suspicion of Marmalet, my lady's woman. She has lived some years in my family, and I know her by experience to be an honest, trusty girl, incapable of making mischief between your ladyship and Sir John.

I have the honour to be,

Madam, your very humble servant,

CONQUEST.'

So, so, so!—Marmalet is a trusty girl! one that will not make mischief between man and wife! that is to say, she will discover nothing against my Lady Restless! for her peace of mind he lets madam know all this too! she may go on boldly now; my Lady Conquest is gone into the country, Marmalet is trusty, and my lord has given her the most speedy notice. Very well! very well! proofs thicken upon proofs. Shall I go directly and challenge his lordship?—— No—no—that won't do. Watch him closely, that will do better. If I could have a word in private with the maid—Robert, Robert, come hither. Step



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to my Lord Conquest's—but with caution proceed—enquire there for Marmalet, the maid.

*Rob.* I know her, sir.

*Sir John.* He knows her! [*Aside.*

*Rob.* She visits our Tattle, sir.

*Sir John.* Visits our Tattle!—it is a plain case. [*Aside.*] Enquire for that girl: but with caution: tell her to meet me privately; unknown to any body; in the dusk of the evening; in the Bird-Cage walk, yonder.

*Rob.* I will, sir.

*Sir John.* And don't let Tattle see her. Tattle has engaged her in her mistress's interest. I see how it is. Don't let any of my servants see her: go directly, Robert. Now shall I judge what regard you have for me. But, hark ye: come hither! a word with you. Should it be known that this girl converses with me; should my lady have the least item of it, they will be upon their guard. Let her come wrapped up in darkness: concealed from every observer, with a mask on. Ay, let it be with a mask.

*Rob.* A mask, Sir John? Won't that make her be remarked the more?

*Sir John.* No, no, let her come masked; I will make every thing sure. Robert, bring this about for me, and I am your friend for ever.

*Rob.* I will do my endeavour, sir. [*Exit.*

*Sir John.* I'll now take a turn round the Park, and try if I can find the minion this picture belongs to. [*Exit.*

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*Enter* BEVERLEY *and* BELLMONT.

*Bev.* Yes, they had almost surprised us: but at sight of her father, Belinda gave the word, and away I darted down towards the canal.

*Bel.* Was Sir William with him?

*Bev.* Yes; they had been plotting our ruin. But we shall out-officer them, it is to be hoped.

*Bel.* Yes, and it is also to be feared that we shall not.

*Bev.* Hey! you alarm, me: no new mine sprung!

*Bel.* Nothing but the old story. Our wise fathers are determined. At the turning of yonder corner they came both full tilt upon Clarissa and me.

*Bev.* Well, and how! what passed?

*Bel.* Why, they were scarcely civil to your sister. Sir William fixed his surly eye upon me for some time: at last he began: you will run counter to my will, I see: you will be ever dangling after that girl: but Mr. Blandford and I have agreed upon the match: and then he peremptorily commanded me to take my leave of Clarissa, and fix my heart upon your Belinda.

*Bev.* And did you so?

*Bel.* And did you so? How can you ask such a question? Sir, says I, I must see the lady home, and off I marched, arm in arm, with her, my father bawling after me, and I bowing to him, 'Sir, your humble servant, I wish you a good morning, sir.'—



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He continued calling out: I kissed my hand to him; and so we made our escape.

*Bev.* And where have you left Clarissa?

*Bel.* At home; at your house.

*Bev.* Well! and do you both continue in the same mind; is to-morrow to be your wedding-day?

*Bel.* Now are you conjuring up a thousand horrid fancies to torment yourself. But don't be alarmed, my dear Beverley. I shall leave you your Belinda, and content myself with the honour of being your brother-in-law.

*Bev.* Sir, the honour will be to me—But uneasy!—ha, ha!——no——no—— I am not uneasy, nor shall I ever be so again.

*Bel.* Keep that resolution, if you can. Do you dine with us at the club?

*Bev.* With all my heart: I'll attend you.

*Bel.* That's right; let us turn towards the Mall, and saunter there till dinner.

*Bev.* No, I cann't go that way yet. I must enquire how Belinda does, and what her father said to her. I have not seen her since we parted in the morning.

*Bel.* And now, according to custom, you will make her an apology for leaving her, when there was an absolute necessity for it, and you'll fall to an explanation of circumstances that require no explanation at all, and refine upon things, and torment yourself and her into the bargain.

*Bev.* Nay, if you begin with your raillery, I am off: your servant; *a l'honneur.* [*Exit.*

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*Bel.* [*Alone.*] Poor Beverley!—Tho' a handsome fellow, and of agreeable talents, he has such a strange diffidence in himself, and such a solicitude to please, that he is every moment of his life most ingeniously elaborating his own uneasiness.

*Enter Sir* JOHN.

*Sir John.* Not yet, not yet; nobody like it as yet. Ha! who is that hovering about my house?——If that should be he now!——I'll examine him nearer ——Pray, sir—what the devil shall I say?——Pray, sir——

*Bel.* Sir!

*Sir John.* I beg pardon for troubling you, sir; but pray what o'clock is it by your watch?

*Bel.* By my watch, sir!—I'll let you know in a moment.

*Sir John.* Let me examine him now——

[*Looks at him, and then at the picture.*

*Bel.* Egad, I am afraid my watch is not right: it must be later. [*Looking at his watch.*

*Sir John.* It is not like him—[*Comparing the picture.*

*Bel.* It does not go, I am afraid. [*Puts it to his ear.*

*Sir John.* The eye——no!

*Bel.* Why, sir, by my watch it wants a quarter of three.

*Sir John.* It is not he: and yet—no—no—no—I am still to seek.



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*Enter* BEVERLEY.

*Bev.* Bellmont! Another word with you.

*Sir John.* Here comes another; they are all swarming about my house.

*Bev.* I have seen her; I have seen Belinda, my boy: she will be with Clarissa in the Park immediately after dinner, you rogue.

*Sir John.* I want to see his face; this may be the original.

*Bev.* Her father has been rating her in his usual manner; but your marriage with my sister will settle every thing.

*Sir John.* I'll walk round him. [*Sings.*] Loll toll loll—[*Looks at him.*]—ha! it has his air. [*Sings.*] Loll toll loll,—and it has his eye! Loll toll loll——

[*Walks to and fro.*

*Bev.* Pr'ythee, Bellmont, don't be such a dangling lover, but consummate at once, for the sake of your friend.

*Sir John.* It has his nose for all the world.

*Bel.* Do you spirit your sister up to keep her resolution, and to-morrow puts you out of all pain.

*Sir John.* Loll toll loll—it has his complexion; the same glowing, hot, amorous complexion.

[*Sings and looks uneasy.*

*Bev.* Who is this gentleman?

*Bel.* An odd fellow he seems to be.

*Sir John.* Loll toll loll—it has his shoulders. Loll

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toll loll—Ay, and I fancy the mole upon the cheek too. I wish I could view him nearer: loll toll loll!

*Bell.* He seems mad, I think. Where are his keepers?

*Sir John.* Begging your pardon, sir—Pray, [*Looking at the picture.*]—Pray, sir, can you tell whether we shall have a Spanish war?

*Bev.* Not I truly, sir. [*To* Bellmont.] Here is a politician out of his senses.

*Bel.* He has been talking to me too: he is too well dressed for a poet.

*Bev.* Not, if he has had a good subscription.

*Sir John.* He has the mole sure enough. [*Aside.*

*Bev.* Let us step this way, to avoid this impertinent blockhead.

*Sir John.* Ay! he wants to sneak off. Guilt! guilt! conscious guilt! I'll make sure of him. Pray, sir,—I beg your pardon—Is not your name Wildair?

*Bev.* No, sir, Beverley, at your service.

*Sir John.* Have you no relation of that name?

*Bev.* None.

*Sir John.* You are very like a gentleman of that name—a friend of mine, whose picture I have here—Will you give me leave just to——

[*Compares him with the picture.*

*Bev.* An odd adventure this, Bellmont.

*Bel.* Very odd, indeed.

*Bev.* Do you find any likeness, sir?

*Sir John.* Your head a little more that way, if you

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please. Ay, ay! it is he. Yes, a plain case; this is my man, or rather,—this is my wife's man.

*Bev.* Did you ever know any thing so whimsical?

*Bel.* Never——ha, ha, ha!

*Sir John.* They are both laughing at me. Ay! and I shall be laughed at by the whole town, pointed at, hooted at, and gazed at!

*Bev.* What do I see? 'Sdeath, the setting of that picture is like what I gave to Belinda. Distraction! if it is the same—— [*Drawing near him.*

*Sir John.* He makes his approach, and means, I suppose, to snatch it out of my hand. But I'll prevent him, and so into my pocket it goes. There, lie safe there.

*Bev.* Confusion! he puts it up in a hurry. Will you be so good, sir, as to favour me with a—

*Sir John.* Sir, I wish you a good day.

*Bev.* With a sight of that picture for a moment?

*Sir John.* The picture, sir——Po!—a mere daub.

*Bev.* A motive of curiosity, sir—

*Sir John.* It is not worth your seeing. I wish you a good day.

*Bev.* I shall take it as a favour.

*Sir John.* A paltry thing. I have not a moment to spare; my family is waiting dinner. Sir, I wish you a good morning. [*Runs into his house.*

*Bev.* Death and fire! Bellmont, my picture!

*Bel.* Oh! no—no such thing.

*Bev.* But I am sure of it. If Belinda—

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*Bel.* What, relapsing into suspicion again!

*Bev.* Sir, I have reason to suspect. She slights me, disdains me, treats me with contempt.

*Bel.* But I tell you, that unhappy temper of yours —Pr'ythee, man, leave teasing yourself, and let us adjourn to dinner.

*Bev.* No, sir; I shan't dine at all. I am not well.

*Bel.* Ridiculous! how can you be so absurd? I'll bett you twenty pounds that is not your picture.

*Bev.* Done; I take it.

*Bel.* With all my heart; and I'll tell you more; if it be yours, I will give you leave to be as jealous of her as you please. Come, now let us adjourn.

*Bev.* I attend you. In the evening we shall know the truth. If it be that I gave Belinda, she is false, and I am miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Sir* JOHN. [*Peeping after them.*]

*Sir John.* There he goes; there he goes! the destroyer of my peace and happiness!—I'll follow him, and make sure that he has given me the right name; and then, my Lady Restless, the mine is sprung, and I have done with you for ever. [*Exit.*

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## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The former Scene continues. Enter* BELINDA *and* CLARISSA.

*Belinda.*

BUT have you really fixed every thing, Clarissa?

*Cla.* Positively, and to-morrow morning makes me his.

*Belin.* To-morrow morning!

*Cla.* Yes, to-morrow morning I release Mr. Bellmont from his fetters, and resign my person to him.

*Belin.* Why, that is what we poor women, after all the victories of our charms, all the triumphs of our beauty, and all the murders of our eyes, must come to at last.

*Cla.* Well, and in that we but imitate the men. Don't we read of them conquering whole kingdoms, and then submitting at last to be governed by the vanquished.

*Belin.* Very true, Clarissa; and I don't know but you are a heroine equal in fame to any of them; nay superior: for your scheme, I take it, is not to unpeople the world.

*Cla.* Pr'ythee, don't talk so wildly. To tell you the truth, now that I have settled the affair, I begin to be alarmed at what I have done.

*Belin.* Oh! dear, dear affectation.

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*Cla.* Actually now, positively, I am terrified to death.

*Belin.* To be sure:—our sex must play its tricks, and summon up all its fantastic train of doubts and fears. But courage, my dear, don't be frightened; for the same sex within that heart of yours will urge you on, and never let you be at rest, till you have procured yourself a tyrant for life.

*Cla.* A tyrant, Belinda! I think more generously of Mr. Bellmont, than to imagine he will usurp to himself an ill use of his power.

*Belin.* To deal candidly I am of your opinion. But tell me now, am not I a very good girl, to resign such a man to you.

*Cla.* Why, indeed, I must confess the obligation.

*Belin.* Ay! but to resign him for one whose temper does not promise that I shall live under so mild a government.

*Cla.* How do you mean?

*Belin.* Why, Mr. Beverley's strange caprices, suspicions, and unaccountable whimsies, are enough to alarm one upon the brink of matrimony.

*Cla.* Well, I vow I cann't help thinking, Belinda, that you are a little subject to vain surmises and suspicions yourself.

*Belin.* Now, you are an insincere girl. You know I am of a temper too generous, too open——

*Cla.* I grant all that, but by this constant repetition of the same doubts, I should not wonder to see you most heartily jealous of him in the end.

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*Belin.* Jealous!—Oh heavens!—jealous indeed!

*Cla.* Well, I say no more. As to my brother, here he comes, and let him speak for himself.

*Enter* BEVERLEY *and* BELLMONT.

*Bel.* Well argued, sir: you will have it your own way, and I give up the point. Ladies your most obedient. I hope we have not transgressed our time.

*Belin.* Not in the least; you are both very exact. True as the dial to the sun.

*Bev.* [*In a peevish manner.*] Although it be not shone upon.

*Belin.* Although it be not shone upon, Mr. Beverley! why with that dejected air, pray sir?

*Bel.* There again now! you two are going to commence wrangling lovers once more. Apropos, Belinda——now Beverley, you shall see——be so good, ma'am, as to let me see this gentleman's picture.

*Belin.* His picture! what can you want it for? You shall have it. [*Searching her pocket.*

*Bel.* Now, Beverley, do you confess how wrong you have been?

*Bev.* Why, I begin to see my mistake. Say not a word to her; she'll never forgive me, if you discover my infirmity. [*Apart.*

*Belin.* It is not in that pocket: it must be here. [*Searches.*

*Bel.* You have been sad company on account of this strange suspicion.

*Bev.* I own it; let it drop; say no more. [*Aside.*



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*Belin.* Well, I protest and vow—Where can it be? Come, gentlemen, this is some trick of yours: you have it among ye. Mr. Bellmont, Mr. Beverley, pray return it to me.

*Bev.* No, ma'am, it is no trick of ours. [*Angrily.*

*Belin.* As I live and breathe I have not got it.

*Bev.* What think you now, Bellmont?

*Bel.* She'll find it presently, man; don't shew your humours: be upon your guard; you'll undo yourself else. Clarissa, shall you and I saunter down this walk?

*Cla.* My brother seems out of humour: what is the matter now?

*Bel.* I'll tell you presently: let us step this way.

[*Exit with* Clarissa.

*Belin.* Well, I declare, I don't know what is come of this odious picture.

*Bev.* This odious picture! how she expresses it!

*Belin.* You may look grave, sir, but I have it not.

*Bev.* I know you have not, ma'am; and though you may imagine——

*Belin.* Imagine! what do you mean?—Imagine what?

*Bev.* Don't imagine that I am to be led blindfold as you please.

*Belin.* Heavens! with what gravity that was said!

*Bev.* I am not to be deceived; I can see all round me.

*Belin.* You can?



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*Bev.* I can, madam.

*Belin.* Well, and how do you like your prospect?

*Bev.* Oh! you may think to pass it off in raillery: but that picture I have this day seen in the hands of another; in the hands of the very gentleman to whom you gave it.

*Belin.* To whom I gave it?—have a care, sir; this is another symptom of your jealous temper.

*Bev.* But I tell you, madam, I saw it in his hand.

*Belin.* Who is the gentleman?—What's his name?

*Bev.* His name, madam?—'sdeath! I forgot that circumstance. Though I don't know his name, madam, I know his person, and that is sufficient.

*Belin.* Go on, sir: you are making yourself very ridiculous in this matter.—Ha, ha!——

*Bev.* You may laugh, madam, but it is no laughing matter, that let me assure you.

*Belin.* Oh! brave—follow your own notions. I gave it away: I have scorned your present. Ha, ha! Poor Mr. Beverley!

*Bev.* I don't doubt you, ma'am: I believe you did give it away.

*Belin.* Mighty well, sir; think so if you please. I shall leave you to your own imagination: it will find wherewithal to entertain you. Ha, ha! the self tormenting Beverley! Yonder I see Clarissa and Mr. Bellmont. I will join them this instant. Your servant, sir. Amuse yourself with your own fancies—ha, ha! [*Exit.*

*Bev.* [*Alone.*] Plague and distraction!—I cann't tell



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what to make of this. She carries it off with an air of confidence. And yet if that be my picture, which I saw this morning, then it is plain I am only laughed at by her. The dupe of her caprice!—I cannot bear it.

*Enter* BELINDA, CLARISSA, *and* BELLMONT.

*Belin.* Observe him now. Let us walk by him without taking any notice. Let us talk of any thing rather than be silent. What a charming evening!

*Cla.* And how gay the Park looks!—mind the gentleman!

*Belin.* Take no notice; I beg you won't. Suppose we were to shew ourselves in the Mall, Clarissa, and walk our charms there, as the French express it?

*Bel.* Ha, ha!—Beverley:—what fixed in contemplation!

*Bev.* Sir, I beg—I choose to be alone, sir.

*Bel. Belin. and Cla.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bev.* Pshaw! impertinent. [*Aside.*

*Belin.* Oh! for heaven's sake, let us indulge the gentleman. Let us leave him to himself, and his ill-humours. This way, this way. You shall go home and have your tea with me. Mr. Beverley, [*She kisses her hand to him at some distance, and laughs at him.*] your servant, sir: I wish you a good evening. *A l'honneur.* [*Exeunt.*

*Bev.* [*Alone.*] Distraction! you may retire. Your servant, madam. Racks and torment! this is too



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much. If she has parted with the picture; if she has given it away—but she may only have lent it, or she may have lost it. But even that, even that is an injury to me. Why should she not be more careful of it? I will know the bottom of it. That's the house the gentleman went into. I'll wait on him directly: but they are watching me. I'll walk another way, to elude their observation. Ay, ay, you may laugh, ma'am, but I shall find out all your artifices. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment at Sir* JOHN'*s. Enter Lady* RESTLESS, *meeting* ROBERT.

*Lady Rest.* Where are you going, sir?

*Rob.* To my master's room, madam, to leave these clothes there.

*Lady Rest.* Stay, sir; stay a moment. [*Searches the pockets.*] Where are his letters?

*Rob.* Letters, my lady! I know of no letters: I never touch his pockets.

*Lady Rest.* I guessed you would say so. You are Sir John's agent; the conductor of his schemes.

*Rob.* I, madam?

*Lady Rest.* You, sir, you are his secretary for love-affairs.

*Rob.* I collect his rents, my lady, and——

*Lady Rest.* Oh! sir, I am not to be deceived. I know you are my enemy.

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*Rob.* Enemy, my lady; I am sure, as far as a poor servant dare, I am a friend to both.

*Lady Rest.* Then tell me honestly, have not you conveyed his letters out of my way?

*Rob.* Indeed, madam, not I.

*Lady Rest.* Then he has done it himself. Artful man! I never can find a line after him. Where did you go for him this morning?

*Rob.* This morning?

*Lady Rest.* Ay, this morning. I know he sent you somewhere. Where was it?

*Rob.* Upon my word, my lady——.

*Lady Rest.* Very well, sir: I see how it is. You are all bent against me. I shall never be at rest till every servant in this house is of my own choosing. Is Tattle come home yet?

*Rob.* No, madam.

*Lady Rest.* Where can she be gadding? Hark!—I hear a rap at the door. This is Sir John, I suppose. Stay, let me listen. I don't know that voice. Who can it be? Some of his libertine company, I suppose.

*Rob.* My lady, if you will believe me——

*Lady Rest.* Hold your tongue, man: let me hear. You want to hinder me, do you?

*Rob.* Indeed, madam——.

*Lady Rest.* Hold your tongue, I say; won't you hold your tongue? Go about your business, sir, go about your business. What does he say? [*Listening.*] I cann't hear a word. Who is below there?



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*Enter* TATTLE, *with a Capuchin on.*

*Lady Rest.* So, Mrs. Tattle, who is that at the door?

*Tat.* A gentleman, madam, speaking to William.

*Lady Rest.* And where have you been, mistress? How dare you go out without my leave?

*Tat.* Dear my lady, don't be angry with me. I was so terrified about what happened in the morning; and your ladyship was in such a perilous taking about it, that I went to desire Mrs. Marmalet would justify herself and me.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! very well, Mrs. Busy-Body. You have been there, have you? You have been to frame a story among yourselves, have you, and to hinder me from discovering? But I'll go to my Lady Conquest myself. I have had no answer to my letter, and 'tis you have occasioned it. Thanks to your meddling!

*Tat.* Dear my lady, if you will but give me leave: I have been doing you the greatest piece of service. I believe, in my conscience, there is something in what you suspect about Sir John.

*Lady Rest.* Do you? why? how?

*Tat.* I have seen Mrs. Marmalet, and I have made such a discovery!

*Lady Rest.* Have you, Tattle? Well! What? speak, tell me; what is it?

*Rob.* Robert has been there, madam, with a message from Sir John, who wants to see her in the evening; and he has desired——

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*Lady Rest.* Blessings on you, Tattle: well; go on; tell me all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Lady Rest.* What do you want, sir? Who called you? Go about your business.

*Serv.* Madam, there is a gentleman wants to speak with Sir John about a picture.

*Lady Rest.* I had forgot me. It was he rapped at the door, I suppose.

*Serv.* Yes, madam!

*Lady Rest.* About a picture!—This may lead to some further discovery. Desire the gentleman to step up stairs. [*Exit Servant.*]—and so, Tattle, Robert has been there?

*Tat.* Yes, ma'am.

*Lady Rest.* And Sir John wants to speak with Marmalet in the evening, and has desired—Oh! the base man!—what has he desired? Now he is discovered. What has he desired?

*Tat.* He has desired, ma'am,—the poor girl does not know what to make of it—She is very sober and discreet, I assure you, ma'am—he has desired, ma'am, in the dusk of the evening, that Mrs. Marmalet will come and———

*Lady Rest.* How unlucky this is? The gentleman is coming. I have a mind not to see him: and yet I will too. Tattle, do you step to my room; as soon as he goes, I will come to you, and hear all in pri-

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vate. [*Exit* Tattle.] In the dusk of the evening he desires to see her: abandoned wretch!

*Enter* BEVERLEY.

*Bev.* Madam——— [*Bows.*

*Lady Rest.* Pray walk in, sir. [*Curtsies.*

*Bev.* I wanted a word with Sir John Restless, madam.

*Lady Rest.* About a picture?

*Bev.* Yes, madam, a picture I had given to a lady; and however insignificant in itself, it is to me of the highest consequence, as it may conduce to the explanation of an affair, in which the happiness of my life is concerned.

*Lady Rest.* The lady is young?

*Bev.* She is.

*Lady Rest.* And handsome?

*Bev.* In the highest degree; my heart is devoted to her; and I have reason to suspect that a present from me is not of so much value as I could wish. To be plain, ma'am, I imagine she has given the picture away.

*Lady Rest.* As I guessed: my suspicions are just.

*Bev.* Your suspicions, madam! Did you suspect it was given to Sir John Restless?

*Lady Rest.* What I know of the matter shall be no secret to you. Pray, sir, have you spoke to the lady on this subject?

*Bev.* I have, but she knows nothing of the matter;

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she has lost it, she has mislaid it, she can give no account of it.

*Lady Rest.* She has given it to Sir John, sir, to shew him how little she regards it.

*Bev.* Given it to him?

*Lady Rest.* Given it to him, sir.

*Bev.* Then I have no further doubt.

*Lady Rest.* Of what?

*Bev.* Madam, I would not hurt your peace of mind; I would not give you an impression of Sir John, that may affect his character.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! sir, stand upon no ceremony with him; an injurious, false, licentious man!

*Bev.* Is that his character?

*Lady Rest.* Notoriously: he has made me miserable; false to his marriage vows, and warm in the pursuit of his pleasures abroad!—I have not deserved it of him. Oh! Sir John! Sir John! [*Cries.*

*Bev.* She weeps; the case is plain, and I am undone.

*Lady Rest.* Pray, sir, what is the lady's name?

*Bev.* Belinda Blandford.

*Lady Rest.* Belinda Blandford! So far I have discovered. [*Aside.*

*Bev.* Pray, madam, have you ever seen her?

*Lady Rest.* Seen her, sir! yes, I have seen too much of her.

*Bev.* You alarm me, madam. You have seen nothing improper, I hope.

*Lady Rest.* I don't know what you call improper.

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But, pray, what ought one to think of a young lady thrown familiarly into a gentleman's arms?

*Bev.* In his arms, madam! Sir John's arms!

*Lady Rest.* In Sir John's! in open day; in the Park; under my very window; most familiarly, wantonly reclining in his very arms.

*Bev.* Oh, Heavens!

*Lady Rest.* He clasping her with equal freedom round the waist!

*Bev.* False, false Belinda!

*Lady Rest.* Both interchanging fond, mutual glances.

*Bev.* Oh! madam, the whole is come to light, and I thank you for the discovery, though I am ruined by it. But give me leave: is all this certain?

*Lady Rest.* There can be no doubt, sir; these eyes beheld their amorous meeting.

*Bev.* Saw it yourself?

*Lady Rest.* Yes, all, all, sir. Sir John, I know, is capable of any thing, and you know what to think of Belinda, as you call her.

*Bev.* I now know what to think: I have long had reason to suspect.

*Lady Rest.* You have, sir? Then the whole affair is plain enough.

*Bev.* It is so. I meant an honourable connection with her;——but——

*Lady Rest.* But you see, sir!

*Bev.* Yes, I see, madam——you are sure Sir John has the picture?

*Lady Rest.* Sure, sir!—it is your own picture. I

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had it in my hands but a moment, and he flew with ardour, with impetuosity, like a fury flew to it, and recovered it from me. What could be the meaning of all that violence?

*Bev.* The meaning is too plain.

*Lady Rest.* And then, sir, when charged and pressed home with his guilt, most hypocritically he pretended to believe it the portrait of some favourite of mine. But you know, sir, how false that insinuation is.

*Bev.* Oh! madam, I can justify you—Ha, ha! that is but a poor evasion, and confirms me the more in my opinion. I return you many thanks, madam, and humbly take my leave.

*Lady Rest.* Sir, I am glad you thought it prudent to speak so me about this affair. If any other circumstances come to your knowledge, I shall take it as a favour if you will acquaint me with them; for, indeed, sir, I am very unhappy.

*Bev.* I am in gratitude bound to you, and my best services you shall ever command. Madam, your most obedient.——Oh! Belinda! Belinda! [*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Now, Sir John, how will you be able to confront these stubborn facts? You are now seen through all your disguises; detected in your true colours. Tattle within here has fresh proofs against you, and your man Robert, and the whole house. I must hear Tattle's story this very moment. [*Exit.*

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## SCENE III.

*The Park. Enter Sir* JOHN.

*Sir John.* Yes, yes, he told me his name honestly enough. Beverley is his name; and my Lady Restless, now your gallant, your paramour is known. What do I see? By all my wrongs, the very man again! coming out of my house before my face!

BEVERLEY *and* ROBERT *come out of the House.*

*Bev.* There, friend, there is something for your trouble.

*Rob.* I thank your honour.

*Sir John.* He bribes my servant too; and the fellow takes it! Both in their trade; both in their trade!

*Bev.* Could I have suspected her of such treachery? As I could wish: I take that to be Sir John Restless.

*Sir John.* This is he to whom I have so many obligations. [*aside.*

*Bev.* Well encountered: your servant, sir.

*Sir John.* My servant, sir!——I rather take it you are my lady's servant.

*Bev.* You, if I don't mistake, Sir John, are a pretty general servant of the ladies. Pray, sir, have not you a picture of mine in your pocket?

*Sir John.* That, I suppose, you have heard from my good lady within there.

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*Bev.* Yes, sir, and I have heard a great deal more from my lady.

*Sir John.* I don't in the least doubt it.

*Bev.* Sir, I do not mean to work myself up into any choler about such a trifling bauble. Since the lady has thought proper to give it to you——

*Sir John.* Do her justice, pray; she did not give it; so far she was true to you. I took it from her, sir.

*Bev.* Took it from her! That shews he is upon easy terms. [*Aside.*] It is of no consequence to me; I despise it, and you are welcome to make what use you will of it. This I will only say, that you have made me miserable.

*Sir John.* What, I have interrupted your happiness?

*Bev.* You have.

*Sir John.* And no doubt you think it cruel of me so to do.

*Bev.* Call it by what name you will: you have ruined me with the woman I doted on to distraction.

*Sir John.* A candid declaration! And so, sir, you doted on her, and never reflected that you were doing me the least injury?

*Bev.* Injury!——I promise you, sir, I will never injure you again, and so you may set your mind at peace. I here declare I never will hold farther intercourse with her.

*Sir John.* Oh! that is too late for me. I have now done with her myself. You are very welcome to the lady, sir! you may take her home with you as soon



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as you please. I forswear her, and so I shall tell my lady this moment. [*Going.*

*Bev.* That will make her ladyship happy, no doubt.

*Sir John.* Yes, I dare say you know it will.

*Bev.* She told me as much, sir.

*Sir John.* She did!—why then you may depend I shall keep my word, and my lady may depend upon it too. And that, I suppose, will make you both happy, sir.

*Bev.* My happiness is past recalling: I disdain all further connection with the lady.

*Sir John.* Ay, you are tired of her?

*Bev.* I loath her, detest her, hate her as much as I ever loved her.

*Sir John.* And so do I too, I assure you. And so I shall tell my lady this very instant. Your servant, sir. If I can find proof sufficient, you shall hear of me, I promise you. [*Exit.*

*Bev.* I see how it is: she has been connected with him, till she has pall'd his very appetite. 'Sdeath, I'll seek her this moment, upbraid her with her falsehood, and then—by heavens! I shall do it with regret. I feel a tug at my heart-string: but were I to be torn piece-meal, this shall be our last interview.

*Enter* BELINDA, CLARISSA, *and* BELLMONT.

*Belin.* Alas-a-day! poor soul! see where he takes his melancholy walk. Did not I tell you, Clarissa, that the stricken deer could not quit this place?

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*Cla.* And did not I tell you, Belinda, that you could not keep away from the pursuit?

*Bel.* Pray, ma'am, do you want to be in at the death, or do you mean to bring the poor thing to life again?

*Belin.* I!—what do you mean?—You bring me this way.

*Cla.* Well! if that is the case, we had as good go home, for I want my tea.

*Belin.* Po! not yet: it is not six o'clock.

*Bel. and Cla.* Ha, ha!

*Belin.* What do ye laugh at?

*Cla.* At you, my dear: why, 'tis past seven. Oh! Belinda, you are the stricken deer, I find.

*Belin.* Who I? Not I, truly; I——

*Cla.* My dear Belinda, I know you. Come, we will do the good-natured thing by you, and leave you to yourselves. Success attend you. Come, Mr. Bellmont. [*Exeunt.*

*Belin.* Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain.

*Bev.* Po! po! [*Looking peevishly at her.*

*Belin.* Won't you know me, sir?

*Bev.* Yes, madam, I know you: it is but too true that I know you.

*Belin.* Still gloomy and discontented! Come, come, under pain of my displeasure, brighten up this moment.

*Bev.* Silly, idle, ridiculous!

*Belin.* Take care of what you are about. When I



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proclaim a pardon, you had better embrace it, than reduce yourself to the necessity of sighing, vowing, protesting, writing to me, following me up and down, kneeling at my feet, imploring forgiveness——

*Bev.* Madam, you will never again see me humbled to that low degree.

*Belin.* Upon my word! ha, ha, ha!

*Bev.* Oh! you may laugh, ma'am: you have too long imposed upon my fond, easy credulity. But the witchery of your charms is over.

*Belin.* Very well, sir! and you are your own man again.

*Bev.* I am, madam; and you may be your own woman again, or any body's woman, or every body's.

*Belin.* You grow rude, sir!

*Bev.* It is time to wave all ceremony, and to tell you plainly, that your falsehood——

*Belin.* My falsehood, sir!

*Bev.* Your falsehood!—I know the whole story. I loved you once, Belinda, tenderly loved you, and by Heaven I swear, it is with sorrow that I can no longer adore you. It is with anguish that I now bid you an everlasting farewell. [*Going.*

*Belin.* Explain, sir: what action of my life?

*Bev.* Your prudence forsook you at last. It was too glaring; too manifest in open day.

*Belin.* Too manifest in open day!—Mr. Beverley I shall hate you.

*Bev.* All circumstances inform against you: my picture given away!

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*Belin.* Insolent, provoking, wrong-headed man!—I'll confirm him in his error, to torment him as he deserves. [*Aside.*] Well, sir, what if I chose to give it away? I am mistress of my own actions, am I not?

*Bev.* I know that, ma'am: I know that; and I am not uneasy, ma'am.

*Belin.* So it seems—ha, ha!—why do you sigh, poor man?

*Bev.* Sigh, madam? I disdain it.

*Belin.* I am glad of it; now that is so manly! but pray watch yourself well, hold a guard upon all your passions, otherwise they will make a fool of you again.

*Bev.* And do you take care you don't expose yourself again. Lolling familiarly in a gentleman's arms.

*Belin.* How?

*Bev.* Here, in the Park; in open day.

*Belin.* What can this mean?

*Bev.* He inviting you to his house!

*Belin.* Oh! I understand him now; when I fainted, all this was. I'll encourage his notion, to be revenged of his waspish temper. [*Aside.*] Well, sir, and what then?

*Bev.* What then?

*Belin.* Ha, ha! poor Mr. Beverley!—why should you be in a piteous taking, because I, in the gaiety of my heart, give away a picture I set no value on, or walk with a gentleman I do set a value on, or lean on



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his arm, or make the man happy by letting him draw on my glove.

*Bev.* Or draw off your glove, madam.

*Belin.* Ay, or draw it off.

*Bev.* Yes, or—or—or take any other liberties.

*Belin.* Very true.

*Bev.* You may make light of it, madam, but——

*Belin.* Why yes, a generous temper always makes light of the favours it confers.

*Bev.* And some generous tempers will make light of any thing to gratify their inclinations. Madam, I have done: I abjure you, eternally abjure you. [*Going.*

*Belin.* Bon voyage?

*Bev.* Don't imagine that you will see me again.

*Belin.* Adieu.——Well, what, coming again? Why do you linger so? [*Repeats affectedly.*

Thus o'er the dying lamp, th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering to a point!

*Bev.* With what an air she carries it! I have but this one thing more to tell you: by heaven I loved you, to excess I loved you: such is my weakness, I shall never quite forget you. I shall be glad, if hereafter I hear of your happiness, and if I can, no dishonour shall befall you.

*Belin.* Ho, ho!—Well, my obliging, generous Don Quixote, go and fight windmills, and castles in the air, and a thousand phantoms of your own creation, for your Dulcinea's sake! ho, ho, ho!

*Bev.* Confusion! Take notice, madam, that this is the last time of my troubling you.

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*Belin.* I shall expect you to-morrow morning.

*Bev.* No, never; by heaven, never!

*Belin.* Exactly at ten; your usual hour.

*Bev.* May I perish at your feet, if ever again——

*Belin.* Oh, brave; but remember ten; kneeling, beseeching, imploring, your hand upon your heart,—'Belinda, won't you forgive me?'

*Bev.* Damnation!——I have done: I here bid you an eternal adieu!—farewell for ever! [*Exit.*

*Belin.* I shall wait breakfast for you. Ha, ha! poor Beverley! he cannot command his temper. But, in spite of all his faults, I love him still. What the poet says of great wits, may be applied to all jealous lovers:

*——To madness sure they're near allied;*
*And thin partitions do their bounds divide.* [Exit.

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*An Apartment in* BEVERLEY's *House.* *Enter* BEVERLEY.

*Beverley.*

So, Belinda, I have escaped your snares: I have recovered my freedom. And yet, if she had not proved false, what a treasure of love and happiness had I in store! her beauty—po!—no more of her beauty: it is external, superficial, the mere result of features and complexion. A deceitful Syren, to draw the unwary

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into a dream of happiness, and then wake him into wonder at the storms and tempests that gather round him. I have done with her; I'll think no more of her. Oh, Belinda, Belinda!

*Enter* BRUSH.

*Brush.* Please your honour——

*Bev.* She that in every part of life seemed so amiable.

*Brush.* Sir—

*Bev.* Under so fair a mask to wear such loose designs!

*Brush.* What is he musing upon?—Sir——

*Bev.* I have done with her for ever; ay, for ever. [*Hums a tune.*]—I swear for ever—[*Sings.*]——Are you there, Brush?

*Brush.* Yes, your honour: here is a letter.

*Bev.* So unforeseen, so unexpected a discovery!—Well, well, well! What did you say, Brush?

*Brush.* A letter for your honour, sir.

*Bev.* Give it to me another time. [*Walks about.*] I'll not make myself uneasy about her.

*Brush.* I fancy your honour will be glad to have it now.

*Bev.* What did you say?

*Brush.* It is a letter from Madam Belinda, sir.

*Bev.* Belinda! I won't read it: take it away.

*Brush.* Hey, which way is the wind now? Some quarrel, I suppose: but the falling out of lovers.—Must I take it away, sir?

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*Bev.* I have done with her for ever.

*Brush.* Have done with Madam Belinda, sir?

*Bev.* Oh, Brush, she is—but I will not proclaim her shame. No, let me still be tender of her. I will see her no more, Brush, that is all; hear from her no more: she shall not wind herself about my heart again. I'll go out of town directly; order my chaise to the door.

*Brush.* Had not you better defer it till 'morrow morning, sir? perhaps then——

*Bev.* No, no; directly; do as I bid you.

*Brush.* Consider, sir, if your mind should change, the trouble of coming back post-haste——

*Bev.* No, never; I say, never: what to her, who could smile on me, on him, on a thousand? No; she shall know that I am a man, and no longer the dupe of her artifice.

*Brush.* But, sir, you know that one solitary tear, which, after miserably chafing for it half an hour together, she will painfully distil from the corner of her eye, will extinguish all this rage, and then——

*Bev.* Po, pot you know nothing of the matter. Go and order the chaise directly.

*Brush.* Yes, sir. I suppose a couple of shirts will be sufficient, sir?—you will hardly stay them out.

*Bev.* Pack up all, sir. I shall stay in the country a whole month, if it be necessary.

*Brush.* An entire month, sir?

*Bev.* I am resolved, fixed, and determined; and so do as I have ordered you.—[*Exit* Brush.]—So shall I

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disentangle myself from her entirely, so shall I forget the fondness my foolish heart had conceived for her. I hate her, loath her, pity her, am sorry for her, and love her still. I must expel this weakness: I will think no more of her: and yet—Brush, Brush!—I may as well see her letter too: only to try what her cunning can suggest.

*Enter* BRUSH.

*Bev.* You may as well leave the letter, Brush.

*Brush.* Yes, sir; I thought as much. [*Exit.*

*Bev.* [*Alone.*] Now what varnish will she put upon the matter?—[*Reads.*]—'The false gaiety of my heart, through which my dear Beverley might have read my real anguish, at our last meeting, has now subsided. If you will come to me, I will not laugh at your inquietude of temper, but will clear all your doubts, and shew you how much I am, my dearest Beverley, unalterably yours,

BELINDA BLANDFORD.'

Pshaw! po! satisfy my doubts; I have no doubts; I am convinced. These arts prevail no more. Ha, ha! [*Laughs peevishly.*]——'My dear Beverley'—[*Reads, and tears the letter by degrees.*]——'real anguish'—ha, ha!——[*Tears another piece.*]——'inquietude of temper'——[*Another piece.*]—'clear all your doubts'——Po, po, po!——ha, ha, ha!——damnation!——I'll think no more of her——[*Tears another bit*]——ha, ha!——'dearest Beverley'——ha, ha!——artful woman!——'unalterably yours'—false, false, false!

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——[*Tears another piece.*]——I'll not make myself uneasy about her. Perfidy, treachery, and ingratitude! [*Fixes his eye, looks uneasy, and tears the letter in a violent passion.*]

*Enter* CLARISSA *and* BELLMONT.

*Cla.* So, brother.

*Bel.* Beverley!

*Bev.* Sister, your servant: Mr. Bellmont, yours.

*Cla.* You seem melancholy, brother.

*Bev.* No, not I. I am in very good spirits.

*Cla.* Ha, ha! my dear brother, that is seen through: you are now upon the rack.

*Bev.* What, about a woman, a false, ungrateful woman!

*Bel.* Whom you still admire.

*Cla.* To whom you'll be upon your knees in five minutes.

*Bev.* You are mistaken: I am going out of town.

*Bel.* But you will take your leave.

*Bev.* I have done that, once for all.

*Cla.* Has not she writ to you?

*Bev.* She has; and there—there you see the effect of her letter. You will see that I shall maintain a proper firmness on the occasion.

*Bel.* My dear Beverley, have done with this mockery: you but deceive yourself.

*Bev.* You want to deceive me, sir: but it is in vain. What, plead for treachery, for falsehood, for deceit?

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*Cla.* No, sir, but for my friend, my lovely friend, for Belinda, for truth, for innocence.

*Bev.* You don't know all the circumstances.

*Cla.* But we do know all the circumstances, and, my dear brother, you have behaved very ill.

*Bev.* Heaven knows, I have not; and yet, Heaven knows, I should be glad to be convinced I have.

*Cla.* I will be your friend, and give you a hint. We women are soft and compassionate in our nature; go to her without delay, fall at her feet, beg her pardon, drop a tear or two, and all will be well again.

*Bev.* Do you come to make sport of me? May contempt and beggary attend me; may all the calamities of life befall me; may shame, confusion, and disquiet of heart for ever sting me, if I hold further intercourse with her; if I do not put her from my thoughts for ever. Did you leave her at home?

*Cla.* We did.

*Bev.* Well, let her stay there: it is of no consequence to me. How did she bear what passed between us?

*Cla.* Like a sweet girl as she is: she behaved like an angel: I shall love her better than ever for her good humour.

*Bev.* Oh! I don't doubt her good humour. She has smiles at command. Let her smile, or not smile, 'tis all alike to me. Did she say any thing?

*Cla.* She told us the whole story, and told it in tears too.

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*Bev.* Ay! them she can command too! But I have no curiosity about her. Was she in tears?

*Cla.* She was, and wept bitterly. How could you, brother, behave so rashly to so amiable a girl? Have you a pleasure in being the cause of her uneasiness?

*Bev.* I the cause?—you wrong me, by Heaven you wrong me: my Lady Restless was the cause. She told me such things; she planted daggers in my very heart.

*Cla.* You planted daggers in Belinda's heart. And it was barbarous. What, because a lady has not strength enough to bear up against a father, who is resolved to give her away to another, and because she faints out of excessive tenderness for you, and in that distress meets accidental relief from Sir John Restless at his own door?

*Bev.* How!

*Cla.* And because my Lady Restless sees this out of her window, and has a perverse talent of misinterpreting appearances into realities, to her own disadvantage; you must therefore fill your head with ungenerous suspicions? Oh! for shame, brother, how could you?

*Bev.* But, is all this true?—is it really the case?

*Bel.* How can you doubt it? You know Belinda too well: it is the case, man.

*Bev.* I should be glad to find it so.

*Cla.* Well! I tell you it is so. How could you think otherwise? you know she has the best heart in



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the world, and is so nice of honour, that she scorns all falsehood and dissimulation.

*Bel.* Ha, ha! my dear Beverley, you have done the absurdest thing.

*Bev.* Why, if what you say can be made to appear ——but then she'll never forgive my past behaviour.

*Cla.* Po! you talk as if you were wholly unletter'd in the tempers of women. My dear brother, you know, you men can do what you please with us, when you have once gained an interest in our hearts. Go to her, I say, go to her, and make your peace.

*Bev.* May I depend upon what you say?

*Cla.* You may.

*Bev.* Then I'll fly to her this instant, humble myself to her, and promise by all my future life to atone for this brutal injury.

*Enter* BRUSH.

*Brush.* The chaise is at the door, sir.

*Bev.* You may put up again; I shan't go out of town.

*Brush.* No, sir!

*Bev.* No—ha, ha!——you may put up, and let me have the chariot directly.

*Brush.* Yes, sir; I knew it would come to this.

[*Exit.*

*Bev.* But do you think she will forgive me?

*Cla.* She will; love will plead your cause.

*Bev.* My dear sister, I am for ever obliged to you; and, Bellmont, I thank you too. How could I wrong

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her so? I shall behold her once again. I cannot help laughing at my own rashness. Is the chariot ready?—I won't stay for it; I am on the wing, my dear Belinda, to implore forgiveness. And so she fainted away in the Park, and my Lady Restless saw Sir John afford her relief?—Ha, ha, ha!—whimsical enough. Ha, ha, ha! what a strange construction her crazy temper put upon it? Ha, ha! how could the woman be so foolish? My dear Belinda, I will fly to you this moment—ha, ha! [*Going, returns.*] Sir John shall give me back the picture, and, on my knees, I will once more present it to her.

*Cla.* So, so! you are come to yourself, I find.

*Bel.* I knew it would be so.

*Bev.* She shall have the picture. I'll find Sir John directly: and then—ha, ha! how could I be such a madman! ha, ha!—sister, your servant. Bellmont, yours. Ha, ha! what a piece of work has that foolish Lady Restless made for us all? [*Exit singing.*

*Cla.* Let us follow him: I must be present at their reconciliation. [*Exit with* Bellmont.

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## *SCENE II.*

*An Apartment at* BELINDA's. *Enter* BELINDA.

*Belin.* This rash, unaccountable man! how could he entertain such a suspicion! ungrateful Beverley! he



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almost deserves I should never see him again.—Tippet! I sha'n't be easy till I hear from him. Tippet!

*Enter* TIPPET.

*Belin.* Is the servant returned from Mr. Beverley's?

*Tip.* Not yet, madam.

*Belin.* I wonder what keeps him. I am upon thorns till I see the dear, ungenerous man, and explain every thing to him. Oh, Mr. Beverley! how could you treat me so? But I was partly to blame; my Lady Restless inflamed his mind, and I should not have trifled with his passion. Is the other servant returned from Sir John Restless?

*Tip.* He is, madam.

*Belin.* And what answer?

*Tip.* Sir John will wait upon you himself, madam, directly.

*Belin.* Very well! I must get him to set every thing in its true light, and justify my conduct to Mr. Beverley. And yet the uncertainty of Beverley's temper alarms me strangely. His eternal suspicions! but there is nothing in that: my future conduct, my regard for him will cure that disease, and then——

*Tip.* I dare be sworn it will, ma'am.

*Belin.* Yes, I think it will: when he knows me better, he will learn to think generously of me. On my part, I think I can be sure he will meet with nothing but open, unsuspecting love.

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*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir John Restless, madam.

*Belin.* Shew him in. Tippet, do you leave the room.

*Enter Sir* JOHN.

*Sir John.* In compliance with your commands, madam——

*Belin.* I am obliged to you, sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself. A particular circumstance has happened in your family, to my utter disquiet.

*Sir John.* Madam, there have happened things in my family, to my utter disquiet too.

*Belin.* I am sorry for that, sir. I have been made quite unhappy, and must beg, as it is in your power, that you will be kind enough to remove the cause of my uneasiness.

*Sir John.* Whatever I can do, you may command.

*Belin.* Sir, I thank you, and must tell you, that your lady has done me the most irreparable injury.

*Sir John.* She has done the same to me. My injuries are irreparable too. But how has she injured you, madam?

*Belin.* She has ruined me, sir, with the man I love to distraction.

*Sir John.* Now, here something else will come to light. [*Aside.*]—How, how has she done that, madam?



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*Belin.* She has entirely drawn off his affections from me.

*Sir John.* And fixed them upon herself, I suppose.

*Belin.* I don't say that, sir.

*Sir John.* But I dare say it; and I believe it.

*Belin.* Pardon me, sir, I don't charge the lady with any thing of that kind. But she has unaccountably taken it into her head to be jealous of me.

*Sir John.* Jealous of you!

*Belin.* Her ladyship saw the little offices of civility I received from you this morning; she misunderstood every thing, it seems, and has told the gentleman with whom I was engaged in a treaty of marriage, that improper freedoms have passed between us.

*Sir John.* Artifice! artifice! her usual policy, madam, to cover her own libertine ways.

*Belin.* I don't mean to say any thing harsh of the lady. But you know what foundation there is for this, and I hope will do me justice.

*Sir John.* Oh! madam, to the world, to the wide world I'll justify you. I will wait upon the gentleman. Who is he, madam? what's his name?

*Belin.* Beverley, sir.

*Sir John.* Beverley!

*Belin.* Yes, sir; you seem surprised. Do you know him, sir?

*Sir John.* Yes, yes, I know him; and he shall know me: my resentment he shall feel; he shall be answerable to me.

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*Belin.* Answerable to you!

*Sir John.* To me, madam. I told you at first this was her scheme to shelter herself; and he, I suppose, is combined with her to give this turn to the affair, and to charge me with infidelity. But you, ma'am, can witness for me.

*Belin.* I can, sir: but can Mr. Beverley be capable of a dishonourable action?

*Sir John.* That point is clear enough. He has injured me in the highest degree, destroyed my happiness.

*Belin.* How, sir! are you sure of this?

*Sir John.* He has given her his picture; I caught her with her eyes rivetted to it; I heard her admiration, her praises of it; her wishes that she had been married to such a man. I saw her print a thousand kisses on it; and in the very fact I wrested it out of her hand.

*Belin.* If I imagined him capable of what you say, I should scarcely be willing to join myself to him for life. Quarrel with me about his picture, and at the same time give it to another!

*Sir John.* Lady Restless had the picture. Without doubt, you must be very happy with a man of his gallantry.

*Belin.* Happy, sir! I should be miserable; distracted; I should break my heart. But do you think you have sufficient proof?

*Sir John.* I have seen him coming out of my house since, clandestinely, shunning every observant eye,

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with the characters of guilt in his face; and all the discourse I had with him, served only to convince me the more.

*Belin.* Abandoned wretch! was this the love he professed for me? Sir, I have only to hope you will vindicate me in this matter. I commend myself to your honour, and I thank you for this favour.

*Sir John.* Our evidences will mutually speak for each other, and confound their dark designs. Madam, I take my leave.

*Belin.* Sir, your most obedient.

*Sir John.* The gentleman shall feel my indignation.

*Belin.* You cannot treat him too severely.

*Sir John.* I will expose him, I promise you. Madam, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

*Belin.* Oh! Mr. Beverley, could I have imagined this? False! false man! and yet how shall I forget him: but I will make an effort, tho' it pierce me to the quick. I will tear him from my heart. This moment I will write to him, and forbid him to see me more. [*Exit.*

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## *SCENE III.*

*The Park. Enter Sir* JOHN.

*Sir John.* If I can procure sufficient evidence, I shall bring the matter to a divorce, and make an example of them all. Would Marmalet were come: this is her time to a moment. If I can worm the secret

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out of her—Is not that she, yonder?—Not quite daylight enough to distinguish, but I think I perceive a person masked. Hist! hist!—Mrs. Marmalet—she comes this way: it is she. Mrs. Marmalet, your servant.

*Enter a Person Masked.*

You are very good, Mrs. Marmalet——

*Mask.* Bless my heart, I am scared out of my senses.

*Sir John.* What's the matter, pray? what's the matter?

*Mask.* Oh, sir! I tremble like a leaf. I was accosted in a rude manner by some gentlemen yonder; I can't stay here, let us go into your house, sir; I beg you will.

*Sir John.* My house? Would not any other house do as well?

*Mask.* Oh! no, sir; not for the world.

*Sir John.* Why my wife is not at home, and so I think I may venture: not but I had rather it were elsewhere.

*Mask.* Indeed, Sir John, I am frightened out of my senses. You will do me a favour if you will take me into the house.

*Sir John.* Say no more: it shall be so. Robert—

*Rob.* Is that Sir John? [*Opening the door.*

*Sir John.* Your lady is not at home, Robert, is she?

*Rob.* No, sir.

*Sir John.* Then do you go in, and take care that

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nobody sees Mrs. Marmalet with me. Come, I'll shew you the way. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE IV.*

*Sir* JOHN'S *House.* *Enter* TATTLE, *and* BEVERLEY.

*Tat.* [*As she enters.*] Ay, poor lady! she is unfortunate, indeed; and, poor gentleman, he is as jealous as my lady to the full. There has been a deal to do about that picture you mention, sir.

*Bev.* That will be explained presently: I'll wait till he comes home. I can't possibly go without speaking to him.

*Tat.* Indeed, you had better not stay, sir. You don't consider the mischief your being in the house may occasion.

*Bev.* Mischief! how do you mean?

*Tat.* Lord, sir! I would not have you stay for the world: I would not indeed. You can call again in an hour, sir, and you'll certainly find him at home then. Bless my heart, sir!—I fancy that's his voice. Do, dear sir! you'll be the ruin of my lady, if he sees you here, sir, waiting in his house: he'll be persuaded you come after my lady; the world will never beat it out of his head.

*Bev.* But I shall give him to understand——

*Tat.* He won't understand any thing. Oh lud! oh lud! he's coming up: I'll run and look. [*Exit.*

*Bev.* What a flurry the woman is in! a foolish jade! I must speak with him now.

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*Tat.* [*Entering.*] It is he as I am alive, sir; and there is a woman in a mask with him.

*Bev.* A woman in a mask! Zoons, if that should be Belinda! my mind misgives me strangely!

[*Aside.*

*Tat.* Do, dear sir; you look like a good-natured gentleman; let me hide you out of the way, sir. You would not be the destruction of a poor servant.

*Bev.* A mask coming home with him! I must know who that is. I won't leave the house without knowing. If I could conceal myself—have you any private place, Mrs. Tattle?

*Tat.* That is the very thing I mean, sir. Let me conceal you in that closet till he passes through this room. He never stays long here. It won't take you two minutes. Do, sweet sir, I'll down on my knees to you.

*Bev.* I must know who it is. Come, dispose of me as you will. If this should be Belinda! [*Exit.*

*Tat.* Heavens bless you, sir, for this goodness! I'll lock the door to make sure work of it. I was never so frightened in my life. [*Exit.*

*Enter Sir* JOHN, *and a Person Masked.*

*Sir John.* Mrs. Marmalet, I am obliged to you for this favour. I wanted a word or two with you.

*Mask.* So Robert informed me, sir.

*Sir John.* Did he tell you my business?

*Mask.* No, sir.

*Sir John.* Look ye then: if you will gratify me in

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what I shall ask, you may command any thing. Now you may be uncovered.

*Mask.* La! sir—I hear a noise: I am afraid somebody's coming: I shall be seen.

*Sir John.* Hush! no: there's nobody. If you will indulge me on this occasion, I am yours for ever. Here, here is a purse of money for you.

*Mask.* But if this should come to the knowledge of your lady, I am ruined and undone.

*Sir John.* No, no, I'll take care of you.

*Mask.* Will you, sir?

*Sir John.* I will. But come; let me remove this from your face.

*Mask.* But somebody may come.

*Sir John.* I'll lock the door. There, now we are safe.

*Mask.* But in a little time you'll make up all quarrels with your lady, and I shall be ruined.

*Sir John.* No, no, never fear: I shall never be reconciled to her: I hate her; I detest her.

*Lady Rest.* Do you so, sir? [*Unmasking.*] Now, Sir John, what can you say now, sir?

*Sir John.* My Lady Restless! Confusion! what shall I say?

*Lady Rest.* Oh, Sir John! Sir John! what evasion have you now, sir? Can you deny your guilt any longer?

*Sir John.* This is unlucky. That villain Robert has betrayed me. I can't explain myself to her now. Try what soothing will do.—My Lady Restless, if you

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will but have patience, this matter shall be explained.

*Lady Rest.* Explained, sir!

*Sir John.* Yes, my dear, explained, and——

*Lady Rest.* My dear, too! the assurance of you!

*Sir John.* I say, my dear, for I still regard you; and this was all done to—to—cure you of your jealousy; all done to cure you of your jealousy.

*Lady Rest.* A fine way you have taken!

*Sir John.* Yes, yes: and so you will see presently: all to convince you how groundless your suspicions are; and then we shall live very happy together.

*Lady Rest.* Ay!

*Sir John.* I have no further suspicions of you. I see my error, and I want you to see your's. Ha, ha!—I have no suspicions that will put her off her guard. [*Aside.*] My dear, compose your spirits, and—

*Lady Rest.* And do you think to deny every thing even in the face of conviction? Base, base man! I'll go this moment and write to my brother.

*Sir John.* Now you talk wildly. This is all raving: you make yourself very ridiculous. You do, indeed. I had settled all this on purpose, and contrived that it should come to your ears, and then I knew you would do just as you have done; and——then——I—I resolved to do just as I have done; only to hint to you, that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves, and to shew you how wrong it is to be too suspicious, my dear: was it not well done?—ha, ha, ha!

*Lady Rest.* And do you laugh at me too, sir? Make



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me your sport? I'll go and get pen and ink this moment.

*Sir John.* Oh! do so, ma'am; do so—ha, ha! you'll only expose yourself: go and write, madam—ha, ha, ha!—

*Lady Rest.* I will, sir. [*Going.*] The door is locked. This won't succeed, sir. I suppose you have the key. Ay, I'll lay my life you have, and some one or other of your creatures is locked in there.

*Sir John.* There again. This is of a piece with all your vain surmises. Ha, ha! you are mighty silly, indeed you are.

*Lady Rest.* I will search that closet. I am determined I will.

*Sir John.* Do so, ma'am, do so. Ha, ha! I cann't but laugh at her.

*Lady Rest.* I'll have the door broke open, if you won't give me the key.

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha!—How you expose yourself.

*Lady Rest.* Will you give me the key, sir?

*Sir John.* Ha, ha, ha! it is too ridiculous!

*Lady Rest.* Mighty well, sir. Tattle!—who waits there? I will find out all your artifices. Tattle, I say.

*Sir John.* Tol de rol lol!—ha, ha, ha!—a silly woman.

*Enter* TATTLE.

*Lady Rest.* Do you know any thing of the key of that closet, Tattle?

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*Tat.* The key, ma'am? I have it, ma'am.

*Lady Rest.* Give it to me.

*Tat.* That is, I have it not, ma'am. Don't have it, ma'am, don't ask for it. [*Aside to her.*

*Lady Rest.* Don't ask for it! but I will have it.—Give me the key this instant.

*Sir John.* How, is she not willing to give it? There is something in this, then. Give the key this moment, you jade, give it to me.

*Lady Rest.* You sha'n't have it, sir. What, you want to hinder me! give the key to me.

*Tat.* Dear heart, I have lost it, ma'am.—Better not have it, ma'am. [*Aside.*

*Sir John.* Give it to me this moment, I say.

*Lady Rest.* If you don't let me have it, it is as much as your place is worth.

*Tat.* The devil is in it! there it is then. Let me make my escape. [*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Now sir, we shall see, now, now.

*Sir John.* Ay, now search, if you will.

[*Laughing at her.*

*Lady Rest.* [*Unlocking the door.*] You shall be found out, I promise you—Oh! [*Screams out.*

*Sir John.* What is the matter now?

*Lady Rest.* Heavens, what have we here?

*Sir John.* Oh! there is somebody there then.

*Enter* BEVERLEY.

*Bev.* Madam—— [*Bows to her.*



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*Sir John.* By all that's false, here he is again!

*Lady Rest.* What, in the name of wonder, brings you here, sir?

*Sir John.* Oh, madam, you know his business, and I know his business; and the gentleman knows his business. There he is, ma'am; there is the gentleman waiting for you; true to his appointment, you see.—Sir, your humble servant. My Lady Restless, your humble servant. Now write to your brother, do. I should be glad to know what you can say now. Now, now; is the case plain now?

*Lady Rest.* I am in amaze! I don't know what to make of this.

*Bev.* Sir, however odd this may appear——

*Sir John.* Ay, now settle it between yourselves: give it what turn you will, sir, she will confirm it. You need not be afraid, sir; you will agree in your story; she is quick of invention, and I dare say you are pretty quick too.

*Bev.* Sir, I must beg you will put no forced construction upon this matter.

*Sir John.* And you beg the same, ma'am, don't you?

*Bev.* Sir, I beg to be heard. My business here is to desire you will return me the picture which you have in your possession. It is now become dear to me, sir.

*Sir John.* I dare say it is.

*Bev.* And must be returned.

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*Sir John.* It is of equal value to me. It shall rise in evidence against you both.

*Lady Rest.* Evidence against me? explain yourself. How did you get in here? What's your business? What brought you hither? What's your errand?

*Sir John.* Ay, sir, speak; how did you get in here? What's your business? What brought you hither? What's your errand?

*Bev.* Vexation! I am beset by them both at once.

*Lady Rest.* Speak, sir, explain.

*Sir John.* Ay, sir, explain.

*Bev.* Sir, if you will give me leave, I will satisfy you entirely. I assure you, sir, and you too, ma'am, that the liberty I have taken with your closet is entirely owing to your maid, Tattle.

*Sir John.* The jade! I don't doubt it, sir.

*Bev.* To prevent, if possible, the interpretation now put upon seeing me in this house.

*Sir John.* And it was well contrived, sir. Oh, my Lady Restless.

*Lady Rest.* By all that's just, I knew nothing of it.

*Bev.* Nothing, upon my honour, sir.

*Sir John.* Oh, I knew you would both agree.

*Bev.* As I am a gentleman, I tell you the real fact.

*Sir John.* You need not, sir; I know the real fact.

*Bev.* I have no time to lose in frivolous altercation: I must now desire the picture, directly.

*Sir John.* I wish you a good evening.

*Bev.* I shall not stir without it. I should be glad



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man, could caress her out of mere compassion: you could game wantonly out of charity; from pure benevolence of disposition you could convey her to some convenient dwelling. Oh! Sir John, Sir John!

*Sir John.* Madam, this well-acted passion——

*Lady Rest.* Don't imagine she has escaped me, sir.

*Sir John.* You may talk and rave, ma'am; but, depend upon it, I shall spare no pains to do myself justice on this occasion. Nor will I rest till——

*Lady Rest.* Oh! fie upon you, Sir John: these artifices——

*Sir John.* Nor will I rest, madam, until I have found, by means of this instrument here in my hand, who your darling is. I will go about it straight. Ungrateful, treacherous woman! [*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Yes, go, under that pretext, in pursuit of your licentious pleasures. This ever has been his scheme to cloak his wicked practices: abandoned man! to face me down too, after what my eyes so plainly beheld! I wish I could wring that secret out of Tattle. I'll step to my own room directly, and try by menaces, by wheedling, by fair means, by foul means, by every means, to wrest it from her.

[*Exit.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Park.* *Enter Sir* JOHN *and* ROBERT.

*Sir John.* Come hither, Robert. Look at this picture.

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*Rob.* Yes, sir.

*Sir John.* Let me watch his countenance. Well! ll! dost thou know it, Robert?

*Rob.* 'Tis a mighty handsome picture, sir.

*Sir John.* A handsome picture!— [*Aside.*

*Rob.* The finest lady in the land need not desire a ndsomer man, sir.

*Sir John.* How well he knows the purposes of it! Well! well! honest Robert, tell me: well—who t?—tell me.

*Rob.* Sir!

*Sir John.* You know whose picture it is: I know u do. Well! well! who—who—who is it?

*Rob.* Upon my word, sir, it is more than I can tell.

*Sir John.* Not know! I am convinced you do. So n the truth: don't be a villain; don't.

*Rob.* As I am an honest man, sir——

*ir John.* Be an honest man then, and tell me. you never see such a smooth-faced, fiery-eyed, m-complexioned, taper young fellow here about house?

*Rob.* Never, sir.

*ir John.* Not with my wife!—to drink chocolate morning, tea of an evening? Come, honest Ro- I'll give you a lease of a good farm. What ou? A lease for your life—well! well!—you take your wife's life into the bargain. Well! *b.* Believe me, Sir John, I never saw——

*r John.* I'll add your child's life. Come, speak

ise you I will

u will write!—

[*Aside.*]—You

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you would comply without a quarrel. I must be obliged to——

*Sir John.* Ay, now her prize-fighter begins. [*Aside.*] I desire you will quit my house, sir.

*Bev.* I am *not* to be trifled with. If you don't return it by fair means, I shall be forced to draw.

*Sir John.* There again now! she has set him on to cut my throat: but I will disappoint her. She is a worthless woman, and I won't fight about her. There, sir, there is your trinket. I shall have proof sufficient without it.

*Bev.* Upon my honour, sir, you will have no proof of any transgression of mine. If you suspect your lady from these appearances, you wrong her much, I assure you.

*Lady Rest.* Sir, I desire you will explain all this.

*Bev.* Call up your maid, madam, and then——

*Sir John.* No, sir, no more of it. I am satisfied. I wish you good night.

*Bev.* When you are willing to listen to reason, I shall be ready to convince you of your error. Madam, you may depend I shall do justice to your honour upon all occasions. And now I take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Sir John.* Now, my Lady Restless, now! You are thoroughly known; all your artifices are known; Mr. Beverley is known; my Lord Conquest is known!

*Lady Rest.* My Lord Conquest, sir! I despise all your imputations. My Lord Conquest's maid, sir! what can you say to that?

*Sir John.* Very well, madam! 'tis now my turn

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to write to your brother, and I promise you I will do it.

*Lady Rest.* You will write, sir, you will write!—Well, his assurance is unequalled. [*Aside.*]—You will write! That is pleasant indeed.—Write, sir; do; you will only expose your weakness.—Ha, ha! you make yourself very ridiculous; you do indeed.—Ha, ha!

*Sir John.* 'Sdeath, madam! am I to be insulted with a contumelious laugh into the bargain?

*Lady Rest.* Why, my dear, this was all done—to—to—to—cure you of your jealousy; for I knew you would act as you have done, and so I resolved to do as I have done. Was it not well done, my dear? Ha, ha!—

*Sir John.* Damnation! this is too much: it is beyond all patience.

*Lady Rest.* Ha, ha, ha! the tables are turned, I think. [*Sings and laughs.*

*Sir John.* Let me tell you, it is no laughing matter. You are a vile woman; I know you, and the world shall know you: I promise you it shall.

*Lady Rest.* I am clear in my own conviction, and your slander I despise: nor shall your artifices blind me or my friends any longer. Sir, as you say, it is no laughing matter. I promise you, you shall never dishonour me again in this house.

*Sir John.* And I promise you, madam, that you shall never dishonour me in any house.

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*Lady Rest.* Injurious, false, perfidious man!

*Sir John.* Deceitful, wanton! wanton woman!

[*Exeunt, at opposite doors.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*An Apartment at Mr.* BLANDFORD'*s.* *Enter* BELINDA.

*Belinda.*

UNGENEROUS, false, deceitful Beverley! under that fair appearance could I imagine that he harboured so much treachery? Attached to Lady Restless; engaged in a dishonourable intrigue with the wife of another, and yet professing an affection for me, with ardour professing it, and for me only! He is likely to regard the honour of the marriage-bed, who is ready to commit a tresspass on the happiness of his neighbour. It was Providence sent Sir John Restless to pay me a visit. The whole is now brought to light; and, Mr. Beverley, I have done with you for ever. I shall now obey my father's commands. By giving my hand to Sir William Bellmont's son, I shall punish an undeserving libertine for his treachery.

*Enter* TIPPET.

*Belin.* Well, Tippet, have you done as I ordered you?

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*Tip.* I have, madam.

*Belin.* The perfidious man! did you ever know such behaviour?

*Tip.* He is a traitor, like the rest of them.

*Belin.* After all the regard I professed for him! after so many ardent vows and protestations as he has made me!

*Tip.* The hours that he has sighed away at your feet!

*Belin.* I will banish him from my thoughts. My resolution is fixed, and so I have told my father. Is Sir William Bellmont with him?

*Tip.* He is, ma'am: they are both in close talk: they are over their glass, and are so overjoyed at the change of your mind.

*Belin.* And I applaud myself for what I have done. —Oh, Mr. Beverley! you have forced me to this extremity.—Here, take this letter, Tippet, and give it to him with your own hands.

*Tip.* He shall have it. [*Takes the letter.*

*Belin.* Where are all his letters?

*Tip.* Here, ma'am. [*Shews a parcel.*

*Belin.* The bracelets, and the pocket-book?

*Tip.* I have them safe.

*Belin.* Very well: take his presents home to him; and, do you hear? Bring me back all the foolish letters I writ to him.

*Tip.* Never doubt me: I won't quit the house without them. Exchange is all fair.

*Belin.* That letter will tell him, that though I now

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break with him in a manner, that may seem abrupt, his character and conduct have compelled me to it. Be sure you confirm that to him.

*Tip.* He shall here it all, and roundly too.

*Belin.* Very well: you may go.—Tippet,—ask his man.—as if from yourself,—carelessly,—as it were by accident—whether his master has talked of me? and what he said, Tippet?

*Tip.* I know Mr. Brush: I can wheedle it out of him, I warrant me.

*Belin.* Get at the particulars: not that I care: I don't want to know any thing about the ungrateful man. It does not concern me now. My foolish weakness is over: let him care as little for me as I do for him: you may tell him so.

*Tip.* Your message sha'n't lose in the carrying.

*Belin.* Well, that's all: you may begone.

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am. [*Going.*

*Belin.* Mind what I have said.

*Tip.* You may trust to me. [*Going.*

*Belin.* Don't forget a word of it.

*Tip.* No, not a syllable. [*Going.*

*Belin.* And hark ye: tell him how easy, how composed I am. That will gall him. You see, Tippet, I am quite unconcerned. [*Forcing a smile.*

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am: you don't seem to fret in the least.

*Belin.* It is easy to perceive that I am not at all disconcerted. You may see how gay I am upon the occasion. [*Affecting to laugh.*

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*Tip.* [*Laughing.*] Oh! yes, ma'am: you make quite a laughing matter of it.

*Belin.* Very true: a perfect air of indifference!—Well, I have done. Tell him that upon no account will I ever exchange a word with him; that I will never hear of him; never think of him; never see him; and never, upon any consideration, admit the smallest intercourse; no, never; I will have no more to do with him.

*Tip.* I have my lesson, ma'am, and I am glad you are so resolved upon it. [*Going.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Beverley, madam.

*Tip.* You must not let him up stairs; my lady will never see his face.

*Belin.* Yes, I think I may see him: shew him up. I will see him once more, and tell him all myself. It will come better from me, Tippet.

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am, you will do it with a better grace; and your resolution will melt away like a bit of sugar in your mouth.

*Belin.* My resolution is not to be altered: you may withdraw, Tippet.

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am.—Ah! she has a hankering after him still. [*Exit.*

*Belin.* I shall now take my leave of him.—But then, my friend Clarissa! can I rob her of her lover? she has not deserved it at my hands. Though Mr. Be-

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verley has deceived me, must I be false to honour, and to friendship?

*Enter* BEVERLEY.

*Bev.* Belinda! how gladly do I once again behold—

*Belin.* And with what resentment have not I reason to behold, sir——

*Bev.* You have, Belinda; you have reason I grant it: forgive the rash words my folly uttered.

*Belin.* Mistake me not, sir: it is not your words I quarrel with: your actions, Mr. Beverley, your actions, sir!

*Bev.* They are not to be extenuated: but surely, after the letter you honoured me with——

*Belin.* Sir, I have heard every thing since I was guilty of that folly.

*Bev.* Heard! what?

*Belin.* Dissemble if you will: but this must be the last of our conversing together. My maid will return you whatever I have received from you: all my silly letters I must desire you to deliver to her; and then visit me no more, sir.

*Bev.* Belinda!—you will not wound me thus. Here is the picture which caused that unlucky mistake between us. I have recovered it from Sir John Restless.

*Belin.* From my Lady Restless, sir.

*Bev.* Madam!

*Belin.* Oh! fie, sir; no more; I have done.

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*Bev.* You must, you must accept it. Thus on my knees I beg you. Will you, Belinda?

[*Takes her hand.*

*Belin.* Leave me, sir: let go my hand, Mr. Beverley: your falsehood——

*Bev.* My falsehood! by all the——

*Belin.* Your falsehood, sir: Sir John Restless has told me all; every circumstance.

*Bev.* He has told you! what has he told? his life shall answer it.

*Belin.* You have destroyed my peace of mind for ever. Nay, you yourself have forced me into the arms of another.

*Bev.* What do I hear?

*Belin.* My Lady Restless will rejoice at the news: the event will not be unpleasing to her; but she is welcome: let her enjoy her triumph.

*Bev.* You astonish me, Belinda: what does all this mean?

*Belin.* It means, that, in obedience to the commands of a father, I have agreed to marry Mr. Bellmont.

*Bev.* Mr. Bellmont!—him!—marry him! it is very well, ma'am: I expected it would come to this, and my Lady Restless is only mentioned on this occasion, as a retort for my accusation about Sir John. I understand it; and, by Heaven! I believe that whole story.

*Belin.* You do, sir!

*Bev.* I do: fool that I was to humble myself to



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you. My pride is now piqued, and I am glad, madam, as glad as you can be, to break off for ever.

*Belin.* Oh! sir, I can be as indifferent on my part. You have only to send me back my letters, and——

*Bev.* Agreed, agreed. I'll go home this moment, and send them all. Before I go, madam, here is your own picture, which you had given me with your own hands. Mr. Bellmont will be glad of it; or Sir John Restless will be glad of it; or any body will be glad of it; you need not be at a loss.

*Belin.* Very like, sir. [*Takes the picture.*] Tyrant, tyrant man! to treat me in this barbarous manner. [*Cries.*

*Bev.* Tears! Belinda! [*Approaching.*] Belinda!

*Belin.* No more of your insidious arts. I will hear no more. Oh! my heart, my heart will break. I did not think it was in your nature to behave as you have done; but—farewell for ever. [*Exit.*

*Bev.* Belinda! hear me but speak. By Heaven, my Lady Restless——she is gone: 'sdeath! I have been duped by her all this time; I will now summon up all that is man within me, and in my turn despise her.

*Enter* TIPPET.

*Tip.* If you are going home, sir, I will take the things with me now.

*Bev.* Yes, I am going: I will leave this detested—

*Tip.* This abominable place, sir. [*Laughing at him.*

*Bev.* This hell!

*Tip.* Ha, ha!—ay, sir, this hell.



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*Bev.* This mansion of perfidy, ingratitude, and fraud.

*Tip.* Very right, sir, let us go.

*Bev.* And yet——Tippet, you must not stir. Indulge me but a little. It is all a misunderstanding, this.

*Tip.* My lady will have no more to say to you. You may take the things, sir: my lady resigns them to you, sir.

*Bev.* Oh! Tippet, use your interest with her. Keep them in the house till I return. I will clear up this whole matter presently. I must not lose her thus.

[*Exit.*

*Tip.* Poor gentleman! he seems in a lamentable way. Well, I fancy for my part he is a true lover after all; that's what I do; and my young lady, I fear, is——

*Enter* BELINDA.

*Tip.* Madam, madam, madam, you are to blame; you are, indeed.

*Belin.* Is he gone?

*Tip.* He is, ma'am.

*Belin.* Did he say any thing? was he uneasy? or did he carry if off with a——

*Tip.* Oh! madam, he went away sighing short, his heart throbbing, his eyes brimful, his looks pale: you are to blame, you are, indeed, madam. I dare be sworn he has never proved false.

*Belin.* Oh! Tippet, could I be sure of that!



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*Tip.* But you are not sure of the contrary. Why won't you see my Lady Restless? See her directly, madam; go to her now before it is too late; before the old folks, who are putting their heads together, have settled the whole affair. Dear ma'am, be advised. I hear them coming. They will hurry you into a match, and you'll repent of it. How cruel this is! Here they come.——No, its madam Clarissa.

*Enter* CLARISSA.

*Cla.* So, Belinda; you have thrown things into fine confusion. You have involved yourself, and my brother, and Mr. Bellmont, and every body, in most terrible difficulties.

*Belin.* My dear Clarissa, here have been such doings between your brother and me.

*Cla.* So I find. I met him as I came hither. You have had fine doings indeed. I have heard the whole; my brother has told me every thing.

*Tip.* Madam, madam; I hear your father. Sir William Bellmont is with him: they are coming up stairs.

*Belin.* I am not in a disposition to see them now. Clarissa suspend your judgment; step with me to my own room, and I will then give you such reasons, as, you will own yourself, sufficiently justify my conduct.

*Cla.* The reasons must be ingenious, that can make

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any kind of apology for such behaviour: I shall be glad to hear you.

*Belin.* Very well, follow me quickly. You will find that my resolution is not so rash as you imagine.

[*Exit with* Clarissa.

*Tip.* They have got into a rare puzzle; and how they will get out of it, is beyond my dexterity; and so let 'em manage as well as they can.

*Enter* BLANDFORD, *Sir* WILLIAM, *and Young* BELLMONT.

*Bland.* Sir William, we have made a good day's work of it: the writings will be ready to-morrow morning. Where is Belinda? I thought she was in this room.

*Tip.* She is gone into her own room, sir; she is not well.

*Sir Will.* She has changed her mind, perhaps: I shall have no faith in this business, till it is all concluded.

*Bland.* Changed her mind, say you? No, no; I can depend upon her. I'll bring her to you this moment, and you and your son shall hear a declaration of her mind out of her own lips. Tippet, where is Belinda?

*Tip.* I'll shew you the way, sir. [*Exit with* Blandford.

*Sir Will.* Now we shall see what authority you have over your daughter. I have your promise, George: if she consent, you will be ready to comply with the wishes of your father.



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*Bel.* Sir,—you may depend, that is as far as matters are in my power: but you know, as I told you already, the lady has a settled rooted aversion to me.

*Sir Will.* Aversion!—she can change her mind, cann't she? Women have no settled principle. They like to-day, and dislike to-morrow. Besides, has not her father promised her to you in marriage? If the old gentleman likes you, what have you to do with her aversion?

*Bel.* To do with it! A great deal, I am afraid. You are not now to learn, that, when a young lady marries against her inclination, billet-doux, assignations, plots, intrigues, and a terrible *et cætera* of female stratagem, mount into her brain, and the poor husband in the mean time—

*Sir Will.* Come, lad, don't play the rogue with your father. Did not you promise me, if she made no objection, that there would be no obstacle on your part?

*Bel.* I promised to be sure, but yet I cann't help thinking—

*Sir Will.* And I cann't help thinking, that you know how to equivocate. Look you, George, your words were plain downright English, and I expect that you will perform to the very letter. I have fixed my heart upon this match. Mr. Blandford and I have passed the day at the Crown and Rolls to read over the deeds. I have been dining upon parchment, as I may say. I now tell you, once for all, you must be observant of my will and pleasure.

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*Bel.* To end all dispute, sir, if the lady—[*Aside.*] She will never consent; I may safely promise.—If the lady, sir, can at once forget her engagements with my friend Beverley——

*Sir Will.* You will then forget Clarissa: safely spoken. Come, I am satisfied. And now, now we shall see.

*Enter* BLANDFORD.

*Bland.* Sir William, give me joy: every thing goes as I wish. My daughter is a complying girl. She is ready to obey my commands. Clarissa is with her, beseeching, wrangling; complaining, soothing; now in a rage, and now in tears; one moment expostulating, and the next imploring; but all in vain; Belinda holds her resolution; and so, young gentleman, you are now completely happy.

*Bel.* Death to my hopes! can this be true? [*Aside.*

*Bland.* Sir William, give me your hand upon it. This will not only be a match of prudence, but of inclination.

*Sir Will.* There, George, there is news for you! your business is done.

*Bland.* She owns very frankly that her heart has been hitherto fixed upon a worthless man: she renounces him for ever, and is willing to give her hand as I shall direct.

*Bel.* What a dilemma am I brought into? [*Aside.*

*Sir Will.* George, what's the matter, boy? You a

bridegroom? Wounds! at your age I could cut a caper over the moon upon such an occasion.

*Bel.* I am more slack-mettled, sir: I cannot leap quite so high.

*Sir Will.* A cup too low, I fancy. Let us go and finish our bottle. Belinda shall be my toast. I'll give you her health in a bumper. Come, Mr. Blandford: I want to wash down the cobwebs of the law.

[*Exit.*

*Bland.* I attend you, Sir William.—Mr. Bellmont, follow us: we must have your company: you are under par: come, we will raise you a note higher.

[*Exit.*

*Bel.* You have sunk me so low, that I shall never recover myself. This behaviour of Belinda's!—Can she think her treachery to one lover will recommend her to another?

*Enter* CLARISSA.

*Cla.* Mr. Bellmont, I wish you joy, sir. Belinda has consented; and you have done the same. You are both consenting. The match is a very proper one. You will be finely paired.

*Bel.* You are misinformed, Clarissa; why will you do me this injustice?

*Cla.* Injustice! Mr. Blandford has reported every thing: he has done you justice: he has told us how easily you have been persuaded: don't imagine that I am hurt. I resign all pretensions: I can be pre-

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vailed upon with as much ease as you, sir: I can copy the easy compliance of Mr. Bellmont.

*Bel.* If you will but hear me: moderate your anger.

*Cla.* Anger!—anger indeed! I should be sorry any thing that has happened were of consequence enough to disturb my peace of mind.—Anger!—I shall die with laughing at the thought. You may be false to your friends, sir; false to your vows; you may break every solemn engagement; Mr. Blandford wishes it; Belinda wishes it; and why should not you comply? Follow the dictates of your own heart, sir.

*Bel.* Whatever has happened, Clarissa, I am not to blame.

*Cla.* I dare say not; and here is a lady will say the same.

*Enter* BELINDA.

*Belin.* Spare your reproaches, Clarissa.—Mr. Bellmont, you too may spare me. The agitations of my mind distress me so, I know not which way to turn myself. The provocation I have had———

*Cla.* Provocation, madam!—from whom?

*Belin.* From your brother: you need not question me? you know what his conduct has been.

*Bel.* By Heaven you wrong him; and so you will find in the end.

*Cla.* Your own conduct, madam! will that stand as clear as my brother's? My Lady Restless, I believe,

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has something to say. It will become you to refute that charge.

*Belin.* Downright malice, my dear: but I excuse you for the present.

*Enter* TIPPET.

*Tip.* [*To* Belinda.] Your chair is ready, ma'am.

*Belin.* Very well: I have not a moment to lose: I am determined to know the bottom of this whole affair. Clarissa, when I return you will be better disposed to hear me.

*Cla.* You need not trouble yourself, ma'am: I am perfectly satisfied.——Tippet, will you be so good as to order my chair.

*Belin.* Well; suspend your judgment. This business is of importance: I must leave you now.

[*Exit with* Tippet.

*Bel.* Clarissa, if you knew how all this wounds me to the heart.

*Cla.* Oh! keep your resolution; go on with your very honourable design: inclination should be consulted; and the necessity of the case, you know, will excuse you to the world.

*Bel.* Command your temper, and the whole shall be explained.

*Cla.* It wants no explanation: it is too clear already.

*Bel.* A moment's patience would set every thing right.—'Sdeath! one would imagine that Lady Rest-

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less had been speaking to you too. This is like the rest of them: downright jealousy!

*Cla.* Jealousy!—Upon my word, sir, you are of great consequence to yourself: but you shall find that I can with perfect serenity banish you, and your Belinda, entirely from my thoughts.

*Enter* TIPPET.

*Tip.* The chairmen are in the hall, ma'am.

*Bel.* Let me but speak to you.

*Cla.* No, sir: I have done: I shall quit this house immediately. [*Going.*] Mrs. Tippet, could you let me have pen, ink, and paper, in your lady's room?

*Tip.* Every thing is ready there, ma'am.

*Cla.* Very well:—I'll go and write a letter to Belinda. I'll tell her my mind, and then adieu to all of you. [*Exit with* Tippet.

*Bel.* How perverse and obstinate!

*Enter Sir* WILLIAM.

*Sir Will.* Well, George, every thing is settled.

*Bel.* Why really, sir, I don't know what to say. I wish you would consider——

*Sir Will.* At your tricks again?

*Bel.* I am above an attempt to deceive you: but if all circumstances were known—I am not fond of speaking detractingly of a young lady; but for the honour of your family, sir, let us desist from this match.

*Sir Will.* Roguery, lad! there's roguery in this.

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*Bel.* I see you will force me to speak out. If there is, unhappily, a flaw in Belinda's reputation——

*Sir Will.* How?

*Bel.* This is no time to dissemble. In short, sir, my Lady Restless, a worthy lady here in the neighbourhood, has discovered a connection between her and Sir John Restless; Sir John and Lady Restless lived in perfect harmony till this affair broke out. The peace of the family is now destroyed. The whole is come to the knowledge of my friend Beverley: with tears in his eyes, with a bleeding heart (for he loved Belinda tenderly), he has at last mustered up resolution, and taken his final leave.

*Sir Will.* Ay! can this be true?

*Bel.* It is but too true; I am sorry to report it. And now, sir, judge yourself——Oh!——here comes Mr. Blandford: 'tis a dreadful scene to open to him; a terrible story for the ear of a father! You had best take no notice: we need not be accessary to a young lady's ruin: it is a family affair, and we may leave them to patch it up among themselves, as well as they can.

*Sir Will.* If these things are so, why then the case is altered.

*Enter* BLANDFORD.

*Bland.* Hey! what's in the wind now? You two look as grave! what's come over you? For my part, my spirits are above proof with joy: I am in love with my daughter for her compliance, and I fancy I shall



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throw in an odd thousand more, to enliven the honey-moon.

*Sir Will.* Mr. Blandford, we are rather in a hurry, I think. We had better not precipitate matters.

*Bland.* Nay, if you are for changing your mind—Look you, sir; my daughter shall not be trifled with.—Where is she? Where is my girl? Who answers there?

*Enter* TIPPET.

*Bland.* Where's Belinda?

*Tip.* She is not gone far, sir: just stept out upon a moment's business to Sir John Restless.

*Sir Will.* Gone to Sir John Restless! [*Aside.*

*Bel.* You see, sir.— [*To Sir* William.

*Bland.* I did not think she knew Sir John.

*Sir Will.* Yes, she knows him: she has been acquainted with him for some time past.

*Bland.* What freak has she got in her head? She is not gone after her Mr. Beverley, I hope. Zookers, this has an odd appearance. I don't like it: I'll follow her this moment.

*Sir Will.* You are right: I'll attend you.—Now, George, this will explain every thing. [*Aside.*]—Come, Mr. Blandford, this may be an escape: young birds will wing their flight.

*Bland.* Well, well, say no more: we shall see how it is. Come, Sir William: it is but a step. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* [*To* Tippet.] Where is Clarissa?



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*Sir Will.* [*Looking back.*] What, loitering, George?

*Bel.* I follow you, sir. [*Exit Sir* William.] Clarissa is not gone, I hope?

*Tip.* Gone, sir!—She is writing, and crying, and wiping her eyes, and tearing her paper, and beginning again, and in such a piteous way!

*Bel.* I must see her: she must come with us. If Lady Restless persists in her story, who knows what turn this affair may take? Come, Mrs. Tippet, shew me the way. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The Hall in the House of Sir* JOHN RESTLESS. *A loud Rap at the Door; and enter* ROBERT.

*Rob.* What a hurry you are in there?—This is my lady, I suppose. Where can she have been?—Now for more confusion. If she finds Madam Belinda with Sir John, we are all blown up again.

*Sir* JOHN. [*Peeping in.*]

*Sir John.* Robert, Robert, is that your lady?

*Rob.* Mercy on us! She is coming, I believe, sir.—[*Looks out.*] I see her chair: it is my lady.

*Sir John.* Don't let her know that Belinda is in the house.

*Rob.* Not if I can help it. Trust to me, sir. [*Exit*

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*Sir* John.] Here she comes. What has she been about?

*A Chair is brought into the Hall.*

*Lady Rest.* [*Coming out of the chair.*] Is Sir John at home?

*Rob.* I fancy he is, my lady.

*Lady Rest.* Has any body been with him?

*Rob.* He has been all alone, writing letters in his study: he desired not to be interrupted.

*Lady Rest.* I shall not interrupt him, I promise him. You never will tell me any thing, Robert: I don't care who comes after him. To-morrow I shall quit this house, and then he may riot in licentious pleasure. If he asks for me, I am not well; I am gone to my own apartment: I hope to see no more of him. [*Going.*

*Chair.* Shall your ladyship want the chair any more to-night?

*Lady Rest.* I don't know what I shall want. Leave the chair there: you may wait. [*Exit.*

*Chair.* Ay, always a waiting job. [*Puts the chair aside: Exeunt Chairman and* Robert.]

*Enter Sir* JOHN *and* BELINDA.

*Belin.* If you will but permit me to say a word to her——

*Sir John.* Excuse me for the present: I beg you will.



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*Belin.* A short interview with Lady Restless might clear up all my doubts: what objection can you have?

*Sir John.* A million of objections. You do not know the consequence of being seen in this house. She will interpret every thing her own way. I am unhappy, madam, while you stay.

*Belin.* There is more cruelty in your refusal than you can imagine. Mr. Beverley's character is in question: it is of the last importance to me to know the whole truth.

*Sir John.* You know it all, madam. Mr. Beverley's character is too clear. Proofs thicken, and grow stronger every hour. Since the visit I paid you this very day, I have made another discovery. I found him lurking here in my house.

*Belin.* Found him here, sir?

*Sir John.* Found him here. He was lying in ambush for another amorous meeting.

*Belin.* If there is no mistake in this business——

*Sir John.* Mistake! May I trust my own eyes? I saw him; I spoke to him; I taxed him with his guilt. He was concealed in her closet: does that amount to proof? Her maid Tattle stationed him there. My lady was privy to it: she favoured the stratagem. Are you satisfied now, madam?

*Belin.* The particulars of this discovery, Sir John, may convince me: tell me all, sir: you will oblige me.

*Sir John.* Enquire no more for the present. You will oblige me, madam. Robert shall see you safe

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home. I would not have my lady find us together: I think I hear her: no, no. In a day or two the particulars will be known to the wide world. Where is Robert?—He shall conduct you home. My peace and happiness require it.

*Belin.* My peace and happiness are destroyed for ever. If your story be true———

*Sir John.* It is too true: I wish you a good night. I am miserable while you are here.—Robert!

*Belin.* Deliver me! I am ruined. I hear my father's voice: what brings him hither? I am undone if he finds me. Let me retire into that room.

*Sir John.* That room will not do: you will be seen there.

*Belin.* Cann't I go up stairs? [*Going.*

*Sir John.* No; I am ruined, if you go that way.—Hell and distraction!—My Lady Restless coming down! Here, madam, here; into that chair. You will be concealed there: nobody will suspect you.

*Belin.* Any where, sir: put me any where, to avoid this impending storm. [*Goes into the chair.*

*Sir John.* [*Shutting the chair.*] This is lucky. I am safe now. Let my lady come as soon as she will.

*Enter Lady* RESTLESS.

*Lady Rest.* I only wanted to say one word, sir.

*Enter* BLANDFORD.

*Bland.* Sir John, I am obliged to intrude: I am told my daughter is here.



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*Lady Rest.* There! he has heard it all.

*Bland.* I have heard that Belinda came to your house: on what business, I do not know. I hope, Sir John, that you do not harbour the girl to disturb the peace and happiness of a father.

*Sir John.* That imputation, sir——

*Lady Rest.* He does harbour her.

*Sir John.* Mr. Blandford, I give you my honour—

*Lady Rest.* I know he does. He has ruined your daughter; he has injured you, sir, as well as me, in the most essential point.

*Sir John.* She raves; she is mad. If you listen to her——

*Enter Sir* WILLIAM *and* BEVERLEY.

*Bland.* I am glad you are come, Sir William. This is more than I expected.

*Sir John.* And more than I expected. There, madam, there is your favourite again!

*Bev.* My visit is public, sir. I come to demand, in the presence of this company, an explanation of the mischief you have done me.

*Sir John.* You need not be so public, sir. The closet is ready for you: Tattle will turn the key, and you will there be very safe.

*Lady Rest.* How can you persist in such a fallacy? He knows, he perfectly well knows it was an accident; a mere blunder of the servant, entirely unknown to me.

*Sir John.* She was privy to the whole.

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*Bland.* This is beside my purpose. I came hither in quest of my daughter: a father demands her. Is she here? Is she in the house?

*Sir John.* In this house, sir? Our families never visited. I am not acquainted with her.

*Lady Rest.* He is acquainted with her. I saw him clasp her in his arms.

*Bland.* In his arms! When? Where? Tell me all.

*Lady Rest.* Yes, now let him give an account of himself.

*Sir John.* When you have accounted for your actions, madam——

*Lady Rest.* Render an account to the lady's father, sir.

*Bland.* Yes, to her father. Account with me, sir. When and where was all this?

*Lady Rest.* This very day; at noon; in the Park.

*Bev.* But in the eyes of the whole world: I know Belinda: I can acquit her.

*Sir John.* And I proclaim her innocence. We can both acquit her. [*Goes up to* Beverley.

*Lady Rest.* You are both in a plot: both combined.

*Sir John.* It was all harmless; all inoffensive. Was not it, Mr. Beverley?

*Bev.* Yes, all, all.

*Lady Rest.* All guilt; manifest, downright guilt.

*Sir Will.* If you all talk together, we shall never understand.

*Bev.* I understand it all.—Mr. Blandford, you met Belinda in the Park this morning?

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*Bland.* I did, sir.

*Bev.* You accosted her violently: the harshness of your language overpowered her spirits: she was ready to faint: Sir John was passing by: she was going to drop down: Sir John assisted her: that is the whole of the story. Injured as I am, I must do justice to Belinda's character. She may treat me with the caprice and pride of insolent beauty; but her virtue claims respect.

*Sir John.* There now; there! that is the whole of the story.

*Lady Rest.* The whole of the story! no, Sir John: you shall suppress nothing: you could receive a picture from her.

*Sir John.* You, madam, could receive a picture; and you, Mr. Beverley, could present it.

*Lady Rest.* Mr. Beverley, you hear this!

*Bev.* I can justify you, madam. I gave your lady no picture, Sir John.

*Sir John.* She had it in her hand. I saw her print her kisses on it, and in that moment I seized it from her.

*Bev.* Belinda dropt it in the Park, when she was taken ill: I had just given it to her. Your lady found it there.

*Lady Rest.* I found it on that very spot.

*Bev.* There, sir; she found it.

*Sir John.* I found you locked up in her cabinet; concealed in private.

*Lady Rest.* But with no bad intent.

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*Sir John.* With the worst intent.

*Bev.* Your jealousy, Sir John, has fixed an imputation upon me, who have not deserved it: and your suspicions, madam, have fallen, like a blasting mildew, upon a lady, whose name was never before sullied by the breath of calumny.

*Sir Will.* The affair is clear as to your daughter, Mr. Blandford. I am satisfied, and now we need not intrude any longer upon this family.

*Enter* BELLMONT *and* CLARISSA.

Walk in, George: every thing is right: your fears may now go to rest.

*Lady Rest.* I shall not stay another night in this house. Time will explain every thing. Call my chairmen there. Sir John has it his own way at present.

*Enter Chairmen.*

You have settled this among yourselves. I shall now go to my brother's. Sir John, I have no more to say at present. Hold up. [*Goes to the chair.*

*Sir John.* Let the chair alone. You shall not go: you shall not quit this house, till I consent.

[*Goes between her and the chair.*

*Lady Rest.* I say hold up.

*Sir John.* Let it alone.

*Lady Rest.* Very well, sir: I must be your prisoner, must I?

*Sir John.* It is mine to command here. No loose

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escapes this night; no assignations; no intrigues to disgrace me.

*Lady Rest.* Such inhuman treatment! I am glad there are witnesses of your behaviour. [*Walks away.*

*Bland.* I am sorry to see all this confusion; but since my daughter is not here——

*Lady Rest.* He knows where she is, and so you will find.

*Sir John.* [*Coming forward.*] Your daughter is innocent, sir, I give you my honour. Where should she be in this house? Lady Restless has occasioned all this mischief. She formed a story to palliate her own misconduct. To her various artifices you are a stranger; but in a few days you may depend——

*Lady Rest.* [*Aside, as she goes towards the chair.*] He shall find that I am not to be detained here.

[*Makes signs to the Chairmen to hold up.*

*Sir John.* I say, gentlemen, you may depend that I have full proof, and in a little time every thing will—

[*The chair is opened, and* Belinda *comes out.*

*Lady Rest.* Who has proof now? There, there! in his house all the time!

*Bland.* What do I see?

*Bev.* Belinda here!

*Sir Will.* So, so! there is something in it, I see.

*Sir John.* Distraction! this is unlucky.

*Lady Rest.* What say you now, Mr. Beverley?—Now, Mr. Blandford! there; ocular demonstration for you!

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*Sir Will.* George, take Clarissa as soon as you will. Mr. Blandford, you will excuse me, if I now decline any further treaty with you.

*Bland.* This abrupt behaviour, Sir William——

*Sir Will.* I am satisfied, sir. I am resolved. Clarissa, you have my approbation: my son is at your service. Here, George, take her, and be happy.

*Bel.* [*Taking her hand.*] To you, from this moment, I dedicate all my future days.

*Bland.* Very well: take your own way. I can still protect my daughter.

*Bev.* And she deserves your protection: my dear Belinda, explain all this: I know it is in your power.

*Belin.* This generous behaviour, sir, recalls me to new life. You, I am now convinced, have been accused by my Lady Restless without foundation.—Whatever turn her ladyship's unhappy self-tormenting fancy may give to my conduct, it may provoke a smile, but will excite no other passion.

*Lady Rest.* Mighty fine! what brought you to this house?

*Belin.* To be a witness of your folly, madam, and Sir John's into the bargain.

*Bel.* That I can vouch: Sir John can fill his mind with vain chimæras, with as apt a disposition as his lady. Beverley has been represented in the falsest colours—

*Lady Rest.* That I admit: Sir John invented the story.

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*Bev.* And Belinda, madam, has been cruelly slandered by you.

*Sir John.* She has so: that I admit.

*Belin.* And my desire to see all this cleared up, brought me to this house, madam. Now you see what has made all this confusion.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! I expected these airs. You may discuss the point where you please: I will hear no more upon the subject. [*Exit.*

*Bland.* Madam, the subject must be settled.

[*Follows her.*

*Sir John.* You have a right to insist upon it. The whole shall be explained this moment. Sir William, you are a dispassionate man. Give us your assistance. [*Exit.*

*Sir Will.* With all my heart. George, you are no longer concerned in this business, and I am glad of it. [*Exit with young* Bellmont.

*Cla.* [*To* Beverley.] Now, brother, now is your time: your difficulties are all removed. Sir John suspected you without reason: my Lady Restless did the same to Belinda: you are both in love, and now may do each other justice. I can satisfy my Lady Restless and your father. [*Exit.*

*Bev.* [*Aside.*] I see, I see my rashness.

*Belin.* [*Aside.*] I have been terribly deceived.

*Bev.* If she would but forgive my folly.

*Belin.* Why does not he open his mind to me? I cann't speak first.

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*Bev.* What apology can I make her?—Belinda!

*Belin.* Charming! he begins. [*Aside, and smiling.*

*Bev.* [*Approaching.*] Belinda!—no answer?—Belinda!

*Belin.* Mr. Beverley!— [*Smiles aside.*

*Bev.* Don't you think you have been very cruel to me, Belinda? [*Advancing towards her.*

*Belin.* Don't you think you have been barbarous to me? [*Without looking at him.*

*Bev.* I have: I grant it. Can you find in your heart to forgive me?

*Belin.* [*Without looking at him.*] You have kept me on the rack this whole day, and can you wonder that I feel myself unhappy?

*Bev.* I am to blame: I acknowledge it. If you knew how my own heart reproaches me, you would spare yourself the trouble. With tears in my eyes I now speak to you: I acknowledge all my errors.

*Belin.* [*Looking at him.*] Those are not tears, Mr. Beverley. [*Smiling.*

*Bev.* They are; you see that they are.

*Belin.* Ah! you men can command tears.

*Bev.* My life! my angel! [*Kisses her hand.*] Do you forgive me?

*Belin.* No; I hate you. [*Looking pleased at him.*

*Bev.* Now, I don't believe that. [*Kisses her cheek.*] Do you hate me, Belinda?

*Belin.* How could you let an extravagance of temper get the better of you? You know the sincerity



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of my affection. Oh, Mr. Beverley, was it not ungenerous?

*Bev.* It was; I own it; on my knees, I own it.

*Belin.* [*Laughing.*] Oh, proud man! have I humbled you?—Since you submit to my will and pleasure, I think I can forgive you. Beg my picture back this moment. [*Shews it to him.*

*Bev.* [*Taking the picture.*] I shall adore it ever, and heal this breach with uninterrupted love.

*Enter Sir* JOHN, *Lady* RESTLESS, *Sir* WILLIAM, BLANDFORD, BELLMONT, *and* CLARISSA.

*Sir John.* [*Laughing.*] Why, yes; it is very clear. I can now laugh at my own folly, and my wife's too.

*Lady Rest.* There has been something of a mistake, I believe.

*Bev.* You see, Sir John, what your suspicions are come to. I never was within your doors before this day; nor should I, perhaps, have had the honour of speaking to your lady, had it not been for the misunderstanding your mutual jealousies occasioned between Belinda and me.

*Bland.* And your ladyship has been ingenious enough to work out of those whimsical circumstances a charge against my daughter. Ha, ha!

*Sir John.* It is ever her way, sir. I told you, my dear, that you would make yourself very ridiculous.

*Lady Rest.* I fancy, sir, you have not been behindhand with me. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Will.* And now, Mr. Blandford, I think we

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may as well let the match go on as we at first intended.

*Bland.* No, no more of that: you have disposed of your son. Belinda, I no longer oppose your inclinations: take Mr. Beverley as soon as you will.

*Sir John.* Now let us see: if she agrees to marry him, why then, she knows he is innocent, and I shall be satisfied. [*Aside.*

*Belin.* If you insist upon it, sir.

*Bland.* I do insist.

*Lady Rest.* If Beverley accepts of her, all my suspicions are at an end. [*Aside.*

*Bev.* Thus let me take the bright reward of all my wishes. [*Takes her hand.*

*Belin.* Since it is over, you have used your authority, sir, to make me happy indeed. We have both seen our error, and frankly confess that we have been in the wrong too.

*Sir Will.* Why, we have been all in the wrong, I think.

*Sir John.* It has been a day of mistakes, but of fortunate ones, conducing at last to the advantage of all parties. My Lady Restless will now be taught—

*Lady Rest.* Sir John, I hope you will be taught—

*Bland.* Never mention what is past. The wrangling of married people about unlucky questions that break out between them, is like the lashing of a top: it only serves to keep it up the longer.

*Sir John.* Very true: and since we have been ALL



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IN THE WRONG TO-DAY, we will, for the future, endeavour to be ALL IN THE RIGHT.

*Bev.* A fair proposal, Sir John: we will make it our business, both you, who are married, and we, who are now entering into that state, by mutual confidence to ensure mutual happiness.

*The God of Love thinks we profane his fire,*
*When trifles light as air mistrust inspire.*
*But where esteem and gen'rous passions spring,*
*There reigns secure, and waves his purple wing;*
*Gives home-felt peace; prevents the nuptial strife;*
*Endears the bliss, and bids it last for life.*

[Exeunt omnes.

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# EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

*BLESS me, this summer-work is so fatiguing!*
*And then our plays so bustling, so intriguing!*
*Such miffing, sighing, scolding, all together!*
*These love affairs suit best with colder weather.*
*At this warm time these writers shou'd not treat you,*
*With so much love, and passion,—for they'll heat you:*
*Poets, like Weavers, should with taste and reason,*
*Adapt their various goods to ev'ry season.*
*For the hot months, the fanciful and slight;*
*For mind and body, something cool and light:*
*Authors themselves indeed neglect this rule;*
*Dress warm in summer, and at Christmas cool.*
*I told our Bard within, these five-act plays,*
*Are rich brocades, unfit for sultry days.*
*Were you a cook, said I, would you prepare*
*Large hams, and roasted sirloins for your fare?*
*Their very smoke would pall a city glutton;*
*A* Tragedy *would make you all unbutton!*
*Both appetites now ask for daintier picking,*
*Farce, pantomime, cold lamb, or white-legg'd chicken.*
*At Ranelagh, fine rolls and butter see:*
Signor Tenducci, *and the best green tea!*

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*Italian singing is as light as feather;*
Beard *is too loud, too powerful for this weather!*
*Vauxhall more solidly regales your palates;*
*Champaigne, cantata's, cold boil'd beef, and ballads.*
*What shall we do your different tastes to hit?*
You *relish satire;* [To the Pit.] you *ragouts of wit;*
[Boxes.
Your *taste is humour, and high-season'd joke;* [1st Gall.
You *call for hornpipes, and for Hearts of Oak!* [2d Gall.
*O could I wish and have!—A conjuring man*
*Once told my fortune,—and he charm'd this fan!*
*Said with a flirt I might my will enjoy:*
*Think you there's magic in this little toy?*
*I'll try its pow'r; and, if I gain my wish,*
*I'll give you, sirs, a downright English dish.*
*Come then; a song* [Music is heard.] *indeed! I see*
*'twill do.*
*Take heed, gallants, I'll play the deuce with you.*
*Whene'er I please, I'll charm you to my sight;*
*And tear a* FAN WITH FLIRTING *ev'ry night.*

---

Enter two BALLAD SINGERS, who sing the following Song.

## SONG.

*YE Critics above, and ye Critics below,*
*Ye finer spun Critics, who keep the mid row,*
*O tarry a moment, I'll sing you a song,*
*Shall prove that, like us,* you are all in the wrong.

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*Ye Poets, who mount on the fam'd winged steed,*
*Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed:*
*For when by those hornets, the Critics, you're stung,*
*You're thrown in the dirt, and* are all in the wrong.

*Ye Actors, who act what these writers have writ,*
*Pray stick to your Poet, and spare your own wit;*
*For when with your own you unbridle your tongue,*
*All hold ten to one* you are all in the wrong.

*Ye Knaves, who make news for the foolish to read,*
*Who print daily slanders the hungry to feed:*
*For a-while you mislead 'em, the news-hunting throng,*
*Till the pillory proves,* you are all in the wrong.

*Ye grave Politicians, so deep and so wise,*
*With your hums, and your shrugs, and your uplifted eyes,*
*The road that you travel, is tedious and long,*
*But I pray you jog on*; you are all in the wrong.

*Ye happy fond husbands, and fond happy wives,*
*Let never suspicion embitter your lives;*
*Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be as strong;*
*Who watch, or who catch,* they are all in the wrong.

*Ye unmarried folks be not bought, or be sold,*
*Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old;*
*For they'll soon get together, the young with the young,*
*And then, my wise old ones,* you're all in the wrong.



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*Ye soldiers and sailors, who bravely have fought,*
*Who honour and glory, and laurels have bought;*
*Let your foes but appear, you'll be at 'em ding dong,*
*And if they come near you,* they're all in the wrong.

*Ye judges of taste to our labours be kind,*
*Our errors are many, pray wink, or be blind;*
*Still find your way hither to glad us each night,*
*And our note we will change to* you're all in the right.

THE END.

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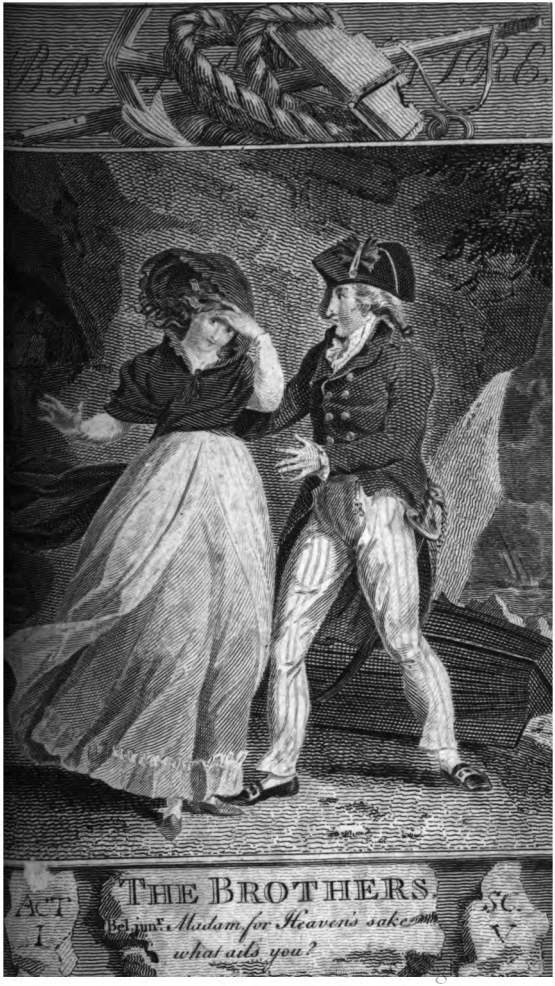
De Wilde pinxt. [illegible] del.

Mrs. WEBB as LADY DOVE.

*I insist upon your turning that old porpoise out of the house.*

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Septr. 1st. 1792.


THE BROTHERS.
ACT I.
Sc. V.
Bel junr. Madam for Heaven's sake what ails you?

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# THE BROTHERS.

A

COMEDY,

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

*LONDON:*

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JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XCII.

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TO HIS GRACE

# *THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.*

MY LORD,

*I BEG leave to recommend a trifling performance to your notice; nothing but my venturing to approach your Grace on this occasion, without introduction, could excuse my addressing you without a name: by this kind of sophistry, my Lord, we that set up for Poets, attempt to palliate one presumption by another. As I have strong temptations to plead for the honour I now assume, so, I hope, I am not totally without pretensions to it. As an humble son of that Alma Mater, who has now bestowed on your Grace the most honourable adoption, which maternal approbation had to give, I flatter myself that I stand in some degree of alliance to you; and if there is any thing in these scenes that deserves the name of Genius, I am happy in acquainting the world that I drew it from the same fountain, and, nearly, at the same period with your Grace; though not in the same proportion.*

*As I only seek, by this offering, to amuse a leisure hour, I have no right either to speak to your Grace, or of your Grace, as a Minister. Nevertheless, my Lord, in these ill-tempered times, I must be allowed to say, that there is some merit, when your fortune needs no addition, and your rank cannot receive*



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*any, in standing forth the servant and the sufferer of your country: I say the sufferer, my Lord, because in your station you have to combat not only the envy, but the ingratitude of mankind.*

*In times of peace the Muses, more especially, look for protection at the thrones of Princes, and in the closets of Ministers. In seasons of public tranquillity, when good order and good humour obtain in a nation, the great may find an ear even for such trifles as I now lay before you. Did these times, my Lord, answer that description, I should have much to say to your Grace on the subject of the Stage, so applicable to noble uses, and of the low ebb at which Genius now stands, so much in need of cultivation; but these are topics too harmonious for an æra that seems to delight in discord; and all the merit I can claim with your Grace and the public is, that at a time when all other anonymous writers have been scattering the seeds of discontent and disturbance, I have used my best endeavours, in the following scenes, to lead such of my countrymen, as have attended their representation, into a short paroxysm of complacency and good humour. I have the honour to be,*

*My Lord,*

*Your Grace's most obedient,*

*And most humble Servant,*

*THE AUTHOR.*

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# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

*VARIOUS the shifts of Authors now-a-days,*
*For Operas, Farces, Pantomimes, and Plays;*
*Some scour each alley of the town for wit,*
*Begging from door to door the offal bit;*
*Plunge in each cellar, tumble every stall,*
*And scud, like taylors, to each house of call;*
*Gut every novel, strip each monthly muse,*
*And pillage poet's corner of its news:*
*That done, they melt the stale farrago down,*
*And set their dish of scraps before the town;*
*Boldly invite you to their pilfer'd store,*
*Cram you, then wonder you can eat no more.*

*Some, in our English classics deeply read,*
*Ransack the tombs of the illustrious dead;*
*Hackney the muse of Shakspere o'er and o'er,*
*From shoulder to the flank, all drench'd in gore.*

*Others, to foreign climes and kingdoms roam,*
*To search for what is better found at home:*
*The recreant Bard, oh! scandal to the age!*
*Gleams the vile refuse of the Gallic Stage.*

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*Not so, our Bard—To-night, he bids me say,*
*You shall receive and judge an English Play.*
*From no man's jest he draws felonious praise,*
*Nor from his neighbour's garden crops his bays;*
*From his own breast the filial story flows;*
*And the free scene no foreign master knows:*
*Nor only tenders he his work as new;*
*He hopes 'tis good, or would not give it you:*
*True homely ware, and made of homely stuff,*
*Right British drugget, honest, warm, and rough,*
*No station'd friends he seeks, no hir'd applause;*
*But constitutes you jurors in his cause.*
*For fame he writes——Should folly be his doom,*
*Weigh well your verdict, and then give it home:*
*Should you applaud, let that applause be true;*
*For, undeserv'd, it shames both him and you.*

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## Dramatis Personae.

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

*Men.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE, | Mr. Quick. |
| BELFIELD *Senior*, | Mr. Davies. |
| BELFIELD *Junior*, | Mr. Farren. |
| *Captain* IRONSIDES, | Mr. Ryder. |
| SKIFF, *Master of the Privateer*, | Mr. Fearon. |
| PATERSON, | Mr. Cubitt. |
| *Old* GOODWIN, *a Fisherman*, | Mr. Hull. |
| PHILIP, *his Son*, | Mr. Macready. |
| FRANCIS, *Servant to* Belfield *Junior*, | Mr. Thompson. |
| JONATHAN, *Servant to Sir* Benjamin, | Mr. Gardner. |

*Women.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lady* DOVE, | Mrs. Webb. |
| SOPHIA, *Sir* Benjamin's *Daughter*, | Mrs. Pope. |
| VIOLETTA, *Wife to* Belfield *Senior*, | Mrs. Wells. |
| LUCY WATERS, | Miss Stuart. |
| FANNY GOODWIN, | Miss Rowson. |

*Sailors, &c. &c.*

SCENE, *The Sea-Coast of Cornwall.*

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# THE BROTHERS.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*A rocky Shore, with a Fisherman's Cabin in the Cliff: a violent Tempest, with Thunder and Lightning: a Ship discovered stranded on the Coast. The Characters enter, after having looked out of their Cabin, as if waiting for the Abatement of the Storm.*

GOODWIN, PHILIP, *and* FANNY.

*Philip.*

IT blows a rank storm; 'tis well, father, we haul'd the boat ashore before the weather came on; she's safe bestow'd, however, let what will happen.

*Good.* Ay, Philip, we had need be provident: except that poor skiff, my child, what have we left in this world that we can call our own?

*Phil.* To my thoughts now we live as happily in this poor hut, as we did yonder in the great house, when you was 'Squire Belfield's principal tenant, and as topping a farmer as any in the whole county of Cornwall.



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*Good.* Ah, child!

*Phil.* Nay, never droop; to be sure, father, the 'squire has dealt hardly with you, and a mighty point truly he has gained; the ruin of an honest man. If those are to be the uses of a great estate, Heav'n continue me what I am.

*Fanny.* Ay, ay, brother, a good conscience in a coarse drugget is better than an aching heart in a silken gown.

*Good.* Well, children, well, if you can bear misfortunes patiently, 'twere an ill office for me to repine; we have long till'd the earth for a subsistence; now, Philip, we must plough the ocean; in those waves lies our harvest; there, my brave lad, we have an equal inheritance with the best.

*Phil.* True, father, the sea, that feeds us, provides us an habitation here in the hollow of the cliff; I trust, the 'squire will exact no rent for this dwelling ——Alas! that ever two brothers should have been so opposite as our merciless landlord, and the poor young gentleman they say is now dead.

*Good.* Sirrah, I charge you, name not that unhappy youth to me any more; I was endeavouring to forget him and his misfortunes, when the sight of that vessel in distress brought him afresh to my remembrance; for, it seems, he perished by sea: the more shame upon him, whose cruelty and injustice drove him thither; but come—the wind lulls apace; let us launch the boat, and make a trip to yonder vessel: if we can assist in light'ning her, perhaps she may ride it out.

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*Phil.* 'Tis to no purpose; the crew are coming ashore in their boat; I saw them enter the creek.

*Good.* Did you so? Then do you and your sister step into the cabin; make a good fire, and provide such fish and other stores as you have within: I will go down, and meet them: whoever they may be, that have suffered this misfortune on our coasts, let us remember, children, never to regard any man as an enemy, who stands in need of our protection. [*Ex.*

*Phil.* I am strongly tempted to go down to the creek too; if father should light on any mischief——well, for once in my life, I'll disobey him; sister, you can look to matters within doors; I'll go round by the point, and be there as soon as he.

*Fanny.* Do so, Philip; 'twill be best.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

*Re-enter* GOODWIN, *followed by* FRANCIS *and several Sailors, carrying Goods and Chests from the Wreck.*

*Good.* This way, my friends, this way; there's stowage enough within for all your goods.

*Fran.* Come, bear a hand, my brave lads, there's no time to lose; follow that honest man, and set down your chests where he directs you.

*Sail.* Troth, I care not how soon I'm quit of mine; 'tis plaguy heavy. [*Exeunt.*



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## SCENE III.

*Enter other Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* Here's a pretty spot of work! plague on't, what a night has this been! I thought this damn'd lee-shore would catch us at last.

2 *Sail.* Why, 'twas unpossible to claw her off; well, there's an end of her—The Charming Sally privateer!—Poor soul;—a better sea boat never swam upon the salt sea.

3 *Sail.* I knew we should have no luck after we took up that woman there from the packet that sunk along side us.

1 *Sail.* What, Madam Violetta, as they call her? Why, 'tis like enough—But hush, here comes our captain's nephew; he's a brave lad, and a seaman's friend, and, between you and me [*Boatswain's whistle.*] ——But hark, we are call'd——Come along.

[*Exeunt sailors.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter* BELFIELD *Junior, and* FRANCIS.

*Bel. jun.* That ever fortune should cast us upon this coast! Francis.

*Fran.* Sir!

*Bel. jun.* Have the people landed those chests we brought off with us in the boat?

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*Fran.* They have, sir; an old fisherman, whom we met, has shewn us here to a cavern in the cliff, where we have stow'd them all in safety.

*Bel. jun.* That's well. Where's my uncle?

*Fran.* On board; no persuasions can prevail on him to quit the ship, which, he swears, will lift with the tide; his old crony, the master, is with him, and they ply the casks so briskly, that it seems a moot point which fills the fastest, they or the wreck.

*Bel. jun.* Strange insensibility! but you must bring him off by force then, if there is no other way of saving him; I think, o' my conscience, he is as indifferent to danger as the plank he treads on. We are now thrown upon my unnatural brother's estate; that house, Francis, which you see to the left, is his; and what may be the consequence if he and my uncle should meet, I know not; for such has been Captain Ironside's resentment on my account, that he has declared war against the very name of Belfield; and, in one of his whimsical passions, you know, insisted on my laying it aside for ever; so that hitherto I have been known on board by no other name than that of Lewson.

*Fran.* 'Tis true, sir, and I think 'twill be advisable to continue the disguise as long as you can. As for the old captain, from the life he always leads on shore, and his impatience to get on board again, I think 'tis very possible an interview between him and your brother may be prevented.



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*Bel. jun.* I think so too. Go then, Francis, and conduct the old gentleman hither; I see Violetta coming. [*Exit* Francis.] Sure there is something in that woman's story uncommonly mysterious——Of English parents—born in Lisbon—her family and fortune buried in the earthquake——so much she freely tells; but more, I am convinc'd, remains untold, and of a melancholy sort: she has once or twice, as I thought, seem'd dispos'd to unbosom herself to me; but it is so painful to be told of sorrows one hasn't power to relieve, that I have hitherto avoided the discourse.

## *SCENE V.*

*Enter* VIOLETTA.

*Bel. jun.* Well, madam, melancholy still? still that face of sorrow and despair? twice shipwreck'd, and twice rescu'd from the jaws of death, do you regret your preservation; and have I incurr'd your displeasure by prolonging your existence?

*Vio.* Not so, Mr. Lewson; such ingratitude be far from me: can I forget when the vessel, in which I had sailed from Portugal, founder'd by your side, with what noble, what benevolent ardour you flew to my assistance? Regardful only of my safety, your own seem'd no part of your care.

*Bel. jun.* Oh! no more of this; the preservation of a fellow-creature is as natural as self-defence: you now, for the first time in your life, breathe the air of

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England—a rough reception it has given you; but be not therefore discourag'd; our hearts, Violetta, are more accessible than our shores; nor can you find inhospitality in Britain, save in our climate only.

*Vio.* These characteristics of the English may be just; I take my estimate from a less favourable example.

*Bel. jun.* Villany, madam, is the growth of every soil; nor can I, while yonder habitation is in my view, forget that England has given birth to monsters that disgrace humanity; but this I will say for my countrymen, that, where you can point out one rascal with a heart to wrong you, I will produce fifty honest fellows ready and resolute to redress you.

*Vio.* Ah! But on what part of the English coast is it that we are now landed?

*Bel. jun.* On the coast of Cornwall.

*Vio.* Of Cornwall, is it? You seem to know the owner of that house: are you well acquainted with the country hereabouts?

*Bel. jun.* Intimately; it has been the cradle of my infancy, and, with little interruption, my residence ever since.

*Vio.* You are amongst your friends, then, no doubt; how fortunate is it, that you will have their consolation and assistance in your distress.

*Bel. jun.* Madam——

*Vio.* Every moment will bring them down to the very shores; this brave, humane, this hospitable

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people will flock, in crowds, to your relief; your friends, Mr. Lewson——

*Bel. jun.* My friends, Violetta! must I confess it to you, I have no friends—those rocks, that have thus scatter'd my treasure, those waves, that have devour'd them, to me are not so fatal, as hath been that man, whom Nature meant to be my nearest friend.

*Vio.* What, and are you a fellow-sufferer then? Is this the way you reconcile me to your nation? Are these the friends of human kind? Why don't we fly from this ungenerous, this ungrateful country?

*Bel. jun.* Hold, madam; one villain, however base, can no more involve a whole nation in his crimes, than one example, however dignified, can inspire it with his virtues: thank Heaven, the worthless owner of that mansion is yet without a rival.

*Vio.* You have twice directed my attention to that house; 'tis a lovely spot; what pity that so delicious a retirement should be made the residence of so undeserving a being?

*Bel. jun.* It is indeed a charming place, and was once the seat of hospitality and honour; but it's present possessor, Andrew Belfield——Madam, for Heaven's sake what ails you? you seem suddenly disorder'd—Have I said———

*Vio.* No, 'tis nothing; don't regard me, Mr. Lewson; I am weak, and subject to these surprises; I shall be glad, however, to retire.

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*Bel. jun.* A little repose I hope will relieve you; within this hut some accommodation may be found: lean on my arm. [*Leads her to the door of the cabin.*

## *SCENE VI.*

*Enter* GOODWIN.

*Good.* Heaven defend me! do my eyes deceive me 'tis wond'rous like his shape, his air, his look——

*Bel. jun.* What is your astonishment, friend? Do you know me? If it was not for that habit, I should say your name is Goodwin.

*Good.* 'Tis he; he is alive! my dear young master, Mr. Belfield! Yes, sir, my name is Goodwin: however changed my appearance, my heart is still the same, and overflows with joy at this unexpected meeting.

*Bel. jun.* Give me thy hand, my old, my honest friend; and is this sorry hole thy habitation?

*Good.* It is.

*Bel. jun.* The world I see has frown'd on thee since we parted.

*Good.* Yes, sir: but what are my misfortunes? you must have undergone innumerable hardships, and now, at last, shipwreck'd on your own coast! Well, but your vessel is not totally lost, and we will work night and day in saving your effects.

*Bel. jun.* Oh, as for that, the sea gave all, let it take back a part; I have enough on shore not to envy

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my brother his fortune. But there is one blessing, master Goodwin, I own I should grudge him the possession of——There was a young lady——

*Good.* What, sir, haven't you forgot Miss Sophia?

*Bel jun.* Forgot her! my heart trembles while I ask you, if she is indeed, as you call her, Miss Sophia.

*Good.* She is yet unmarried, though every day we expect——

*Bel. jun.* 'Tis enough; Fortune, I acquit thee!—Happy be the winds that threw me on this coast, and blest the rocks that receiv'd me! Let my vessel go to pieces; she has done her part in bearing me hither, while I can cast myself at the feet of my Sophia, recount to her my unabating passion, and have one fair struggle for her heart. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VII.*

*Enter* VIOLETTA.

*Vio.* Once more I am alone. How my heart sunk when Lewson pronounc'd the name of Belfield! It must be he, it must be my false, cruel, yet (spite of all my wrongs) beloved husband: yes, there he lives, each circumstance confirms it; Cornwall, the county; here the sea-coast, and these white craggy cliffs; there the disposition of his seat; the grove, lake, lawn; every feature of the landscape tallies with the descriptions he has given me of it. What shall I do,

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and to whom shall I complain? When Lewson spoke of him, it was with a bitterness that shock'd me; I will not disclose myself to him: by what fell from him, I suspect he is related to Mr. Belfield—But, hush, I talk to these rocks, and forget that they have ears.

*Enter* FANNY.

*Fanny.* Are you any better, madam? Is the air of any service to you?

*Vio.* I am much reliev'd by it: the beauty of that place attracted my attention, and, if you please, we will walk further up the hill to take a nearer view of it. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Part of the crew enter, with* IRONSIDES, *and* SKIFF, *in the midst of them.*

*Omnes.* Huzza, huzza, huzza!

1 *Sail.* Long life to your honour! welcome ashore, noble captain.

2 *Sail.* Avast there, Jack; stand clear, and let his old honour pass; bless his heart, he looks cheerly howsomever; let the world wag as it will, he'll never flinch.

3 *Sail.* Not he! he's true English oak to the heart of him; and a fine old seaman-like figure he is.

*Iron.* Ah, messmates, we're all aground; I have



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been taking a parting cup with the Charming Sally—She's gone; but the stoutest bark must have an end; master here and I did all we could to lighten her; we took leave of her in an officer-like manner.

1 *Sail.* Hang sorrow; we know the worst on't; 'tis only taking a fresh cruize; and, for my part, I'll sail with Captain Ironsides as far as there's water to carry me.

*Omnes.* So we will all.

*Iron.* Say ye so, my hearts; if the wind sits that way, hoist sail, say I; old George will make one amongst you, if that be all; I hate an idle life—So, so: away to your work: to-morrow we'll make a day on't. [*Exeunt sailors.*

## *SCENE IX.*

IRONSIDES *and* SKIFF.

*Iron.* Skiff!

*Skiff.* Here, your honour.

*Iron.* I told you, Skiff, how 'twould be; if you had luff'd up in time, as I would have had you, and not made so free with the land, this mishap had never come to pass.

*Skiff.* Lord love you, Captain Ironsides, 'twas a barrel of beef to a biscuit, the wind had not shifted so direct contrary as it did; who could have thought it?

*Iron.* Why I could have thought it; every body

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could have thought it: do you consider whereabouts you are, mun? Upon the coast of England, as I take it. Every thing here goes contrary both by sea and land——Every thing whips, and chops, and changes about like mad in this country; and the people, I think, are as full of vagaries as the climate.

*Skiff.* Well, I could have swore——

*Iron.* Ay, so you could, Skiff, and so you did, pretty roundly too; but for the good you did by it, you might as well have puff'd a whiff of tobacco in the wind's face.

*Skiff.* Well, captain, though we have lost our ship, we hav'n't lost our all: thank the fates, we've sav'd treasure enough to make all our fortunes notwithstanding.

*Iron.* Fortunes, quotha? What have two such old weather-beaten fellows, as thee and I are, to do with fortune; or, indeed, what has fortune to do with us? Flip and tobacco is the only luxury we have any relish for: had we fine houses, could we live in 'em? a greasy hammock has been our birth for these fifty years; fine horses, could we ride 'em? and as for the fair sex there, that my nephew makes such a pother about, I don't know what thou may'st think of the matter, Skiff; but, for my own part, I should not care if there were no such animals in the creation.



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## SCENE X.

IRONSIDES, SKIFF, *and* BELFIELD *Junior.*

*Bel. jun.* Uncle; what cheer, man?

*Iron.* Oh, Bob, is it thee? whither bound now, my dear boy?

*Bel. jun.* Why, how can you ask such a question? We have landed our treasure, sav'd all our friends, and set foot upon English ground, and what business think you can a young fellow like me have, but one?

*Iron.* Pshaw, you're a fool, Bob; these wenches will be the undoing of you; a plague of 'em altogether, say I; what are they good for, but to spoil company, and keep brave fellows from their duty? O' my conscience, they do more mischief to the king's navy in one twelvemonth, than the French have done in ten; a pack of—but I ha' done with 'em; thank the stars, I ha' fairly wash'd my hands of 'em, I ha' nothing to say to none of 'em.

*Skiff.* Mercy be good unto us! that my wife could but hear your worship talk.

*Bel. jun.* Oh, my dear uncle——

*Iron.* But I'll veer away no more good advice after you, so even drive as you will under your petticoat-sails;—black, brown, fair, or tawny, 'tis all fish that comes in your net: why, where's your reason, Bob, all this here while? Where's your religion, and be damn'd to you?

*Bel. jun.* Come, come, my dear uncle, a truce to

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your philosophy. Go, throw your dollars into yonder ocean, and bribe the tempest to be still; you shall as soon reverse the operations of nature, as wean my heart from my Sophia.

*Iron.* Hold, hold, take me right; if, by Sophia, you mean the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, I don't care if I make one with you; what say'st thou, boy, shall it be so?

*Bel. jun.* So then you think there may be one good woman however?

*Iron.* Just as I think there may be one honest Dutchman, one sober German, or one righteous methodist. Look'e, Bob, so I do but keep single, I have no objection to other people's marrying; but, on these occasions I would manage myself as I would my ship; not by running her into every odd creek and cranny, in the smuggling fashion, as if I had no good credentials to produce; but play fairly and in sight, d'ye see; and whenever a safe harbour opens, stand boldly in, boy, and lay her up snug, in a good birth, once for all.

*Bel. jun.* Come then, uncle, let us about it; and you may greatly favour my enterprize, since you can keep the father and mother in play, while I———

*Iron.* Avast, young man, avast; the father, if you please, without the mother; Sir Benjamin's a passable good companion, for a land-man; but for my lady——I'll have nothing to say to my lady; she's his wife, thank the stars, and not mine.



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*Bel. jun.* Be it as you will; I shall be glad of your company on any terms.

*Iron.* Say no more then. About ship; if you are bound for that port, I'm your mate: master, look to the wreck, I'm for a fresh cruize. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*The Outside of Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE'*s House. Enter* BELFIELD *Senior, and* LUCY WATERS.

*Lucy.*

WHAT, don't I know you; hav'n't you been to me of all mankind the basest?

*Bel. sen.* Not yet, Lucy.

*Lucy.* Sure, Mr. Belfield, you won't pretend to deny it to my face.

*Bel. sen.* To thy face, child, I will not pretend that I can deny any thing; you are much too handsome to be contradicted.

*Lucy.* Pish!

*Bel. sen.* So! so!

*Lucy.* Hav'n't you, faithless as you are, promis'd me marriage over and over again?

*Bel. sen.* Repeatedly.

*Lucy.* And you have now engag'd yourself to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, have you not?

*Bel. sen.* Assuredly.

*Lucy.* Let me demand of you then, Mr. Belfield,

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since you had no honourable designs towards me yourself, why you prevented those of an humbler lover, young Philip, the son of your late tenant, poor Goodwin?

*Bel. sen.* For the very reason you state in your question; because I had no honourable designs, and he had: you disappointed my hopes, and I was resolv'd to defeat his.

*Lucy.* And this you thought reason sufficient to expel his father from your farm; to persecute him and his innocent family till you had accomplish'd their ruin, and driven them to the very brink of the ocean for their habitation and subsistence?

*Bel. sen.* Your questions, Miss Lucy, begin to be impertinent.

*Lucy.* Oh, do they touch you, sir? but I'll waste no more time with you; my business is with your Sophia; here, in the very spot which you hope to make the scene of your guilty triumphs, will I expose you to her; set forth your inhuman conduct to your unhappy brother; and detect the mean artifices you have been driven to, in order to displace him in her affections.

*Bel. sen.* You will?

*Lucy.* I will, be assur'd; so let them pass.

*Bel. sen.* Stay, Lucy, understand yourself a little better; didn't you pretend to Sophia that my brother paid his addresses to you; that he had pledg'd himself to marry you; nay, that he had———



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*Lucy.* Hold, Mr. Belfield, nor further explain a transaction, which, though it reflects shame enough upon me, that was your instrument, ought to cover you, who was principal in the crime, with treble confusion and remorse.

*Bel. sen.* True, child, it was rather a disreputable transaction; and 'tis therefore fit no part of it should rest with me: I shall disavow it altogether.

*Lucy.* Incredible confidence!

*Bel. sen.* We shall see who will meet most belief in the world; you or I; choose, therefore, your part: if you keep my secret, you make me your friend; if you betray it, you have me for your enemy; and a fatal one you shall find me. Now enter, if you think fit; there lies your way to Sophia. [*She goes into the house.*] So! how am I to parry this blow?—what plea shall I use with Sophia?—'twas the ardour of my love——any thing will find pardon with a woman, that conveys flattery to her charms.—After all, if the worst should happen, and I be defeated in this match, so shall I be saved from doing that, which, when done, 'tis probable I may repent of; and I have some intimations from within, which tell me that it will be so: I perceive that, in this life, he who is checked by the rubs of compunction, can never arrive at the summit of prosperity.

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## SCENE II.

*Enter* BELFIELD *Senior, and* PATERSON.

*Pat.* What, melancholy, Mr. Belfield? So near your happiness, and so full of thought?

*Bel. sen.* Happiness, what's that?

*Pat.* I'll tell you, sir; the possession of a lovely girl, with fifty thousand pounds in her lap, and twice fifty thousand virtues in her mind; this I call happiness, as much as mortal man can merit: and this, as I take it, you are destin'd to enjoy.

*Bel. sen.* That is not so certain, Mr. Paterson; would you believe it, that perverse hussy, Lucy Waters, who left me but this minute, threatens to transverse all my hopes, and is gone this instant to Sophia with that resolution?

*Pat.* Impossible! how is Miss Waters provided or provoked to do this?

*Bel. sen.* Why, 'tis a foolish story, and scarce worth relating to you; but you know, when your letters call'd me home from Portugal, I found my younger brother in close attendance on Miss Dove; and, indeed, such good use had the fellow made of his time in my absence, that I found it impossible to counterwork his operations by fair and open approaches; so, to make short of the story, I took this girl, Lucy Waters, into partnership; and, by a happy device, ruin'd him with Sophia.

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*Pat.* This, Mr. Belfield, I neither know, nor wish to know.

*Bel. sen.* Let it pass, then; defeated in these views, my brother, as you know, betook himself to the desperate course of privateering, with that old tar-barrel, my uncle: what may have been his fate, I know not, but I have found it convenient to propagate a report of his death.

*Pat.* I am sorry for it, Mr. Belfield; I wish nothing was convenient that can be thought dishonourable.

*Bel. sen.* Nature, Mr. Paterson, never put into a human composition more candour and credulity than she did into mine; but acquaintance with life has shewn me how impracticable these principles are; to live with mankind, we must live like mankind: was it a world of honesty, I should blush to be a man of art.

*Pat.* And do you dream of ever reaching your journey's end by such crooked paths as these are?

*Bel. sen.* And yet, my most sage moralist, wonderful as it may seem to thee, true it is notwithstanding, that after having threaded all these by-ways and crooked alleys, which thy right-lin'd apprehension knows nothing of; after having driven my rival from the field, and being almost in possession of the spoil, still I feel a repugnance in me that almost tempts me to renounce my good fortune, and abandon a victory I have struggled so hard to obtain.

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*Pat.* I guess'd as much; 'tis your Violetta; 'tis your fair Portuguese that counterworks your good fortune; and, I must own to you, it was principally to save you from that improvident attachment, that I wrote so pressingly for your return; but though I have got your body in safe holding, your heart is still at Lisbon; and if you marry Miss Dove, 'tis because Violetta's fortune was demolished by the earthquake; and Sir Benjamin's stands safe upon *terra firma*.

*Bel. sen.* Pr'ythee, Paterson, don't be too hard upon me: sure you don't suspect that I am married to Violetta.

*Pat.* Married to Violetta! Now you grow much too serious, and 'tis time to put an end to the discourse. [*Exit.*

*Bel. sen.* And you grow much too quick-sighted, Mr. Paterson, for my acquaintance. I think he does not quite suspect me of double dealing in this business; and yet I have my doubts; his reply to my question was equivocal, and his departure abrupt—I know not what to think——This I know, that love is a deity; and avarice a devil; that Violetta is my lawful wife; and that Andrew Belfield is a villain.

[*Exit.*

## *SCENE III.*

PATERSON *passes over the Stage.*

*Pat.* All abroad this fine day—not a creature within doors.

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*Enter* KITTY.

*Kitty.* Mr. Paterson! hist, Mr. Paterson, a word in your ear, sweet sir.

*Pat.* Curse on't, she has caught me—Well, Mrs. Kitty.

*Kitty.* Why, I have been hunting you all the house over; my lady's impatient to see you.

*Pat.* Oh, I'm my Lady Dove's most obedient servant—And what are her ladyship's commands, pray?

*Kitty.* Fye, Mr. Paterson; how should I know what her ladyship wants with you; but a secret it is, no doubt, for she desires you to come to her immediately in the garden, at the bottom of the yew-tree walk, next the warren.

*Pat.* The devil she does!——What a pity it is, Mrs. Kitty, we cann't cure your lady of this turn for solitude; I wish you would go with me; your company, probably, will divert her from her contemplations; besides, I shall certainly mistake the place.

*Kitty.* I go with you, Mr. Paterson! a fine thing truly: I'd have you to know that my character is not to be trusted with young fellows in yew-tree walks, whatever my lady may think of the matter——Besides, I've an assignation in another place. [*Exit.*

*Pat.* What a devilish dilemma am I in! Why, this is a peremptory assignation—Certain it is, there are some ladies that no wise man should be commonly civil to——Here have I been flattering myself that I was stroaking a termagant into humour, and all the

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while have been betraying a tender victim into love. Love, love did I say? her ladyship's passion is a disgrace to the name—But what shall I do?—'tis a pitiful thing to run away from a victory; but 'tis frequently the case in precipitate successes; we conquer more than we have wit to keep, or ability to enjoy.

[*Exit.*

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## *SCENE IV.*

*Changes to the Yew-tree Walk. Enter* BELFIELD *Junior.*

*Bel. jun.* Now could I but meet my Sophia—Where can she have hid herself?—Hush; Lady Dove, as I live.

*Enter Lady* DOVE.

*Lady Dove.* So, Mr. Paterson, you're a pretty gentleman to keep a lady waiting here: why how you stand?—Come, come, I shall expect a very handsome atonement for this indecorum—Why, what, let me look—Ah! who have we here?

*Bel. jun.* A man, madam; and though not your man, yet one as honest and as secret: come, come, my lady, I'm no tell-tale; be you but grateful, this goes no further.

*Lady Dove.* Lost and undone: young Belfield!

*Bel. jun.* The same; but be not alarm'd; we both have our secrets; I am, like you, a votary to love: favour but my virtuous passion for Miss Dove, and

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take you your Paterson; I shall be silent as the grave.

*Lady Dove.* Humph!

*Bel. jun.* Nay, never hesitate; my brother, I know, had your wishes: but wherein has Nature favour'd him more than me? And, since Fortune has now made my scale as heavy as his, why should you partially direct the beam?

*Lady Dove.* Well, if it is so, and that you promise not to betray me——But this accident has so discompos'd me, (plague on't, say I) don't press me any further at present; I must leave you; remember the condition of our agreement, and expect my friendship——Oh, I could tear your eyes out. [*Exit.*

*Bel. jun.* Well, Sir Benjamin, keep your own counsel if you are wise; I'll do as I would be done by; had I such a wife as Lady Dove, I should be very happy to have such a friend as Mr. Paterson. [*Exit.*

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## *SCENE V.*

*Enter* SOPHIA DOVE *and* LUCY WATERS.

*Lucy.* If there is faith in woman, I have seen young Belfield; I have beheld his apparition; for what else could it be?

*Soph.* How; when; where? I shall faint with surprise.

*Lucy.* As I cross'd the yew-tree walk, I saw him pass by the head of the canal towards the house.

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Alas! poor youth, the injuries I have done him have called him from his grave.

*Soph.* Injuries, Miss Waters, what injuries have you done him? Tell me; for therein, perhaps, I may be concerned.

*Lucy.* Deeply concerned you are; with the most penitent remorse I confess it to you, that his affections to you were pure, honest, and sincere. Yes, amiable Sophia, you was unrivall'd in his esteem; and I, who persuaded you to the contrary, am the basest, the falsest of woman kind; every syllable I told you of his engagements to me was a malicious invention: how could you be so blind to your own superiority, to give credit to the imposition, and suffer him to depart without an explanation? Oh, that villain, that villain, his brother, has undone us all.

*Soph.* Villain, do you call him? Whither would you transport my imagination? You hurry me with such rapidity from one surprise to another, that I know not where to fix, how to act, or what to believe.

*Lucy.* Oh, madam, he is a villain, a most accomplish'd one; and, if I can but snatch you from the snare he has spread for you, I hope it will, in some measure, atone for the injuries I have done to you, and to that unhappy youth, who now——O Heavens! I see him again; he comes this way; I cannot endure his sight; alive or dead I must avoid him.

[*Runs out.*



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## SCENE VI.

*Enter* BELFIELD *Junior.*

*Bel. jun.* Adorable Sophia! this transport overpays my labours.

*Soph.* Sir, Mr. Belfield, is it you? Oh, support me!———

*Bel. jun.* With my life, thou loveliest of women! Behold your poor adventurer is returned; happy past compute, if his fate is not indifferent to you; rich beyond measure, if his safety is worthy your concern.

*Soph.* Release me, I beseech you: what have I done! Sure you are too generous to take advantage of my confusion.

*Bel. jun.* Pardon me, my Sophia; the advantages I take from your confusion are not to be purchased by the riches of the East: I would not forego the transport of holding you one minute in my arms for all that wealth and greatness have to give.

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## SCENE VII.

*Enter Lady* DOVE, *while* BELFIELD *Junior is kneeling and embracing* SOPHIA.

*Lady Dove.* Hey-day! what's here to do with you both?

*Soph.* Ah!——— [*Shrieks.*

*Bel. jun.* Confusion! Lady Dove here.



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*Lady Dove.* Yes, sir, Lady Dove is here, and will take care you shall have no more garden dialogues. On your knees too!——(The fellow was not half so civil to me.) Ridiculous! a poor beggarly swabber truly——As for you, Mrs. ——

*Bel. jun.* Hold, madam, as much of your fury and foul language as you please upon me; but not one hard word against that lady, or by Heavens!——

*Lady Dove.* Come, sir, none of your reprobate swearing, none of your sea-noises here; I would my first husband was alive, I would he was for your sake. I am surprised, Miss Dove, you have no more regard for your reputation; a delicate swain truly you have chosen, just thrown ashore from the pitchy bowels of a shipwreck'd privateer. Go, go, get you in, for shame; your father shall know of these goings on, depend on't: as for you, sir——

[*Exit* Sophia.

## *SCENE VIII.*

*As Lady* DOVE *is going out,* BELFIELD *Jun. stops her.*

*Bel. jun.* A word with you, madam; is this fair dealing? What would you have said, if I had broke in thus upon you and Mr. Paterson?

*Lady Dove.* Mr. Paterson! why, you rave; what is it you mean?

*Bel. jun.* Come, come, this is too ridiculous; you know your reputation is in my keeping; call to mind



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what passed between us awhile ago, and the engagement you are under on that account.

*Lady Dove.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Bel. jun.* Very well, truly; and you think to brave this matter out, do you?

*Lady Dove.* Most assuredly; and shall make Sir Benjamin call you to account, if you dare to breathe a word against my reputation: incorrigible coxcomb! to think I would keep any terms with you after such an event. Take my word for it, Belfield, you are come home no wiser than you went out; you missed the only advantage you might have taken of that rencounter, and now I set you at defiance: take heed to what you say, or look to hear from Sir Benjamin.

*Bel. jun.* Oh, no doubt on't: how can Sir Benjamin avoid fighting for your sake, when your ladyship has so liberally equipp'd him with weapons?

[*Exeunt severally.*

## *SCENE IX.*

*A Hall. Enter* JONATHAN *and* FRANCIS.

*Jon.* And so, sir, 'tis just as I tell you; every thing in this family goes according to the will of the lady: for my own part, I am one of those that hate trouble; I swim with the stream, and make my place as easy as I can.

*Fran.* Your looks, Mr. Jonathan, convince me that you live at your ease.

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*Jon.* I do so; and therefore, (in spite of the old proverb, 'Like master, like man') you never saw two people more different than I and Sir Benjamin Dove. He, Lord help him, is a little peaking, puling thing; I am a jolly, portable man, as you see. It so happen'd that we both became widowers at the same time; I knew when I was well, and have continued single ever since. He fell into the clutches of——Hark, sure I hear my lady——

*Fran.* No, it was nothing. When did the poor gentleman light upon this termagant?

*Jon.* Lackaday, 'twas here at the borough of Knavestown, when master had the great contest with 'Squire Belfield, about three years ago: her first husband, Mr. Searcher, was a king's messenger, as they call it, and came down express from a great man about court during the poll; he caught a surfeit, as ill-luck would have it, at the election dinner: and, before he died, his wife, that's now my lady, came down to see him; then it was, master fell in love with her: egad, 'twas the unluckiest job of all his life.

*Sir Ben.* [*Calls without.*] Jonathan! why Jonathan!

*Fran.* Hark, you are called.

*Jon.* Ay, ay, 'tis only my master; my lady tells the servants not to mind what Sir Benjamin says, and I love to do as I am bid.

*Fran.* Well, honest Jonathan, if you won't move, I must; by this time I hope my young master is happy with your young mistress. [*Exit.*



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## SCENE X.

*Enter Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE

*Sir Ben.* Why, Jonathan, I say. Oh, are you here? Why cou'dn't you come when I call'd you?

*Jon.* Lackaday, sir, you don't consider how much easier it is for you to call, than me to come.

*Sir Ben.* I think, honest Jonathan, when I first knew you, you was a parish orphan; I 'prentic'd you out; you run away from your master; I took you into my family; you married; I set you up in a farm of my own, stock'd it; you paid me no rent: I receiv'd you again into my service, or rather, I should say, my lady's. Are these things so, or does my memory fail me, Jonathan?

*Jon.* Why, to be sure, I partly remember somewhat of what your worship mentions.

*Sir Ben.* If you partly remember something of all this, Jonathan, don't entirely forget to come when I call.

*Iron.* [*Without.*] Hoy there! within! what nobody stirring! all hands asleep! all under the hatches!

*Sir Ben.* Hey-day, who the dickens have we got here?—Old Captain Ironsides as I am a sinner; who could have thought of this?—Run to the door, good Jonathan—nay, hold, there's no escaping now:—— What will become of me?—he'll ruin every thing; and throw the whole house into confusion.

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*Enter Captain* IRONSIDES.

*Iron.* What, Sir Ben! my little knight of Malta! give me a buss, my boy. Hold, hold, sure I'm out of my reckoning: let me look a little nearer; why, what mishap has befallen you, that you heave out these signals of distress.

*Sir Ben.* I'm heartily glad to see thee, my old friend; but a truce to your sea-phrases, for I don't understand them: What signals of distress have I about me?

*Iron.* Why, that white flag there at your main top-mast head: in plain English, what dost do with that clout about thy pate?

*Sir Ben.* Clout, do you call it? 'Tis a little *en dishabille*, indeed: but there's nothing extraordinary, I take it, in a man's wearing his gown and cap in a morning; 'tis the dress I usually choose to study in.

*Iron.* And this hall is your library, is it? Ah! my old friend, my old friend! But, come, I want to have a little chat with you, and thought to have dropt in at pudding-time, as they say; for though it may be morning with thee, Sir Ben, 'tis mid-day with the rest of the world.

*Sir Ben.* Indeed, is it so late?——But I was fallen upon an agreeable *tête à tête* with Lady Dove, and hardly knew how the time passed.

*Iron.* Come, come, 'tis very clear how your time has passed; but what occasion is there for this fellow's

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being privy to our conversation—Why don't the lubber stir? What does the fat lazy oaf stand staring at?

*Sir Ben.* What shall I say now?——Was ever any thing so distressing?——Why, that's Jonathan, captain; don't you remember your old friend Jonathan?

*Jon.* I hope your honour's in good health; I'm glad to see your honour come home again.

*Iron.* Honest Jonathan, I came to visit your master, and not you; if you'll go and hasten dinner, and bring Sir Benjamin his periwig and clothes, you'll do me a very acceptable piece of service; for, to tell you the truth, my friend, I hav'n't had a comfortable meal of fresh provision this many a day.

[*Exit* Jonathan.

*Sir Ben.* 'Foregad, you're come to the wrong house to find one. [*Aside.*

*Iron.* And so, Sir Knight, knowing I was welcome, and having met with a mishap here, upon your coast, I am come to taste your good cheer, and pass an evening with you over a tiff of punch.

*Sir Ben.* The devil you are! [*Aside.*] This is very kind of you: there is no man in England, Captain Ironsides, better pleas'd to see his friends about him than I am.

*Iron.* Ay, ay, if I didn't think I was welcome, I shou'dn't ha' come.

*Sir Ben.* You may be assur'd you are welcome.

*Iron.* I am assur'd.

*Sir Ben.* You are, by my soul: take my word for it, you are.

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*Iron.* Well, well, what need of all this ceremony about a meal's meat? Who doubts you?

*Sir Ben.* You need not doubt me, believe it; I'll only step out, and ask my lady what time she has order'd dinner; or whether she has made any engagement I'm not appriz'd of.

*Iron.* No, no; engagement!——How can that be, and you in this pickle?——Come, come, sit down; dinner won't come the quicker for your enquiry: and now tell me, how does my god-daughter Sophia?

*Sir Ben.* Thank you heartily, captain, my daughter's well in health.

*Iron.* That's well; and how fares your fine new wife?——How goes on matrimony?—Fond as ever, my little amorous Dove; always billing, always cooing?

*Sir Ben.* No, captain, no; we are totally alter'd in that respect; we shew no fondness now before company; my lady is so delicate in that particular, that, from the little notice she takes of me in public, you would scarce believe we were man and wife.

*Iron.* Ha, ha, ha! why, 'tis the very circumstance that would confirm it; but I'm glad to hear it; for of all things under the sun, I most nauseate your nuptial familiarities; and tho' you remember I was fool enough to dissuade you from this match, I'm rejoic'd to hear you manage so well and so wisely.

*Sir Ben.* No man happier in this life, captain, no man happier; one thing is only wanting; had the kind stars but crown'd our endearments——

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*Iron.* What, my lady don't breed then?

*Sir Ben.* Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake, don't speak so loud; should my lady overhear you, it might put strange things into her head;—oh! she is a lady of delicate spirits; tender nerves, quite weak and tender nerves; a small matter throws her down; gentle as a lamb; starts at a straw; speak loud, and it destroys her: oh! my friend, you are not us'd to deal with women's constitutions; these hypocondriac cases require a deal of management; 'tis but charity to humour them, and you cannot think what pains it requires to keep them always quiet and in temper.

*Iron.* Ay, like enough, but here comes my lady, and in excellent temper, if her looks don't belie her.

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## *SCENE XI.*

*Enter Lady* DOVE.

*Lady Dove.* What's to do now, Sir Benjamin?—— What's the matter that you send for your clothes in such a hurry? Cann't you be contented to remain as you are? Your present dress is well enough to stay at home in, and I don't know that you have any call out of doors.

*Iron.* Gentle as a lamb, Sir Benjamin.

*Sir Ben.* This attention of yours, my dear, is beyond measure flattering! I am infinitely beholden to you; but you are so taken up with your concern on

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my account, that you overlook our old friend and neighbour, Captain Ironsides.

*Lady Dove.* Sir Benjamin, you make yourself quite ridiculous: this folly is not to be endur'd; you are enough to tire the patience of any woman living.

*Sir Ben.* She's quite discompos'd, all in a flutter for fear I should take cold by changing my dress.

*Iron.* Yes, I perceive she has exceeding weak nerves. You are much in the right to humour her.

*Lady Dove.* Sir Benjamin Dove, if you mean that I should stay a minute longer in this house, I insist upon your turning that old porpoise out of it: is it not enough to bring your nauseous sea companions within these doors, but must I be compell'd to entertain 'em? Foh! I shan't get the scent of his tar-jacket out of my nostrils this fortnight.

*Sir Ben.* Hush, my dear lady Dove, for Heaven's sake, don't shame and expose me in this manner; how can I possibly turn an honest gentleman out of my doors, who has given me no offence in life?

*Lady Dove.* Marry, but he has though, and great offence too; I tell you, Sir Benjamin, you are made a fool of.

*Sir Ben.* Nay, now, my dear sweet love, be compos'd.

*Lady Dove.* Yes, forsooth, and let a young rambling raking prodigal run away with your daughter.

*Sir Ben.* How, what!

*Lady Dove.* A fine thing, truly, to be compos'd——

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*Iron.* Who is it your ladyship suspects of such a design?

*Lady Dove.* Who, sir? why, who but your nephew Robert? You flatter'd us with a false hope he was dead; but, to our sorrow, we find him alive, and return'd: and now you are cajoling this poor simple unthinking man, while your wild Indian, your savage there, is making off with his daughter.

*Sir Ben.* Mercy on us! what am I to think of all this?

*Iron.* What are you to think! Why, that it is a lie; that you are an ass; and that your wife is a termagant. My nephew is a lad of honour, and scorns to run away with any man's daughter, or wife either, tho' I think, there's little danger of that here—As for me, sooner than mess with such a vixen, I'd starve: and so, Sir Benjamin, I wish you a good stomach to your dinner. [*Exit.*

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## *SCENE XII.*

*Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE *and Lady* DOVE.

*Lady Dove.* Insolent, unmannerly brute, was ever the like heard? And you to stand tamely by: I declare I've a great mind to raise the servants upon him, since I have no other defenders. Thus am I for ever treated by your scurvy companions.

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*Sir Ben.* Be pacified, my dear, am I in fault? But for Heaven's sake, what is become of my daughter?

*Lady Dove.* Yes, you can think of your daughter; but she is safe enough for this turn; I have taken care of her for one while, and thus I am rewarded for it. Am I a vixen, am I a termagant? Oh, had my first husband, had my poor, dear, dead Mr. Searcher heard such a word, he would have rattled him——But he—What do I talk of? he was a man: yes, yes, he was, indeed, a man——As for you——

*Sir Ben.* Strain the comparison no farther, Lady Dove; there are particulars, I dare say, in which I fall short of Mr. Searcher.

*Lady Dove.* Short of him! I'll tell you what, Sir Benjamin, I valued the dear greyhound that hung at his button-hole more than I do all the foolish trinkets your vanity has lavish'd on me.

*Sir Ben.* Your ladyship, doubtless, was the paragon of wives: I well remember, when the poor man laid ill at my borough of Knavestown, how you came flying on the wings of love, by the Exeter waggon, to visit him before he died.

*Lady Dove.* I understand your sneer, sir, and I despise it: there is one condition only upon which you may regain my forfeited opinion; young Belfield, who, with this old fellow, has designs in hand of a dangerous nature, has treated me with an indignity still greater than what you have now been a witness to. Shew yourself a man upon this occasion, Sir Benjamin.



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*Sir Ben.* Any thing, dearest, for peace sake.

*Lady Dove.* Peace sake! It is war, and not peace, which I require——But come, if you will walk this way, I'll lay the matter open to you. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The Sea-shore before* GOODWIN's *Cabin.* *Enter* VIOLETTA *and* FANNY.

*Violetta.*

AND when is this great match of Mr. Belfield's to be?

*Fanny.* Alas! madam, we look to hear of it every day.

*Vio.* You seem to consider this event, child, as a misfortune to yourself: however others may be affected by Mr. Belfield's marrying Miss Dove, to you I conceive it must be matter of indifference.

*Fanny.* I have been taught, madam, to consider no event as matter of indifference to me, by which good people are made unhappy. Miss Sophy is the best young lady living; Mr. Belfield is———

*Vio.* Hold, Fanny; do step into the house; in my writing-box you will find a letter seal'd, but without a direction, bring it to me. [*Exit* Fanny.] I have been writing to this base man, for I want fortitude to support an interview. What, if I unbosom'd myself to this girl, and intrusted the letter to her convey-

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ance? She seems exceedingly honest, and, for one of so mean a condition, uncommonly sensible; I think I may safely confide in her.——Well, Fanny.

*Enter* FANNY.

*Fanny.* Here is your letter, madam.

*Vio.* I thank you; I trouble you too much; but thou art a good-natur'd girl, and your attention to me shall not go unrewarded.

*Fanny.* I am happy to wait upon you; I wish I could do or say any thing to divert you; but my discourse cann't be very amusing to a lady of your sort; and talking of this wedding seems to have made you more melancholy than you was before.

*Vio.* Come hither, child; you have remarked my disquietude, I will now disclose to you the occasion of it: you seem interested for Miss Dove; I too am touch'd with her situation: you tell me she is the best young lady living.

*Fanny.* Oh! madam, if it were possible for an angel to take a human shape, she must be one.

*Vio.* 'Tis very well; I commend your zeal; you are speaking now of the qualities of her mind.

*Fanny.* Not of them alone; she has not only the virtues, but the beauties of an angel.

*Vio.* Indeed! Pray tell me, is she so very handsome?

*Fanny.* As fine a person as you could wish to see.

*Vio.* Tall?

*Fanny.* About your size, or rather taller.



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*Vio.* Fair, or dark complexion?

*Fanny.* Of a most lovely complexion, 'tis her greatest beauty, and all pure nature, I'll be answerable; then her eyes are so soft, and so smiling; and, as for her hair——

*Vio.* Hey-day! why, where are you rambling, child? I am satisfied; I make no doubt she is a consummate beauty, and that Mr. Belfield loves her to distraction. [*Aside.*] I don't like this girl so well as I did; she is a great talker; I am glad I did not disclose my mind to her; I'll go in and determine on some expedient. [*Exit.*

*Fanny.* Alas! poor lady! as sure as can be she has been cross'd in love; nothing in this world besides could make her so miserable; but sure I see Mr. Francis; if falling in love leads to such misfortunes, 'tis fit I should get out of his way. [*Exit.*

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## *SCENE II.*

*Enter* FRANCIS *and* PHILIP.

*Fran.* Wasn't that your sister, Philip, that ran into the cabin?

*Phil.* I think it was.

*Fran.* You've made a good day's work on't: the weather coming about so fair, I think we've scarce lost any thing of value but the ship; didn't you meet the old captain as you came down to the creek?

*Phil.* I did; he has been at Sir Benjamin Dove's

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here, at Cropley Castle, and is come back in a curious humour.

*Fran.* So! so! I attended my young master thither at the same time; how came they not to return together?

*Phil.* That I cann't tell.—Come, let's go in and refresh ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*Enter* SOPHIA DOVE *and* LUCY WATERS.

*Soph.* Indeed, and indeed, Miss Lucy Waters, these are strong facts which you tell me; and, I do believe, no prudent woman would engage with a man of Mr. Andrew Belfield's disposition: but what course am I to follow; and how am I to extricate myself from the embarrassments of my situation?

*Lucy.* Truly, madam, you have but one refuge that I know of.

*Soph.* And that lies in the arms of a young adventurer. O Lucy, Lucy, this is a flattering prescription; calculated rather to humour the patient, than to remove the disease.

*Lucy.* Nay, but if there is a necessity for your taking this step———

*Soph.* Ay, necessity is grown strangely commodious of late, and always compels us to do the very thing we have most a mind to.

*Lucy.* Well, madam, but common humanity to



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young Mr. Belfield——You must allow he has been hardly treated.

*Soph.* By me, Lucy?

*Lucy.* Madam!——No, madam, not by you; but 'tis charity to heal the wounded, though you have not been a party in the fray.

*Soph.* I grant you!——You are a true female philosopher; you would let charity recommend you a husband, and a husband recommend you to charity—But I won't reason upon the matter; at least, not in the humour I am now; nor at this particular time: no, Lucy, nor in this particular spot; for here it was, at this very hour yesterday evening, young Belfield surprised me.

*Lucy.* And see, madam, punctual to the same lucky moment he comes again; let him plead his own cause; you need fear no interruption; my lady has too agreeable an engagement of her own, to endeavour at disturbing those of other people. [*Exit* Lucy.

## *SCENE IV.*

*Enter* BELFIELD *Junior.*

*Bel. jun.* Have I then found thee, loveliest of women? O! Sophia, report has struck me to the heart; if, as I am told, to-morrow gives you to my brother, this is the last time I am ever to behold you.

*Soph.* Why so, Mr. Belfield? Why should our separation be a necessary consequence of our alliance?

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*Bel. jun.* Because I have been ambitious, and cannot survive the pangs of disappointment.

*Soph.* Alas! poor man! but you know where to bury your disappointments; the sea is still open to you; and, take my word for it, Mr. Belfield, the man who can live three years, ay, or three months, in separation from the woman of his heart, need be under no apprehensions for his life, let what will befall her.

*Bel. jun.* Cruel, insulting Sophia! when I last parted from you, I flatter'd myself I had left some impression on your heart——But in every event of my life, I meet a base, injurious brother; the everlasting bar to my happiness—I can support it no longer; and Mr. Belfield, madam, never can, never shall be yours.

*Soph.* How, sir! never shall be mine? What do you tell me? There is but that man on earth with whom I can be happy; and if my fate is such, that he is never to be mine, the world, and all that it contains, will for ever after be indifferent to me.

*Bel. jun.* I have heard enough; farewell!

*Soph.* Farewell, sagacious Mr. Belfield; the next fond female, who thus openly declares herself to you, will, I hope, meet with a more gallant reception than I have done.

*Bel. jun.* How, what! is't possible? O Heavens!

*Soph.* What, you've discover'd it at last? Oh, fie upon you!

*Bel. jun.* Thus, thus, let me embrace my unexpect-



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ted blessing: come to my heart, my fond, o'erflowing heart, and tell me once again that my Sophia will be only mine.

*Soph.* O man, man! all despondency one moment, all rapture the next. No question now, but you conceive every difficulty surmounted, and that we have nothing to do but to run into each other's arms, make a fashionable elopement, and be happy for life; and I must own to you, Belfield, was there no other condition of our union, even this project should not deter me; but I have better hopes, provided you will be piloted by me; for believe me, my good friend, I am better acquainted with this coast than you are.

*Bel. jun.* I doubt not your discretion, and shall implicitly surrender myself to your guidance.

*Soph.* Give me a proof of it then by retreating from this place immediately; 'tis my father's hour for walking, and I would not have you meet; besides, your brother is expected.

*Bel. jun.* Ay, that brother, my Sophia, that brother brings vexation and regret whenever he is named; but I hope I need not dread a second injury in your esteem; and yet I know not how it is, but if I were addicted to superstition———

*Soph.* And if I were addicted to anger, I should quarrel with you for not obeying my injunctions with more readiness.

*Bel. jun.* I will obey thee, and yet 'tis difficult——Those lips, which thus have blest me, cannot dismiss me without———

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*Soph.* Nay, Mr. Belfield, don't you——well then ——mercy upon us! who's coming here?

*Bel. jun.* How, oh, yes! never fear; 'tis a friend; 'tis Violetta; 'tis a lady that I——

*Soph.* That you what, Mr. Belfield?——What lady is it? I never saw her in my life before.

*Bel. jun.* No, she is a foreigner, born in Portugal, though of an English family: the packet in which she was coming to England founder'd along-side of our ship, and I was the instrument of saving her life: I interest myself much in her happiness, and I beseech you, for my sake, to be kind to her. [*Exit.*

*Soph.* He interests himself much in her happiness; he beseeches me, for his sake, to be kind to her—— What am I to judge of all this?

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## *SCENE V.*

*Enter* VIOLETTA.

*Vio.* Madam, I ask pardon for this intrusion; but I have business with you of a nature that——I presume I'm not mistaken, you are the young lady I have been directed to, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove?

*Soph.* I am, madam; but won't you please to repose yourself in the house? I understand you are a stranger in this country. May I beg to know what commands you have for me? Mr. Belfield has made

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me acquainted with some circumstances relative to your story: and, for his sake, madam, I shall be proud to render you any service in my power.

*Vio.* For Mr. Belfield's sake, did you say, madam? Has Mr. Belfield named me to you, madam?

*Soph.* Is there any wonder in that, pray?

*Vio.* No, none at all. If any man else, such confidence would surprise me; but in Mr. Belfield 'tis natural; there is no wondering at what he does.

*Soph.* You must pardon me: I find we think differently of Mr. Belfield. He left me but this minute, and in the kindest terms recommended you to my friendship.

*Vio.* 'Twas he then that parted from you as I came up; I thought so; but I was too much agitated to observe him—and I am confident he is too guilty to dare to look upon me.

*Soph.* Why so, madam? For Heaven's sake, inform me what injuries you have received from Mr. Belfield; I must own to you, I am much interested in finding him to be a man of honour.

*Vio.* I know your situation, madam, and I pity it; Providence has sent me here, in time, to save you, and to tell you———

*Soph.* What? To tell me what? Oh! speak, or I shall sink with apprehension.

*Vio.* To tell you, that he is——my husband.

*Soph.* Husband! your husband? What do I hear? Ungenerous, base, deceitful Belfield! I thought he

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seem'd confounded at your appearance; every thing confirms his treachery; and I cannot doubt the truth of what you tell me.

*Vio.* A truth it is, madam, that I must ever reflect on with the most sorrowful regret.

*Soph.* Come, let me beg you to walk towards the house: I ask no account of this transaction of Mr. Belfield's; I would fain banish his name from my memory for ever, and you shall this instant be a witness to his peremptory dismission. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VI.*

*Enter* BELFIELD *Junior, and* PATERSON.

*Bel. jun.* And so, sir, these are her ladyship's commands, are they?

*Pat.* This is what I am commission'd by Lady Dove to tell you: what report shall I make to her?

*Bel. jun.* Even what you please, Mr. Paterson; mould it and model it to your liking; put as many palliatives, as you think proper, to sweeten it to her ladyship's taste; so you do but give her to understand that I neither can, nor will abandon my Sophia.—— Cease to think of her, indeed!—What earthly power can exclude her idea from my thoughts? I am surpris'd Lady Dove should think of sending me such a message; and I wonder, sir, that you should consent to bring it.

*Pat.* Sir!——

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*Bel. jun.* Nay, Mr. Paterson, don't assume such a menacing air; nor practise on my temper too far in this business; I know both your situation and my own; consider, sir, mine is a cause that would animate the most dastardly spirit; yours is enough to damp the most courageous. [*Exit.*

*Pat.* A very short and sententious gentleman: but there is truth in this remark; mine is but a sorry commission, after all; the man's in the right to fight for his mistress; she's worth the venture; and if there were no way else to be quit of mine, I should be in the right to fight too: egad, I don't see why aversion shou'dn't make me as desperate as love makes him. Hell and fury! here comes my Venus.

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## *SCENE VII.*

*Enter Lady* Dove.

*Lady Dove.* Well, Paterson, what says the fellow to my message?

*Pat.* Savs, madam! I'm asham'd to tell you what he says: he's the arrantest boatswain that ever I conversed with.

*Lady Dove.* But tell me what he says.

*Pat.* Every thing that scandal and scurrillity can utter against you.

*Lady Dove.* Against me! What could he say against me?

*Pat.* Modesty forbids me to tell you.

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*Lady Dove.* Oh! the vile reprobate! I, that have been so guarded in my conduct, so discreet in my partialities, as to keep 'em secret, even from my own husband; but, I hope, he didn't venture to abuse my person.

*Pat.* No, madam, no; had he proceeded to such lengths, I cou'dn't in honour have put up with it; I hope I have more spirit than to suffer any reflection upon your ladyship's personal accomplishments.

*Lady Dove.* Well; but did you say nothing in defence of my reputation?

*Pat.* Nothing.

*Lady Dove.* No!

*Pat.* Not a syllable! Trust me for that; 'tis the wisest way upon all tender topics to be silent; for he who takes upon him to defend a lady's reputation, only publishes her favours to the world; and, therefore, I would always leave that office to a husband.

*Lady Dove.* 'Tis true; and, if Sir Benjamin had any heart——

*Pat.* Come, come, my dear lady, don't be too severe upon Sir Benjamin; many men of no better appearance than Sir Benjamin have shewn themselves perfect heroes: I know a whole family, that, with the limbs of ladies, have the hearts of lions.——Who can tell but your husband may be one of this sort?

*Lady Dove.* Ah!——

*Pat.* Well, but try him; tell him how you have been used, and see what his spirit will prompt him to do.——Apropos! here the little gentleman comes;



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if he won't fight, 'tis but what you expect; if he will, who can tell where a lucky arrow may hit? [*Exit.*

## *SCENE VIII.*

*Enter Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE.

*Lady Dove.* Sir Benjamin, I want to have a little discourse in private with you.

*Sir Ben.* With me, my lady?

*Lady Dove.* With you, Sir Benjamin; 'tis upon a matter of a very serious nature; pray sit down by me; I don't know how it is, my dear, but I have observ'd of late, with much concern, a great abatement in your regard for me.

*Sir Ben.* Oh; fie, my lady, why do you think so? What reason have you for so unkind a suspicion?

*Lady Dove.* 'Tis in vain for you to deny it; I am convinc'd you have done loving me.

*Sir Ben.* Well, now, I vow, my dear, as I am a sinner, you do me wrong.

*Lady Dove.* Look'e, Sir Benjamin, love like mine is apt to be quick-sighted; and, I am persuaded, I am not deceiv'd in my observation.

*Sir Ben.* Indeed, and indeed, my Lady Dove, you accuse me wrongfully.

*Lady Dove.* Mistake me not, my dear, I do not accuse you; I accuse myself; I am sensible there are faults and imperfections in my temper.

*Sir Ben.* Oh! trifles, my dear; mere trifles.

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*Lady Dove.* Come, come, I know you have led but an uncomfortable life of late, and, I am afraid, I have been innocently, in some degree, the cause of it.

*Sir Ben.* Far be it from me to contradict your ladyship, if you are pleas'd to say so.

*Lady Dove.* I am sure it has been as I say; my over-fondness for you has been troublesome and vexatious; you hate confinement, I know you do; you are a man of spirit, and form'd to figure in the world.

*Sir Ben.* Oh! you flatter me.

*Lady Dove.* Nay, nay, there's no disguising it; you sigh for action; your looks declare it: this alteration in your habit and appearance puts it out of doubt; there is a certain quickness in your eye; 'twas the first symptom that attracted my regards; and, I am mistaken, Sir Benjamin, if you don't possess as much courage as any man.

*Sir Ben.* Your ladyship does me honour.

*Lady Dove.* I do you justice, Sir Benjamin.

*Sir Ben.* Why, I believe, for the matter of courage, I have as much as my neighbours; but 'tis of a strange perverse quality; for as some spirits rise with the difficulties they are to encounter, my courage, on the contrary, is always greatest when there is least call for it.

*Lady Dove.* Oh! you shall never make me believe this, Sir Benjamin; you cou'dn't bear to see me ill used, I'm positive you cou'dn't.



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*Sir Ben.* 'Tis as well, however, not to be too sure of that. [*Aside.*

*Lady Dove.* You cou'dn't be so mean-spirited, as to stand by and hear your poor dear wife abus'd and insulted, and——

*Sir Ben.* Oh! no, by no means, 'twould break my heart; but who has abus'd you and insulted you, and——

*Lady Dove.* Who? Why, this young Belfield that I told you of.

*Sir Ben.* Oh! never listen to him; a woman of your years should have more sense than to mind what such idle young fleerers can say of you.

*Lady Dove.* [*Rising.*] My years, Sir Benjamin!—— Why, you are more intolerable than he is; but let him take his course; let him run away with your daughter; it shall be no further concern of mine to prevent him.

*Sir Ben.* No, my dear, I have done that effectually.

*Lady Dove.* How so, pray?

*Sir Ben.* By taking care he sha'n't run away with my estate at the same time. Some people lock their daughters up to prevent their eloping; I've gone a wiser way to work with mine, let her go loose, and lock'd up her fortune.

*Lady Dove* And, o' my conscience, I believe you mean to do the same by your wife; turn her loose upon the world, as you do your daughter; leave her to the mercy of every free-booter; let her be vilified and abused; her honour, her reputation, mangled and

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torn by every paltry privateering fellow that fortune casts upon your coasts.

*Sir Ben.* Hold, my lady, hold! young Belfield didn't glance at your reputation, I hope; did he?

*Lady Dove.* Indeed but he did though, and therein I think every wife has a title to her husband's protection.

*Sir Ben.* True, my dear, 'tis our duty to plead, but yours to provide us with the brief.

*Lady Dove.* There are some insults, Sir Benjamin, that no man of spirit ought to put up with; and the imputation of being made a wittol of, is the most unpardonable of any.

*Sir Ben.* Right, my dear, even truth you know is not to be spoke at all times.

*Lady Dove.* How, sir, would you insinuate any thing to the disparagement of my fidelity? but choose your side, quarrel you must, either with him or with me.

*Sir Ben.* Oh! if that's the alternative, what a deal of time have we wasted!——Step with me into my library, and I'll pen him a challenge immediately.

[*Exeunt.*



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## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*The Cabin, with a view of the sea, as before. Enter* PHILIP *and* LUCY WATERS.

***Philip.***

How I have loved you, Lucy, and what I have suffered on your account, you know well enough; and you shou'dn't now, when I am struggling to forget you, come to put me in mind of past afflictions: go, go, leave me: I pray you leave me.

*Lucy.* Nay, Philip, but hear me.

*Phil.* Hear you, ungrateful girl; you know it has been all my delight to hear you, to see you, and to sit by your side; for hours have I done it; for whole days together: but those days are past; I must now labour for my livelihood; and, if you rob me of my time, you wrong me of my subsistence.

*Lucy.* O! Philip, I am undone if you don't protect me.

*Phil.* Ah! Lucy, that, I fear, is past prevention.

*Lucy.* No, Philip, no, I am innocent; and therefore, persecuted by the most criminal of men: I have disclosed all Mr. Belfield's artifices to Miss Sophia, and now am terrified to death; I saw him follow me out of the Park, as I was coming hither, and I dare not return home alone; indeed, Philip, I dare not.

*Phil.* Well, Lucy, step in with me, and fear nothing; I see the 'squire is coming.—He who can re-

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fuse his protection to a woman, may he never taste the blessings a woman can bestow! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* BELFIELD *Senior.*

*Bel. sen.* Ay, 'tis she! Confusion follow her! How perversely has she travers'd my projects with Sophia! —By all that's resolute, I'll be reveng'd.—My brother too return'd——Vexatious circumstance! there am I foil'd again——Since first I stepp'd out of the path of honour, what have I obtain'd?—O treachery! treachery! if thou canst not in this world make us happy, better have remain'd that dull formal thing, an honest man, and trusted to what the future might produce.

*Enter* PHILIP.

*Bel. sen.* So, fellow, who are you?

*Phil.* A man, sir; an honest man.

*Bel. sen.* A saucy one, methinks.

*Phil.* The injurious are apt to think so; however, I ask pardon: as your riches make you too proud, my honesty perhaps makes me too bold.

*Bel. sen.* O! I know you now; you are son to that old fellow I thought proper to discharge from my farm; please to betake yourself from the door of your cabin; there's a young woman within I must have a word with.

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*Phil.* If 'tis Lucy Waters you would speak with—

*Bel sen.* If, rascal! It is Lucy Waters that I would speak with; that I will speak with; and, spite of your insolence, compel to answer whatever I please to ask, and go with me wherever I please to carry her.

*Phil.* Then, sir, I must tell you, poor as I am, she is under my protection: you see, sir, I am arm'd; you have no right to force an entrance here; and, while I have life, you never shall.

*Bel. sen.* Then be it at your peril, villain, if you oppose me. [*They fight.*

*Enter* PATERSON, *who beats down their swords.*

*Pat.* For shame, Mr. Belfield! what are you about? Tilting with this peasant.

*Bel. sen.* Paterson, stand off.

*Pat.* Come, come, put up your sword.

*Bel. sen.* Damnation, sir! what do you mean? Do you turn against me?—Give way, or by my soul, I'll run you through.

*Enter Captain* IRONSIDES, *and* SKIFF.

*Iron.* Hey-day, what the devil ails you all? I thought the whole ship's company had sprung a mutiny.—Master and I were taking a nap together for good fellowship; and you make such a damn'd clattering and clashing, there's no sleeping in peace for you.

*Bel. sen.* Come, Mr. Paterson, will you please to bear me company, or stay with your new acquaintance?

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*Iron.* Oh ho! my righteous nephew, is it you that are kicking up this riot? Why, you ungracious profligate, would you murder an honest lad in the door of his own house?—his castle—his castellum——Are these your fresh-water tricks?

*Bel. sen.* Your language, Captain Ironsides, savours strongly of your profession; and I hold both you, your occupation, and opinion, equally vulgar and contemptible.

*Pat.* Come, Mr. Belfield, come: for Heaven's sake let us go home.

*Iron.* My profession! Why, what have you to say to my profession, you unsanctified whelp you? I hope 'tis an honest vocation to fight the enemies of one's country; you, it seems, are for murdering the friends; I trust, it is not for such a skip-jack as thee art to fleer at my profession. Master, did'st ever hear the like?

*Skiff.* Never, captain, never; for my own part, I am one of few words; but, for my own part, I always thought, that to be a brave seaman, like your honour, was the greatest title an Englishman can wear.

*Iron.* Why so it is, Skiff: ahem!

*Bel. sen.* Well, sir, I leave you to the enjoyment of your honours; so your servant. Sirrah, I shall find a time for you. [Belfield *is going out.*

*Iron.* Hark'e, sir, come back, one more word with you.

*Bel. sen.* Well, sir——

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*Iron.* Your father was an honest gentleman: your mother, tho' I say it that should not say it, was an angel; my eyes ache when I speak of her: ar'n't you asham'd, sirrah, to disgrace such parents? My nephew Bob, your brother, is as honest a lad, and as brave, as ever stept between stem and stern; a' has a few faults indeed, as who is free? But you, Andrew, you are as false as a quick-sand, and as full of mischief as a fire-ship.

*Bel. sen.* Captain Ironsides, I have but little time to bestow on you; if you have nothing else to entertain me with, the sooner we part the better.

*Iron.* No, sir, one thing more, and I have done with you; they tell me you're parliament-man here for the borough of Knavestown: the lord have mercy upon the nation, when such fellows as thou art are to be our law-makers——For my own part, I can shift; I'll take shipping, and live in Lapland, and be dry-nurse to a bear, rather than dwell in a country where I am to be govern'd by such a thing as thou art.

*Bel. sen.* By your manners I should guess you had executed that office already; however, lose no time, fit out a new Charming Sally, and set sail for Lapland: 'tis the properest place for you to live in, and a bear the fittest companion for you to keep.

[*Exeunt* Belfield *and* Paterson.

*Iron.* Hark'e, Philip, I forgot to ask what all this stir was about?

*Phil.* Sir, if you please to walk in, I will inform you.

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*Iron.* With all my heart. A pragmatical, impertinent coxcomb! Come, master, we'll fill a pipe, and hear the lad's story within doors. I never yet was asham'd of my profession, and I'll take care my profession shall have no reason to be asham'd of me.

[*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE III.*

*Enter* BELFIELD *Junior, and* SOPHIA.

*Bel. jun.* Madam, madam, will you not vouchsafe to give me a hearing?

*Soph.* Unless you could recall an act no earthly power can cancel, all attempt at explanation is vain.

*Bel. jun.* Yet, before we part for ever, obstinate, inexorable Sophia, tell me what is my offence.

*Soph.* Answer yourself that question, Mr. Belfield; consult your own heart, consult your Violetta.

*Bel. jun.* Now, on my life, she's meanly jealous of Violetta: that grateful woman has been warm in her commendations of me, and her distemper'd fancy turns that candour into criminality.

*Soph.* Hah! he seems confounded! guilty beyond all doubt.

*Bel. jun.* By Heaven I'll no longer be the dupe to these bad humours: Lucy Waters, Violetta, every woman she sees or hears, alarms her jealousy, overthrows my hopes, and rouses every passion into fury. Well, madam, at length I see what you allude to; I

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shall follow your advice, and consult my Violetta; nay, more, consult my happiness; for with her, at least, I shall find repose; with you, I plainly see, there can be none.

*Soph.* 'Tis very well, sir; the only favour you can now grant me is never to let me see you again; for after what has passed between us, every time you intrude into my company you will commit an insult upon good breeding and humanity.

*Bel. jun.* Madam, I'll take care to give you no further offence. [*Exit.*

*Soph.* Oh! my poor heart will break!

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE.

*Sir Ben.* Hey-day, Sophia, what's the matter? What ails my child? Who has offended you? Did not I see the younger Belfield part from you just now?

*Soph.* O, sir! if you have any love for me, don't name that base treacherous wretch to me any more. [*Exit.*

*Sir Ben.* Upon my word, I am young Mr. Belfield's most obsequious servant: a very notable confusion truly has he been pleased to make in my family. Lady Dove raves, Sophia cries; my wife calls him a saucy impudent fellow, my daughter says he's a base treacherous wretch; from all which I am to conclude,

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that he has spoke too plain truths to the one, and told too many lies to the other; one lady is irritated because he has refused favours; the other, perhaps, is afflicted because he has obtained 'em. Lady Dove has peremptorily insisted upon my giving him a challenge; but, to say the truth, I had no great stomach to the business till this fresh provocation; I perceive now I am growing into a most unaccountable rage; 'tis something so different from what I ever felt before, that, for what I know, it may be courage, and I mistake it for anger; I never did quarrel with any man, and hitherto no man ever quarrelled with me: egad, if once I break the ice, it sha'n't stop here: if young Belfield doesn't prove me a coward, Lady Dove shall see that I am a man of spirit.——Sure I see my gentleman coming hither again. [*Steps aside.*

*Enter* BELFIELD *Junior.*

*Bel. jun.* What meanness, what infatuation possesses me, that I should resolve to throw myself once more in her way! but she's gone, and yet I may escape with credit.

*Sir Ben.* Ay, there he is, sure enough: by the mass I don't like him: I'll listen awhile, and discover what sort of a humour he is in.

*Bel. jun.* I am asham'd of this weakness: I am determin'd to assume a proper spirit, and act as becomes a man upon this occasion.

*Sir Ben.* Upon my soul I'm very sorry for it.

*Bel. jun.* Now am I so distracted between love,



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rage, and disappointment, that I could find in my heart to sacrifice her, myself, and all mankind.

*Sir Ben.* Lord ha' mercy upon us, I'd better steal off and leave him to himself.

*Bel. jun.* And yet, perhaps, all this may proceed from an excess of fondness in my Sophia.

*Sir Ben.* Upon my word, you are blest with a most happy assurance.

*Bel. jun.* Something may have dropp'd from Violetta to alarm her jealousy; and, working upon the exquisite sensibility of her innocent mind, may have brought my sincerity into question.

*Sir Ben.* I don't understand a word of all this.

*Bel. jun.* Now could I fall at her feet for pardon, though I know not in what I have offended; I have not the heart to move. Fie upon it! What an arrant coward has love made me!

*Sir Ben.* A coward, does he say? I am heartily rejoiced to hear it: if I must needs come to action, pray Heaven it be with a coward! I'll even take him while he is in the humour, for fear he should recover his courage, and I lose mine.——So, sir, your humble servant, Mr. Belfield! I'm glad I have found you, sir.

*Bel. jun.* Sir Benjamin, your most obedient. Pray what are your commands now you have found me?

*Sir Ben.* Hold! hold! don't come any nearer: don't you see I am in a most prodigious passion? Fire and fury, what's the reason you have made all this disorder in my house? my daughter in tears; my wife in fits; every thing in an uproar; and all your



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doing. Do you think I'll put up with this treatment? If you suppose you have a coward to deal with, you'll find yourself mistaken; greatly mistaken, let me tell you, sir! Mercy upon me, what a passion I am in! In short, Mr. Belfield, the honour of my house is concern'd, and I must and will have satisfaction.—I think this is pretty well to set in with; I'm horribly out of breath; I sweat at every pore. What great fatigues do men of courage undergo!

*Bel. jun.* Look'e, Sir Benjamin, I don't rightly comprehend what you would be at; but, if you think I have injur'd you, few words are best; disputes between men of honour are soon adjusted; I'm at your service, in any way you think fit.

*Sir Ben.* How you fly out now! Is that giving me the satisfaction I require? I am the person injur'd in this matter, and, as such, have a right to be in a passion; but I see neither right nor reason why you, who have done the wrong, should be as angry as I, who have received it.

*Bel. jun.* I suspect I have totally mistaken this honest gentleman; he only wants to build some reputation with his wife upon this rencounter, and 'twould be inhuman not to gratify him.

*Sir Ben.* What shall I do now? Egad I seem to have pos'd him: this plaguy sword sticks so hard in the scabbard——Well, come forth rapier, 'tis but one thrust; and what should a man fear that has Lady Dove for his wife?



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*Bel. jun.* Hey-day! Is the man mad? Put up your sword, Sir Benjamin; put it up, and don't expose yourself in this manner.

*Sir Ben.* You shall excuse me, sir; I have had some difficulty in drawing it, and am determin'd now to try what metal it's made of. So come on, sir.

*Bel. jun.* Really this is too ridiculous; I tell you, Sir Benjamin, I am in no humour for these follies. I've done no wrong to you or yours: on the contrary, great wrong has been done to me; but I have no quarrel with you, so, pray, put up your sword.

*Sir Ben.* And I tell you, Mr. Belfield, 'tis in vain to excuse yourself.—The less readiness he shews, so much the more resolution I feel.

*Bel. jun.* Well, Sir Knight, if such is your humour, I won't spoil your longing. So have at you.

*Enter Lady* Dove.

*Lady Dove.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*

*Bel. jun.* Hold, hold, Sir Benjamin, I never fight in ladies company. Why, I protest you are a perfect Amadis de Gaul; a Don Quixote in heroism; and the presence of this your Dulcinea renders you invincible.

*Sir Ben.* Oh! my lady, is it you? don't be alarm'd, my dear; 'tis all over: a small fracas between this gentleman and myself; that's all; don't be under any surprise; I believe the gentleman has had enough; I believe he is perfectly satisfied with my behaviour, and I persuade myself you will have no cause for the

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future to complain of his. Mr. Belfield, this is Lady Dove.

*Bel. jun.* Madam, to a generous enemy 'tis mean to deny justice, or withhold applause. You are happy in the most valiant of defenders; gentle as you may find him in the tender passions, to a man, madam, he acquits himself like a man. Sir Benjamin Dove, in justice to your merit, I am ready to make any submission to this lady you shall please to impose.——If you suffer her to bully you after this, you deserve to be henpeck'd all the days of your life.

*Sir Ben.* Say no more, my dear Bob; I shall love you for this the longest hour I have to live.

*Bel. jun.* If I have done you any service, promise me only one hour's conversation with your lovely daughter, and make what use of me you please.

*Sir Ben.* Here's my hand, you shall have it; leave us. [*Exit* Belfield *Junior*.

*Lady Dove.* What am I to think of all this? It cann't well be a contrivance; and yet 'tis strange, that yon little animal should have the assurance to face a man, and be so bashful at a rencounter with a woman.

*Sir Ben.* Well, Lady Dove, what are you musing upon? you see you are obey'd, the honour of your family is vindicated: slow to enter into these affairs; being once engag'd, I pertinaciously conduct them to an issue.

*Lady Dove.* Sir Benjamin,——I——I——



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*Sir Ben.* Here, Jonathan, do you hear, set my things ready in the library; make haste.

*Lady Dove.* I say, Sir Benjamin, I think——

*Sir Ben.* Well, let's hear what it is you think.

*Lady Dove.* Bless us all, why you snap one up so—I say, I think, my dear, you have acquitted yourself tolerably well, and I am perfectly satisfied.

*Sir Ben.* Humph! you think I have done tolerably well, I think so too; do you apprehend me? Tolerably! for this business that you think tolerably well done, is but half concluded, let me tell you: nay, what some would call the toughest part of the undertaking remains unfinish'd; but I dare say, with your concurrence, I shall find it easy enough.

*Lady Dove.* What is it you mean to do with my concurrence; what mighty project does your wise brain teem with?

*Sir Ben.* Nay, now I reflect on't again, I don't think there'll be any need of your concurrence; for, nolens or volens, I'm determin'd it shall be done. In short, this it is, I am unalterably resolv'd from this time forward, Lady Dove, to be sole and absolute in this house, master of my own servants, father to my own child, and sovereign lord and governor, madam, over my own wife.

*Lady Dove.* You are?

*Sir Ben.* I am. Gods! Gods! what a pitiful, contemptible figure does a man make under petticoat government. Perish he that's mean enough to stoop to such indignities! I am determin'd to be free——

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PATERSON *enters, and whispers Lady* DOVE.

Hah! how's this, Mr. Paterson? What liberties are these you take with my wife, and before my face? no more of these freedoms, I beseech you, sir, as you expect to answer it to a husband, who will have no secrets whisper'd to his wife, to which he is not privy; nor any appointments made, in which he is not a party.

*Pat.* Hey-day! what a change of government is here! Egad, I'm very glad on't—I've no notion of a female administration. [*Exit.*

*Lady Dove.* What insolence is this, Sir Benjamin; what ribaldry do you shock my ears with? Let me pass, sir, I'll stay no longer in the same room with you.

*Sir Ben.* Not in the same room, nor under the same roof, shall you long abide, unless you reform your manners; however, for the present, you must be content to stay where you are.

*Lady Dove.* What, sir, will you imprison me in my own house? I'm sick; I'm ill; I'm suffocated; I want air; I must and will walk into the garden.

*Sir Ben.* Then, madam, you must find some better weapon than your fan to parry my sword with: this pass I defend: what, dost think, after having encounter'd a man, I shall turn my back upon a woman! No, madam, I have ventured my life to defend your honour; 'twould be hard if I wanted spirit to protect my own.

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*Lady Dove.* You, monster, would you draw your sword upon a woman?

*Sir Ben.* Unless it has been your pleasure to make me a monster, madam, I am none.

*Lady Dove.* Would you murder me, you inhuman brute? Would you murder your poor, fond, defenceless wife?

*Sir Ben.* Nor tears, nor threats, neither scolding, nor soothing, shall shake me from my purpose: your yoke, Lady Dove, has laid too heavy upon my shoulders; I can support it no longer: to-morrow, madam, you leave this house.

*Lady Dove.* Will you break my heart, you tyrant? Will you turn me out of doors to starve, you barbarous man?

*Sir Ben.* Oh! never fear; you will fare to the full as well as you did in your first husband's time; in your poor, dear, dead Mr. Searcher's time. You told me once you priz'd the paltry greyhound that hung at his button-hole, more than all the jewels my folly had lavish'd upon you. I take you at your word; you shall have your bawble, and I will take back all mine; they'll be of no use to you hereafter.

*Lady Dove.* O! Sir Benjamin, Sir Benjamin, for mercy's sake, turn me not out of your doors! I will be obedient, gentle, and complying for the future; don't shame me; on my knees I beseech you don't.

*Enter* BELFIELD *Senior.*

*Sir Ben.* Mr. Belfield, I am heartily glad to see

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you; don't go back, sir; you catch us indeed a little unawares; but these situations are not uncommon in well-ordered families; rewards and punishments are the life of government, and the authority of a husband must be upheld.

*Bel. sen.* I confess, Sir Benjamin, I was greatly surprised at finding Lady Dove in that attitude: but I never pry into family secrets; I had much rather suppose your lady was on her knees to intercede with you in my behalf, than be told she was reduc'd to that humble posture for any reason that affects herself.

*Sir Ben.* Sir, you are free to suppose what you please for Lady Dove; I'm willing to spare you that trouble on my account; and therefore I tell you plainly, if you will sign and seal your articles this night, to-morrow morning Sophia shall be yours: I'm resolv'd that the self-same day, which consecrates the redemption of my liberty, shall confirm the surrender of yours.

*Lady Dove.* O! Mr. Belfield, I beseech you intercede with this dear, cruel man, in my behalf; would you believe that he harbours a design of expelling me his house, on the very day too when he purposes celebrating the nuptials of his daughter?

*Bel. sen.* Come, Sir Benjamin, I must speak to you now as a friend in the nearest connection; I beg you will not damp our happiness with so melancholy an event: I will venture to pledge myself for her ladyship.

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*Sir Ben.* Well, for your sake, perhaps, I may prolong her departure for one day; but I'm determin'd, if she does stay to-morrow, she shall set the first dish upon the table; if 'tis only to shew the company what a refractory wife in the hands of a man of spirit may be brought to submit to. Our wives, Mr. Belfield, may tease us, and vex us, and still escape with impunity; but if once they thoroughly provoke us, the charm breaks, and they are lost for ever. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*The Sea Coast, as before. Enter* GOODWIN *and* FANNY.

*Goodwin.*

WHAT you tell me, Fanny, gives me great concern, that Mr. Francis should think to seduce the innocence of my child for a paltry bribe: what can have pass'd to encourage him to put such an affront upon you?

*Fanny.* Till this proposal, which I tell you of, I always took Mr. Francis for one of the best behav'd, modestest young men I had ever met with.

*Good.* To say the truth, Fanny, so did I; but the world is full of hypocrisy, and our acquaintance with him has been very short.——

*Enter* FRANCIS.

Hark'e, young man, a word with you! What is it I or my children have done to offend you?

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*Fran.* Offend me! what is it you mean?

*Good.* When your vessel was stranded upon our coast, did we take advantage of your distress? On the contrary, wasn't this poor hut thrown open to your use, as a receptacle for your treasures, and a repose for your fatigues? Have either those treasures, or that repose, been invaded? Whom amongst you have we robb'd or defrauded?

*Fran.* None, none; your honesty has been as conspicuous as your hospitality.

*Good.* Why then, having received no injury, do you seek to do one? an injury of the basest nature—— You see there a poor girl, whose only portion in this world is her innocence, and of that you have sought to———

*Fran.* Hold; nor impute designs to me which I abhor: you say your daughter has no portion but her innocence; assured of that, I ask none else; and, if she can forgive the stratagem I have made use of, I am ready to atone for it by a life devoted to her service.

*Good.* Well, sir, I am happy to find you are the man I took you for, and cannot discommend your caution; so that if you like my daughter, and Fanny is consenting——But, soft! who have we got here?

*Fran.* I wish Mr. Paterson was further for interrupting us just now.

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## SCENE II.

*Enter* PATERSON.

*Pat.* Pray, good people, isn't there a lady with you of the name of Violetta?

*Good.* There is.

*Pat.* Can you direct me to her? I have business with her of the utmost consequence.

*Good.* Fanny, you and Mr. Francis step in and let the lady know. [*Exit* Fanny *and* Francis.

## SCENE III.

GOODWIN *and* PATERSON.

*Good.* If it's no offence, Mr. Paterson, allow me to ask you whether there is any hope of our young gentleman here, who is just returned, succeeding in his addresses to Miss Dove?

*Pat.* Certainly none, master Goodwin.

*Good.* I'm heartily sorry for it.

*Pat.* I find you are a stranger to the reasons which make against it: but how are you interested in his success?

*Good.* I am a witness of his virtues, and consequently not indifferent to his success. [*Exit.*

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## SCENE IV.

*Enter* VIOLETTA.

*Pat.* Madam, I presume your name is Violetta.

*Vio.* It is, sir.

*Pat.* I wait upon you, madam, at Miss Dove's desire, and as a particular friend of Mr. Andrew Belfield's.

*Vio.* Sir!——

*Pat.* Madam!——

*Vio.* Pray proceed.

*Pat.* To intreat the favour of your company at Cropley-castle upon business, wherein that lady and gentleman are intimately concerned: I presume, madam, you guess what I mean.

*Vio.* Indeed, sir, I cannot easily guess how I can possibly be a party in any business between Miss Dove and Mr. Belfield. I thought all intercourse between those persons was now entirely at an end.

*Pat.* Oh! no, madam, by no means; the affair is far from being at an end.

*Vio.* How, sir! not at an end?

*Pat.* No, madam; on the contrary, from Sir Benjamin's great anxiety for the match, and, above all, from the very seasonable intelligence you was so good to communicate to Miss Sophia, I am not without hopes that Mr. Andrew Belfield will be happy enough to conquer all her scruples, and engage her to consent to marry him.



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*Vio.* Indeed! but pray, sir, those scruples of Miss Dove's, which you flatter yourself Mr. Belfield will so happily conquer, how is it that ladies in this country reconcile themselves to such matters? I should have thought such an obstacle utterly insurmountable.

*Pat.* Why, to be sure, madam, Miss Dove has had some doubts and difficulties to contend with: but duty, you know——and, as I said before, you, madam, you have been a great friend to Mr. Belfield; you have forwarded matters surprisingly.

*Vio.* It is very surprising, truly, if I have.

*Pat.* You seem greatly stagger'd at what I tell you: I see you are no stranger to the principles upon which young ladies frequently act in this country: I believe, madam, in England, as many, or more, matches are made from pique, than for love; and, to say the truth, I take this of Miss Dove's to be one of that sort. There is a certain person you know, who will feel upon this occasion.

*Vio.* Yes; I well know there is a certain person, who will feel upon this occasion; but, are the sufferings of that unhappy one to be converted into raillery and amusement?

*Pat.* Oh! madam! the ladies will tell you, that therein consists the very luxury of revenge.——But, I beseech you, have the goodness to make haste; my friend Mr. Belfield may stand in need of your support.

*Vio.* Thus insulted, I can contain myself no longer. Upon what infernal shore am I cast! into what

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society of demons am I fall'n! that a woman, whom by an act of honour I would have redeem'd from misery and ruin, should have the insolence, the inhumanity, to invite me to be a spectatress of her marriage with my own husband!

*Pat.* With your husband! What do I hear! Is Mr. Andrew Belfield your husband?

*Vio.* Ay; do you doubt it? Would I could say he was not!

*Pat.* Just Heaven! you then are the Violetta, you are the Portuguese lady I have heard so much of, and married to Mr. Belfield: base and perfidious!—— Why, madam, both Miss Dove and myself conceived that 'twas the young adventurer with whom you suffered shipwreck, that——

*Vio.* What! Lewson, the brave, generous, honourable Lewson?

*Pat.* Lewson! Lewson! as sure as can be you mean young Belfield; for now the recollection strikes me, that I've heard he took that name before he quitted England. That Lewson, madam, whom we believed you married to, is Robert Belfield, and younger brother to your husband.

*Vio.* Mercy defend me! into what distress had this mutual mistake nearly involved us?

*Pat.* Come then, madam, let us lose no time, but fly with all dispatch to Cropley-castle; I have a post-chaise waiting, which will convey us thither in a few minutes: but, before we go, I'll step in and direct



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these good people to find young Belfield, and send him after us—Old Ironsides and all must be there.

[*Exit* Pat.

## *SCENE V.*

*Vio.* Let me reflect upon my fate——Wedded, betrayed, abandoned! at once a widow and a wife. All that my soul held dear, in the same hour obtained and lost. O false, false Belfield! Strong indeed must be that passion, and deeply seated in my heart, which even thy treachery could not eradicate! Twice shipwrecked! twice rescued from the jaws of death; just Heaven! I do not, dare not murmur, nor can I doubt but that the hand invisibly is stretched forth to save me, and through this labyrinth of sorrow to conduct me to repose.

*Enter* PATERSON.

*Pat.* Now, madam, if you will trust yourself to my convoy, I'll bring you into harbour, where you shall never suffer shipwreck more. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE VI.*

*Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE's *House. Enter Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE *and Lady* DOVE.

*Sir Ben.* Upon these terms and stipulations, Lady Dove, I consent to your remaining at Cropley-castle.

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Enjoy your own prerogative, and leave me in possession of mine; above all things, my dear, I must insist that Mr. Paterson be henceforward considered as my friend and companion, and not your ladyship's.

*Lady Dove.* Nay, but indeed and indeed, my dear Sir Benjamin, that is being too hard with me, to debar me the common gratifications of every woman of distinction: Mr. Paterson, you know, is my very particular friend.

*Sir Ben.* 'Tis for his being so very particular, my dear, that I object to him.

*Lady Dove.* Friendship, Sir Benjamin, is the virtuous recreation of delicate and susceptible minds; would you envy me that innocent pleasure? Why you know, my dearest, that your passion for me, which was once so violent, is now softened and subsided into mere frendship.

*Sir Ben.* True, my dear; and, therefore, I am afraid lest my love having, by easy degrees, slackened into friendship, his friendship should, by as natural a transition, quicken into love; say no more, therefore, upon this point, but leave me to Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Paterson to me—go—send Sophia to me—oh here she comes: your ladyship need not be present at our conference; I think my own daughter surely belongs to my province, and not your's. Good morning to you. [*Exit Lady* Dove.



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## SCENE VII.

*Enter* SOPHIA.

*Sir Ben.* Well, daughter, are you prepared to comply with my desires, and give your hand to Andrew Belfield this morning?

*Soph.* Sir!

*Sir Ben.* My heart is fixt upon this event; I have watch'd late and early to bring it to bear; and you'll find, my child, when you come to peruse your marriage settlement, how tenderly I have consulted your happiness in this match.

*Soph.* Alas! I should never think of searching for happiness amongst deeds and conveyances; 'tis the man, and not the money, that is likely to determine my lot.

*Sir Ben.* Well, and is not Mr. Belfield a man? a fine man, as I take it, he is, and a fine estate I'm sure he has got; then it lies so handy and contiguous to my own; only a hedge betwixt us; think of that, Sophy, only a hedge that parts his manor from mine; then consider, likewise, how this alliance will accommodate matters in the borough of Knavestown, where I and my family have stood three contested elections with his, and lost two of them; that sport will now be at an end, and our interests will be consolidated by this match, as well as our estates.

*Soph.* Still you mistake my meaning; I talk of the qualities of a man, you of his possessions; I require

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in a husband, good morals, good nature, and good sense; what has all this to do with contiguous estates, connected interests, and contested elections.

*Sir Ben.* I don't rightly understand what you would have, child; but this I well know, that if money alone will not make a woman happy, 'twill always purchase that that will.——I hope, Sophy, you've done thinking of that rambling, idle young fellow, Bob Belfield.

*Soph.* Perish all thought of him for ever! Nothing can be more contrary, more impossible in nature, than my union with young Belfield:—age, ugliness, ill-nature, bring any thing to my arms, rather than him.

*Sir Ben.* But why so angry with him, child? This violent detestation and abhorrence is as favourable a symptom as any reasonable lover could wish for.

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## *SCENE VIII.*

*Enter* PATERSON.

*Pat.* Joy to you, Sir Benjamin! all joy attend you both! the bridegroom by this time is arriv'd; we saw his equipage enter the avenue as ours drove into the court.

*Sir Ben.* Mr. Paterson, sir, I know not if yet your friend is to be a bridegroom; I find my daughter here so cold and uncomplying, for my own part, I don't know how I shall look Mr. Belfield in the face.

*Pat.* Fear nothing, Sir Benjamin: make haste and



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receive your son-in-law; I have news to communicate to Miss Dove, which, I am confident, will dispose her to comply with your wishes.

*Sir Ben.* Well, sir, I shall leave her to your tutorage. This obliging gentleman undertakes not only for my wife, but my daughter too. [*Exit.*

*Soph.* I am surprised, Mr. Paterson——

*Pat.* Hold, madam, for one moment: I have made a discovery of the last importance to your welfare: you are in an error with regard to young Belfield—— Violetta, the lady you believed him to married to, is here in the house; I have brought her hither at your request, and from her I learn that the elder brother is her husband; he who this very morning, but for my discovery, had been yours also.

*Soph.* What's this you tell me, sir?——Where is this lady, where is Violetta; where is young Belfield?

*Pat.* Violetta, madam, I have put under safe convoy, and by this time your waiting woman has lodg'd her privately in the closet of your bedchamber: there you will find her, and learn the whole process of this providential escape.——I'll only speak a word to Sir Benjamin, and come to you without any further delay. [*Exit* Sophia.

## *SCENE IX.*

*Enter Sir* BENJAMIN DOVE, *and* BELFIELD *Senior.*

*Sir Ben.* Well, Mr. Paterson, what says my daughter?

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*Pat.* Every thing that becomes an obedient daughter to say; so that if this gentleman is not made completely happy within this hour, the fault will lie at his door, and not with Miss Sophia.

*Sir Ben.* This is good news, Paterson; but I am impatient to have the ceremony concluded; the bells are ringing, the parson is waiting, and the equipages are at the door; step up to Sophia, and tell her to hasten; and heark'e, my friend, as you go by Lady Dove's door, give her a call, do you mind me, only a call at the door: don't you go in; she's busy at work upon a large parcel of ribbands, which I have given her to make into wedding favours, she'll be very angry if you go into her chamber. Go, go, get you gone.

[*Exit* Paterson.

*Bel. sen.* How comes it to pass, Sir Benjamin, that Mr. Paterson becomes so necessary an agent in the female affairs of your family? I confess to you, my pride is wounded, when I find I am to thank him for your daughter's consent to marry me. The man that can prevail upon a woman to act against her liking, what may he not persuade her to do with it?

*Sir Ben.* Your remark is just; Paterson has certainly some secret faculty of persuasion; and all that can be said, is, that 'tis better to see your danger before marriage, than to be feeling it out, as I have done afterwards.

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## SCENE X.

*Enter Captain* IRONSIDES *and* BELFIELD *Junior.*

*Sir Ben.* What, old acquaintance, are you come to rejoice with me on this occasion?——Bob Belfield too, as I live; you are both heartily welcome——I could have spar'd their visit notwithstanding. [*Aside.*

*Bel. sen.* My brother here? vexation!

*Bel. jun.* Sir Benjamin, I come now to claim your promise of one hour's conversation with your daughter.

*Sir Ben.* The devil you do!

*Bel. sen.* Ridiculous!

*Bel. jun.* To you, sir, obligations of this sort may be matter of ridicule; but while I religiously observe all promises I make to others, I shall expect others to be as observant of those they make to me.

*Bel. sen.* Sir, I have a most profound veneration for your principles, and am happy to find your understanding so much cultivated by travel; but, in spite of your address, you will find it rather difficult to induce me to wave my right in Miss Dove in favour of a profess'd adventurer.

*Bel. jun.* Shameless, unfeeling man! an adventurer do you call me? You, whose unbrotherly persecution drove me to this hazardous, this humiliating occupation?

*Iron.* Sirrah! Bob! no reflections upon privateering; it has lin'd your pockets well, you young rogue;

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and you may tell your fine brother there, that we have landed treasure enough upon his estate to buy the fee-simple of it: ay, and for what I know, of Sir Wiseacre's here, into the bargain.

*Sir Ben.* What's that you say, Captain Ironsides? Let's have a word in a corner with you.

*Bel. sen.* Look'e, sir, if you conceive yourself wrong'd by me, there is but one way——You know your remedy,

*Bel. jun.* I know your meaning, brother; and, to demonstrate how much greater my courage is than yours, I must confess to you, I dare not accept your proposal.

*Sir Ben.* No, no, I've given him enough of that, I believe.

*Iron.* Bob Belfield, if I did not know thee for a lad of mettle, I shou'dn't tell what to make of all this:—for my own part, I understand none of your scruples and refinements, not I; a man is a man; and if I take care to give an affront to no man, I think I have a right to take an affront from no man.

*Sir Ben.* Come, gentlemen, suspend your dispute; here comes my daughter, let her decide betwixt you.

*Bel. jun.* Let me receive my sentence from her lips, and I will submit to it.

*Enter* SOPHIA, PATERSON, *and Lady* DOVE.

*Sir Ben.* Here's a young gentleman, daughter, that will take no denial; he comes to forbid the banns

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just when you are both going into the church to be married.

*Soph.* Upon my word, this is something extraordinary. What are the gentleman's reasons for this behaviour?

*Sir Ben.* He claims a sort of promise from me that he should be indulg'd in an hour's conversation with you before you give your hand to his brother.

*Soph.* An hour's conversation! What little that gentleman can have to say to me, I believe, may be said in a very few minutes.

*Bel. sen.* I think, brother, this conversation don't promise a great deal.

*Soph.* In the first place, then, I own to this gentleman and the company present, that there was a time when I entertain'd the highest opinion of his merit. Nay, I will not scruple to confess that I had conceiv'd a regard for him of the tenderest sort.

*Iron.* And pray, young lady, how came my nephew to forfeit your good opinion?

*Soph.* By a conduct, sir, that must for ever forfeit not my esteem only, but yours and all mankind's: I am sorry to be his accuser, but I will appeal to you, Mr. Belfield, who are his brother, whether it is reconcileable either to honour or humanity to prosecute an affair of marriage with one woman, when you are previously and indispensably engag'd to another?

*Bel. sen.* Humph!

*Soph.* Yet this, sir, is the treatment I have received: judge, therefore, if I can desire or consent to

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have any long conversation with a gentleman who is under such engagements; nay, whom I can prove actually married to another woman in this very house, and ready to vouch the truth of what I assert. Judge for me, Mr. Belfield, could you believe any man capable of such complicated, such inconceivable villany?

*Bel. sen.* Heav'ns! This touches me too closely.

*Sir Ben.* Sir, I would fain know what excuse you can have for this behaviour? I can tell you, sir, I don't understand it.

*Lady Dove.* Oh! fie! fie upon you, Mr. Belfield! I wonder you are not asham'd to show your face in this family.

*Sir Ben.* Who desir'd you to put in your oar?

*Iron.* Why, sirrah, would not one wife content you? 'Tis enough in all reason for one man; is it not, Sir Benjamin?

*Bel. jun.* Sir, when it is prov'd I am married, accuse me.

*Iron.* Look'e, Bob, I don't accuse you for marrying; 'twas an indiscretion, and I can forgive it; but to deny it is a meanness, and I abhor it.

*Soph.* Mr. Belfield, do you say nothing upon this occasion?

*Bel. sen.* Paterson, I am struck to the heart; I cannot support my guilt: I am married to Violetta; save me the confusion of relating it: this dishonourable engagement for ever I renounce; nor will I rest



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till I have made atonement to an injur'd wife. Madam, I beg leave to withdraw for a few minutes.

*Bel. jun.* Hold, sir; this contrivance is of your forging; you have touch'd me too near; and now, if you dare draw your sword, follow me.

*Soph.* Hold, gentlemen, you forget the lady is now in the house; she is a witness that will effectually put an end to your dispute; I will conduct her hither. [*Exit.*

*Bel. jun.* I agree to it.

*Iron.* Hark'e, nephew, I shrewdly suspect you have been laying a train to blow yourself up: if once Bob comes fairly along-side of you, you'll find your quarters too hot to hold you: I never yet found my boy out in a lie, and sha'n't tamely see a lie impos'd upon him; for while he is honest, and I have breath, he shall never want a friend to stand by him, or a father to protect him.

*Bel. sen.* Mr. Paterson, explain my story; I will depart this instant in search of Violetta.

*Enter* SOPHIA *and* VIOLETTA.

*Soph.* Stay! I conjure you; stay, turn, and look back upon this lady before you go. [*Presenting* Vio.

*Bel. sen.* My wife!

*Sir Ben.* Hey-day! here's a turn.

*Iron.* I thought how 'twould be.

*Vio.* Yes, sir, your faithful, your forsaken wife.

*Bel. sen.* How shall I look upon you? What shall I say? Where shall I hide my confusion? Oh! take

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me to your arms, and in that soft shelter let me find forgiveness and protection.

*Vio.* Be this your only punishment! and this!

*Bel. jun.* Was it then a sister I preserv'd from death?

*Bel. sen.* What's this I hear? Oh! brother, can you pardon too?

*Bel. jun.* Be indeed a brother, and let this providential event be the renovation of your friendship.

*Bel. sen.* What shall I say to you, madam? [*To* Sophia.] Paterson, you know my heart: bear witness to its remorse. By Heav'n, my secret resolution was instantly to have departed in search of this my injur'd wife; but I'm not worthy even of your resentment: here is one that merits and returns your love.

[*Turning to his Brother.*

*Iron.* Come, god-daughter, we can never say the fleet's fairly come to an anchor, while the admiral's ship is out at sea. [*Presenting* Belfield *Junior.*] My nephew here is as honest a lad as lives, and loves you at the soul of him: give him your hand, and I'll broach the last chest of dollars to make him a fortune deserving you. What say you, my old friend?

*Sir Ben.* Here's my hand! I've spoke the word; she's his own. Lady Dove, I won't hear a syllable to the contrary.

*Iron.* Then the galleon is thy own, boy.——What should an old fellow like me do with money? Give me a warm night-cap, a tiff of punch, and an elbow-



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chair in your chimney corner; and I'll lay up for the rest of my days.

*Bel. jun.* How shall I give utterance to my gratitude or my love?

*Enter* GOODWIN, FANNY, FRANCIS, PHILIP, *and* LUCY.

*Sir Ben.* So, so! more work for the parson.

*Iron.* What! Francis, hast thou chosen a mate, and art bound upon a matrimonial cruise as well as thy master?

*Fran.* Ay, sir; so he is happy as well as myself, and has no objection to my choice.

*Bel. sen.* What! Are you all assembled to overwhelm me with confusion? Like some poor culprit, surrounded by a crowd of witnesses, I stand convicted and appall'd. But all your wrongs shall be redress'd; your's Goodwin; Philip's; Lucy's: my whole life shall be employ'd in acts of justice and atonement. Virtue, and this virtuous woman, were my first ruling passions.

*Now they resume their social soft controul,*
*And love and happiness possess my soul.*

[Exeunt omnes.

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# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

*WHO but has seen the celebrated strife,*
*Where Reynolds calls the canvass into life;*
*And, 'twixt the tragic and the comic muse,*
*Courted of both, and dubious where to choose,*
*Th' immortal Actor stands?——Here we espy*
*An awful figure, pointing to the sky;*
*A grave, sublime, commanding form she bears,*
*And in her zone, an unsheath'd dagger wears.*
*On t'other side, with sweet attractive mien,*
*The playful muse of comedy is seen;*
*She, with a thousand soft, bewitching smiles,*
*Mistress of love, his yielding heart beguiles;*
*(For where's the heart so harden'd, to withstand*
*The fond compulsion of so fair a hand?)*
*Oh! would she here bestow those winning arts!*
*This night we'd fix her empire in your hearts;*
*No tragic passions should deface the age,*
*But all should catch good-humour from the stage:*
*The storming husband, and imperious wife,*
*Should learn the doctrine of a quiet life:*
*The plodding drudge, should here at times resort,*
*And leave his stupid club, and stummy port;*

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*The pensive politician, who foresees*
*Clouds, storms, and tempests, in the calms of peace;*
*The scribbling tribe, who vent their angry spleens*
*In songs, prints, pamphlets, papers, magazines;*
*Lucius, and Anti-Lucius, pro's and con's,*
*The list of placets, and of placet-nons;*
*The mobbing vulgar, and the ruling great,*
*And all who storm, and all who steer the state;*
*Here should forget the labours of the day,*
*And laugh their cares, and their complaints, away.*
*The wretch of Jonathan's, who, crush'd with shame,*
*Crawls lamely out from India's desperate game,*
*Safely might speculate within these walls;*
*For here, while you approve, stock never falls:*
*Pleas'd then indulge the efforts of to-night,*
*Nor grudge to give, if you've receiv'd delight.*

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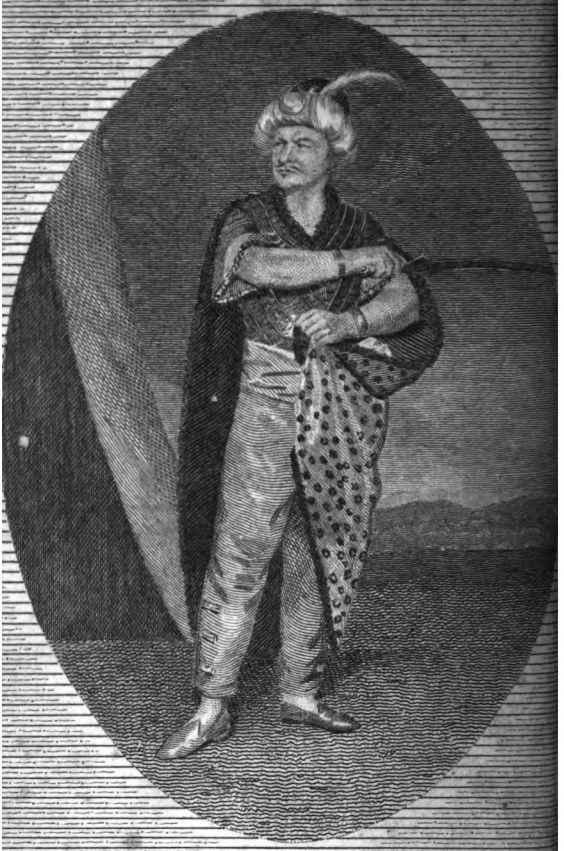

D.s Wilde pinx.t

W.m Ellis

Mr HARLEY as CALEB.

What, dost thou frown too!—

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, June 1st 1783.

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SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

Eudocia. *Mercy! O spare me!*

Act V.

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THE

# *SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.*

A

TRAGEDY,

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCIII.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

# *EARL COWPER.*

MY LORD,

*MY obligations to your lordship are so great and singular, so much exceeding all acknowledgment, and yet so highly demanding all that I can ever make, that nothing has been a greater uneasiness to me than to think I have not publicly owned them sooner. The honour of having been admitted to your lordship's acquaintance and conversation, and the pleasure I have sometimes had of sharing in your private hours and retirement from the town, were a happiness sufficient of itself to require from me the utmost returns of gratitude. But your lordship was soon pleased to add to this, your generous care of providing for one who had given you no solicitation; and before I could ask, or even expect it, to honour me with an employment; which, though valued on other accounts became most so to me, by the single circumstance of it's placing me near your lordship. But I am not to bound my acknowledgments here: when your lordship withdrew from public business, your care of me did not cease, 'till you had recommended me to your successor, the present Lord Chancellor. So that my having since had the felicity to be continued in the*

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*same employment, under a patron to whom I have so many obligations, and who has particularly shown a pleasure in encouraging the lovers of learning and arts, is an additional obligation, for which I am originally indebted to your lordship.*

*And yet I have said nothing as I ought of your lordship's favours, unless I could describe a thousand agreeable circumstances which attend and heighten them. To give, is an act of power common to the great; but to double any gift by the manner of bestowing it, is an art known only to the most elegant minds, and a pleasure tasted by none but persons of the most refined humanity.*

*As for the tragedy I now humbly dedicate to your lordship, part of it was written in the neighbourhood of your lordship's pleasant seat in the country; where it had the good fortune to grow up under your early approbation and encouragement; and I persuade myself it will now be received by your lordship with that indulgence, the exercise of which is natural to you, and not the least of those distinguishing virtues by which you have gained an unsought popularity, and without either study or design have made yourself one of the most beloved persons of the age in which you live. Here, my lord, I have a large subject before me, if I were capable of pursuing it, and if I were not acquainted with your lordship's particular delicacy, by which you are not more careful to deserve the greatest praises, than you are nice in receiving even the least.*

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*I shall therefore only presume to add, that I am, with the greatest zeal.*

*My lord,*
*Your lordship's most obliged,*
*Most dutiful and*
*Devoted humble servant,*

Feb. 6, 1719-20.

*JOHN HUGHES.*

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# INTRODUCTION.

The time of the following action was about two years after Mahomet's death, under the next succeeding caliph, Abubeker. The Saracen caliphs were supreme both in spiritual and temporal affairs; and Abubeker, following the steps of Mahomet, had made a considerable progress in propagating his new superstitions, by the sword. He had sent a numerous army into Syria, under the command of Caled, a bold and bloody Arabian, who had conquered several towns. The spirit of enthusiasm, newly poured forth among them, acted in it's utmost vigour; and the persuasion, that they who turned their backs in fight were accursed of God; and that they who fell in battle passed immediately into Paradise, made them an overmatch for all the forces, which the Grecian emperor, Heraclius, could send against them. It was a very important time, and the eyes of the whole world were fixed with terror on these successful savages, who committed all their barbarities under the name of religion; and soon after, by extending their conquests over the Grecian empire, and through Persia and Egypt, laid the foundation of that mighty empire of the Saracens, which lasted for several centuries; to which the Turks of latter years succeeded.

The Saracens were now set down before Damascus, the capital city of Syria, when the action of this tragedy begins. This was about the year of our Lord 634. All who have written of those times represent the state of christianity in great confusion, very much corrupted, and divided with controversies and disputes, which, together with an universal depravity of manners, and the decay of good policy and ancient discipline in the empire, gave a mighty advantage to Mahomet and his followers, and prepared the way for their amazing success.

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# THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

THIS is a very noble production from the pen of HUGHES. The characters are finely sustained and well contrasted—Barbarian fierceness and christian firmness are in fine apposition throughout. The business is now highly interesting, and was originally more so, before the ignorance of the Managers of the Play-house altered the original design—They had, it seems, certain fairy notions of chivalry and heroism in their heads, and could not tolerate a hero after he had changed his religion.

The excellent Author altered his play, for the benefit of his relations; for he himself died on the night of it's first representation, Feb. 17, 1719-20.

We now see this piece usually once in a season, chiefly in benefit time; it merits, however, to be constantly seen and read, for, as a composition, modern times have shown nothing near it.

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# PROLOGUE.

*OFT' has the muse here try'd her magic arts,*
*To raise your fancies, and engage your hearts.*
*When o'er this little spot she shakes her wand,*
*Towns, cities, nations, rise at her command;*
*And armies march obedient to her call,*
*New states are form'd, and ancient empires fall.*
*To vary your instruction and delight,*
*Past ages roll renew'd before your sight.*
*His awful form the Greek and Roman wears,*
*Wak'd from his slumber of two thousand years:*
*And man's whole race, restor'd to joy and pain,*
*Act all their little greatness o'er again.*
*No common woes to night we set to view;*
*Important in the time, the story new.*
*Our opening scenes shall to your sight disclose*
*How spiritual dragooning first arose;*
*Claims drawn from Heaven by a barbarian lord,*
*And faith first propagated by the sword.*
*In rocky Araby this post began,*
*And swiftly o'er the neighbouring country ran:*
*By faction weaken'd, and disunion broke,*
*Degenerate provinces admit the yoke;*
*Nor stopp'd their progress, till resistless grown,*
*Th' enthusiasts made all Asia's world their own.*

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*Britons, be warn'd; let e'en your pleasures here*
*Convey some moral to th' attentive ear.*
*Beware, lest blessings long possest displease;*
*Nor grow supine with liberty and ease.*
*Your country's glory be your constant aim,*
*Her safety all is your's—think your's her fame.*
*Unite at home—forego intestine jars;*
*Then scorn the rumours of religious wars:*
*Speak loud in thunder from your guarded shores,*
*And tell the Continent the sea is your's.*
*Speak on—and say, by war, you'll peace maintain,*
*'Till brightest years, reserv'd for George's reign*
*Advance, and shine in their appointed round:*
*Arts then shall flourish, plenteous joys abound,*
*And, cheer'd by him, each loyal muse shall sing,*
*The happiest island, and the greatest King.*



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## Dramatis Personæ.

### *COVENT-GARDEN.*

#### CHRISTIANS.

*Men.*

Eumenes, Governor of Damascus - - Mr. HULL.

Herbis, his Friend, one of the Chiefs of the City - - - - - - - - - - Mr. FEARON.

Phocyas, a noble and valiant Syrian, privately in love with Eudocia - - - - Mr. POPE.

Artamon, an Officer of the Guards - - Mr. DAVIES.

Sergius, an Express from the Emperor Heraclius - - - - - - - - - - Mr. CURITT.

*Women.*

Eudocia, Daughter to Eumenes - - - Mrs. POPE.

*Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.*

#### SARACENS.

Caled, General of the Saracen Army - Mr. HENDERSON.

Abudah, next in command under Caled - Mr. FARREN.

Daran, a wild Arabian, professing Mahometanism for the sake of the spoil - Mr. THOMPSON.

Serjabil, Raphan, &c. Saracen Captains - Mr. HELME. Mr. LEDGER.

*Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, the City of Damascus, in Syria, and the Saracen Camp before it. And, in the last Act, a Valley adjacent.

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# THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

## *ACT I. SCENE I.*

*The City. Enter* EUMENES *followed by a Crowd of People.*

*Eumenes.*

I'LL hear no more. Begone!
Or stop your clamorous mouths, that still are open
To bawl sedition, and consume our corn.
If you will follow me, send home your women,
And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,
As brave men should.—Pity your wives and children!
Yes, I do pity them, Heaven knows I do,
E'en more than you; nor will I yield them up,
Tho' at your own request, a prey to ruffians—
Herbis, what news?

*Enter* HERBIS.

*Herb.* News!—we're betray'd, deserted;
The works are but half mann'd; the Saracens
Perceive it, and pour on such crouds, they blunt

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Our weapons, and have drain'd our stores of death.
What will you next?

*Eum.* I 've sent a fresh recruit;
The valiant Phocyas leads them on—whose deeds,
In early youth assert his noble race;
A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he lov'd and courted danger.

*Herb.* I fear 't will be too late.

*Eum.* [*Aside.*] I fear it too:
And tho' I brav'd it to the trembling croud,
I 've caught th' infection, and I dread th' event.
Would I had treated—but 't is now too late—
Come, Herbis. [*Exeunt.*

[*A noise is heard without, of officers giving orders.*

1*st. Offi.* Help there! more help! all to the eastern gate!

2*d. Offi.* Look where they cling aloft, like cluster'd bees!
Here, archers, ply your bows.

1*st. Offi.* Down with the ladders.
What, will you let them mount?

2*d. Offi.* Aloft there! give the signal, you that wait
In St. Mark's tower.

1*st. Offi.* Is the town asleep?
Ring out th' alarum bell!

[*Bell rings, and the citizens run to and fro in confusion.*

[*A great shout.*

*Enter* HERBIS.

*Herb.* So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driven it back.
The gate once more is ours.

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*Enter* EUMENES, PHOCYAS, ARTAMON, *&c.*

*Eum.* Brave Phocyas, thanks! mine and the people's thanks.

[*People shout and cry,* A Phocyas! *&c.*

Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to th' Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchang'd,
I 'd meet them now upon the eastern plain. [*Exit* Art.

*Pho.* What means, Eumenes?

*Eum.* Phocyas, I would try
By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace
They 'll yet withdraw their powers.

*Pho.* On terms of peace!
What peace can you expect from bands of robbers?
What terms from slaves, but slavery?—You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour;
For injur'd rights, or birth, or jealous greatness,
That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starv'd amidst their stony deserts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wishing eyes,
Our fruitful vales, our fig-trees, olives, vines,
Our cedars, palms, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Labanon's aspiring brows.
Here have the locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave
These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of plenty,
For barren sands, and native poverty,
'Till driven away by force.

*Eum.* What can we do?

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Our people in despair, our soldiers harrass'd
With daily toil, and constant nightly watch:
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
Th' Arabians numerous, cruel, flush'd with conquest.

*Herb.* Besides, you know what frenzy fires their minds
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.

*Eum.* True;—they pretend the gates of Paradise,
Stands ever open to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.

*Pho.* Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is our's? their force repell'd,
And therefore weaker; proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gain'd redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders, then, but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?

*Eum.* No—let us first
Believe th' occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst,

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Then if these hungry blood-hounds of the war
Should still be deaf to peace, at our return
Our widen'd gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Plain before the City. A Prospect of Tents at a Distance. Enter* CALED, ABUDAH, *and* DARAN.

*Dar.* To treat, my chiefs!——What! are we merchants then,
That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No; we were sent to fight the caliph's battles,
'Till every iron neck bend to obedience.
Another storm makes this proud city our's;
What need we treat?——I am for war and plunder.

*Cal.* Why, so am I——and but to save the lives
Of mussulmans, not christians, I would not treat.
I hate these christian dogs; and 't is our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven too, is promised only to the valiant.
Oft' has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above, lie stretch'd beneath the blaze of swords.

*Abu.* Yet, Darian's loth to trust that heaven for pay;
This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.

*Cal.* Check not his zeal, Abudah.

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*Abu.* No; I praise it.
Yet, I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 't is true; but wherefore?
For conquest, not destruction. That obtain'd,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,
And heaven is better serv'd——But see, they come.

*Enter* EUMENES, HERBIS, *and* ARTAMON.

*Cal.* Well, christians, we are met—and war awhile,
At your request, has still'd his angry voice,
To hear what you will purpose.

*Eum.* We come to know,
After so many troops you 've lost in vain,
If you 'll draw off in peace, and save the rest.

*Herb.* Or rather to know first—for yet we know not—
Why on your heads, you call our pointed arrows,
In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?

*Cal.* Is that a question now? you had our summons,
When first we march'd against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in it's wane. 'T is true, drawn off a while,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a conquest.
You see we are return'd; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.

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*Herb.* But why those swords were drawn,
And what 's the cause, inform us.

*Eum.* Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have received, and by what means
They may be now repair'd.

*Abu.* Then, christians, hear!
And heaven inspire you to embrace it's truth!
Not wrongs t' avenge, but to establish right
Our swords were drawn: For such is heaven's command
Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.

" *Art.* [*Aside.*] So—then, it seems
" There 's no harm meant; we 're only to be beaten
" Into a new religion—If that 's all,
" I find I am already half a convert."

*Eum.* Now, in the name of Heaven, what faith is this,
That stalks gigantic forth thus arm'd with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save?
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks it's progress out with blood and slaughter?

*Herb.* Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover fraud and justify oppression!

*Eum.* Where are your priests? What doctors of your law
Have you e'er sent t' instruct us in it's precepts?
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,



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And kindly lead us thro' the wilds of error
To these new tracts of truth—This would be friendship,
And well might claim our thanks.

*Cal.* Friendship like this
With scorn had been received: your numerous vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driven religion, and her angel guards,
Like out-casts from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, 'midst idol shows,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives? Rebellious to your own great prophet
Who mildly taught you—Therefore Mahomet
Has brought the sword to govern you by force,
"Nor will accept obedience so precarious."

*Eum.* O solemn truths! tho' from an impious tongue! [*Aside.*
That we're unworthy of our holy faith.
To Heaven, with grief and conscious shame, we own.
But what are you that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own? Vile hypocrite!
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers——

*Cal.* Christians, no—

*Eum.* Then say,
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful borders?
Plunder'd our towns? and by what claim e'en now,
You tread this ground?

*Herb.* What claim, but that of hunger?

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The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their dens
To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?

*Cal.* Blasphemer, know, your fields and towns are our's;
Our prophet has bestow'd them on the faithful,
And heaven itself has ratify'd the grant.

*Eum.* Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not e'en the mules and camels which he drove
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has canton'd out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,
To sooth his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!

*Cal.* Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,
T' affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet?
Well might we answer you with quick revenge
Nor such indignities—Yet hear, once more,
Hear this, our last demand; and this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be christians still,
But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.

*Eum.* No—Should we grant you aid, we must be rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for our own—Ten silken vests,
Weighty with pearl and gems we 'll send your caliph;
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree



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A turban spun from our Damascus flax,
White as the snows of heaven; to every soldier
A scimitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.
*Cal.* This, and much more, even all your shining wealth.
Will soon be ours: "look round your Syrian frontiers!
" See in how many towns our hoisted flags
" Are waving in the wind; Sachna, and Hawran,
" Proud Tadmor, Aracah, and stubborn Bosra
" Have bow'd beneath the yoke—behold our march
" O'er half your land, like flame thro' fields of harvest.
" And last view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
" There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks
" That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies.
" Then think, and then resolve.
" *Herb.* Presumptuous men!
" What tho' you yet can boast successful guilt,
" Is conquest only your's? Or dare you hope
" That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
" Like some proud river that has left it's banks,
" Nor ever know repulse?
" *Eum.* Have you forgot!
" Not twice seven years are past since e'en your prophet,
" Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,
" Was by the tribe of Corish forc'd to fly,
" Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,
" From Mecca to Medina?
" *Abu.* No—forgot!

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" We well remember how Medina screen'd
" That holy head, preserv'd for better days,
" And ripening years of glory!

*Dar.* Why, my chiefs,
Will you waste time in offering terms despis'd
To these idolaters?—Words are but air,
Blows would plead better.

*Cal.* Daran, thou say'st true.
Christians, here end our truce. Behold once more
The sword of heaven is drawn! nor shall be sheath'd
But in the bowels of Damascus.

*Eum.* That,
Or speedy vengeance, and destruction due
To the proud menancers, as Heaven sees fit!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Garden.* *Enter* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* All's hush'd around!—No more the shout of soldiers
And clash of arms tumultuous fill the air.
Methinks this interval of terror seems
Like that, when the loud thunder just has roll'd
O'er our affrighted heads, and in the heavens
A momentary silence but prepares
A second and a louder clap to follow.

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

O no—my hero comes, with better omens,
And every gloomy thought is now no more.



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*Pho.* Where is the treasure of my soul!—Eudocia,
Behold me here impatient, like the miser
That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts with trembling joy, and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.

*Eud.* Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving lover!
How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, Phocyas,
Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!

*Pho.* Not yet, Eudocia; 'tis decreed by Heaven
I must do more to merit thy esteem.
Peace, like a frighted dove, has wing'd her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And thro' them we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.

"*Eud.* False flattering hope!
"Vanish'd so soon!—alas, my faithful fears
"Return, and tell me, we must still be wretched!

"*Pho.* Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,
"Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
"These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon
"Be chas'd, like fiends before the morning light,
"And all be calm again."

*Eud.* Is the truce ended?
Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage?
And Phocyas ever be expos'd to danger?

*Pho.* Think for whose sake danger itself has charms.
Dismiss thy fears; the lucky hour comes on,

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Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.
Just now, by signals from the plain, I 've learn'd
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;
A sally is resolv'd; the citizens
And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,
Press all in crowds, and beg I 'll lead them on.
Oh, my Eudocia! if I now succeed——
Did I say if——I must, I will; the cause
Is love, 't is liberty, it is Eudosia!——
" What then shall hinder, since our mutual faith
" Is pledg'd, and thou consenting to my bliss,
" But I may boldly ask thee of Eumenes,
" Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?"

*Eud.* May blessings still attend thy arms!——Methinks
I' ve caught the flame of thy heroic ardor?
And now I see thee crown'd with palm and olive;
The soldiers bring thee back with songs of triumph
And loud applauding shouts; thy rescu'd country
Resounds thy praise; " our Emperor Heraclius
" Decree thee honours for a city sav'd,"
And pillars rise of monumental brass,
Inscrib'd——To Phocyas the deliverer.

*Pho.* The honours and rewards which thou hast nam'd,
Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee!——Thou art my all
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'T was love of thee first sent me forth in arms,

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My service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canst make e'en conquest pleasing.
" *Eud.* O, do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it
" To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleas'd
" To share thee with thy country. Oh, my Phocyas!
" With conscious blushes oft' I 've heard thy vows,
" And strove to hide, yet more reveal'd my heart;
" But 't is thy virtue justifies my choice,
" And what at first was weakness, now is glory.
" *Pho.* Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all goodness,
" If in the transport of unbounded passion,
" I still am lost to every thought but thee,
" Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
" Nor need I more perfection."—Hark! I 'm call'd.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
*Eud.* Then go——and Heaven with all it's angels guard thee.
*Pho.* Farewell!——for thee once more I draw the sword.
Now to the field to gain the glorious prize;
'T is victory—the word—Eudocia's eyes! [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT II. SCENE I.*

*The Governor's Palace. Enter* EUMENES *and* HERBIS.

*Herbis.*

STILL I must say, 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, Eumenes,
And mark th' event!

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*Eum.* What could I less? You saw
'T was vain t' oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint———

*Herb.* His eager valour!
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business is to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength,
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breath'd in some new enterprize?——
You should not have consented.

*Eum.* You forget.
'T was not my voice alone; you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from Heaven!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspir'd them, and that soul was Phocyas'.

*Herb.* I had indeed forgot; and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That in Damascus you had chief command.

*Eum.* What dost thou mean?

*Herb.* Nay, who's forgetful now?
You say, the people—Yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that press'd you to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

*Eum.* O I could curse the giddy changeful slaves,
But that the thought of this hour's great event
Possesses all my soul.——If we are beaten!——

*Herb.* The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him more. [*Aside.*

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True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that?
Shall you, or I?——Are you the governor?——
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?

*Eum.* I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless rising hero;
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,
Damascus, nay perhaps the empire too,
Ow'd its deliverance to a boy.——Why be it,
So that he now return with victory;
'T is honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I could wish I needed less his service.
Were Eutyches return'd——

*Herb.* [*Aside.*] That, that's my torture.
I sent my son to th' emperor's court, in hopes
His merit at this time might raise his fortunes;
But Phocyas—curse upon his froward virtues!——
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.

*Eum.* See, Artamon with hasty strides returning.
He comes alone!—O friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus?

*Enter* ARTAMON.

*Art.* Joy to Eumenes!

*Eum.* Joy!——is't possible?
Dost thou bring news of victory?

*Art.* The sun
Is set in blood, and from the western skies
Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.

*Herb.* Is Phocyas safe?

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*Art.* He is, and crown'd with triumph.

*Herb.* [*Aside.*] My fears indeeed were just.

[*Shout,* A Phocyas! A Phocyas!

*Eum.* What noise is that?

*Herb.* The people worshipping their new divinity,
Shortly they 'll build him temples.

*Eum.* Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shar'd the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.

*Art.* At first the foe
Seem'd much surpriz'd; but taking soon the alarm
Gather'd some hasty troops, and march'd to meet us.
The captain of these bands look'd wild and fierce,
His head unarm'd, as if in scorn of danger,
And naked to the waist; as he drew near
He rais'd his arm and shook a pond'rous lance;
When all at once, as at a signal given,
We heard the Tecbir, so these Arabs call
Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle join'd, and thro' the barbarous host
Fight, fight, and Paradise, was all the cry.
At last our leaders met; and gallant Phocyas——
But what are words to tell the mighty wonders
We saw him then perform?—Their chief unhors'd,
The Saracens soon broke their ranks and fled;
And had not a thick evening fog arose
"(Which sure the devil rais'd up to save his friends)"
The slaughter had been double——But, behold!
The hero comes.

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*Enter* PHOCYAS, EUMENES *meeting him.*

*Eum.* Joy to brave Phocyas!
Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.
The welcome news has reach'd this place before thee.
How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?

*Pho.* By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.

*Her.* In spite of envy I must praise him too. [*Aside.*
Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 't is fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.
" Fortune is fickle, and may change; besides,
" What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
" By sluices we draw off some little streams?"
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain.
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine
Against such odds. Suffice what 's done already:
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait th' expected succours.

*Pho.* What!——to be coop'd whole months within our walls?
To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.
Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.

*Art.* [*Aside.*] It must be so—he hates him on my soul!

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This Herbis is a foul old envious knave.
Methinks Eumenes too might better thank him.

*Eum.* [*To* Herbis *aside.*] Urge him no more;——
I'll think of thy late warning;
And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor.

*A Letter brought in.*

*Pho.* [*Looking on it.*] 'Tis to Eumenes.

*Eum.* Ha! from Eutyches.

[*Reads.*] 'The emperor, awaken'd with the danger
That threatens his dominions, and the loss
At Aiznadin, has drain'd his garrisons
To raise a second army. In few hours
We will begin our march. Sergius brings this,
And will inform you further.'——

*Herb.* [*Aside.*] Heaven, I thank thee!
'T was even beyond my hopes.

*Eum.* But where is Sergius?

*Mess.* The letter, fasten'd to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.

*Eum.* I fear he 's taken——
O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!
You all are sharers in this news: the storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin——Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret
To tell our joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier



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And citizen shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.
[*Exeunt* Herb. *and* Art.

*Pho.* And may succeeding days prove yet more happy!
Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Thro' all our streets; our city calls thee father;
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of Heaven
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?

*Eum.* The blessings Heaven bestows are freely sent,
And should be freely shar'd.

*Pho.* True——Generous minds
Redoubled feel the pleasure they impart.
For me, if I've deserv'd by arms or counsels,
By hazards gladly sought, and greatly prosper'd,
Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.

*Eum.* I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share.
What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own;
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.

*Pho.* Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?
Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls with mimic voice thro' woods and labyrinths
Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fix'd: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.



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Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
A real beauty; yet with weary steps
Thro' rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the dame,
May we not then expect the dower she brings?

*Eum.* Well——ask that dowry; say, can Damascus pay it?
Her riches shall be tax'd; name but the sum,
Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace thee;
Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
Proportion'd to thy birth and thy desert.

*Pho.* And can Eumenes think I would be brib'd
By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?
What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?
Why is she sav'd from these Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripp'd by her own sons?——Forgive me
If the thought glows on my cheeks! "I know
" 'Twas mention'd, but to prove how much I scorn it,"
As for the emperor, if he owns my conduct,
I shall indulge an honest pride in honours
Which I have strove to merit. Yes, Eumenes,
I have ambition——yet the vast reward
That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes
Is in thy gift alone——it is Eudocia.

*Eum.* Eudocia! Phocyas, I am yet thy friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.
Thou must not think of her.

*Pho.* Not think of her?



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Impossible!——She's ever present to me,
My life, my soul! She animates my being,
And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.
And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
Is not my rank——

*Eum.* Forbear——What need a herald
To tell me who thou art?—Yet once again——
Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
I say, thou must not think of her.

*Pho.* Yet hear me;
Why wilt thou judge, ere I can plead my cause?

*Eum.* Why wilt thou plead in vain; hast thou not heard
My choice has destin'd her to Eutyches?

*Pho.* And has she then consented to that choice?

*Eum.* Has she consented!—What is her consent?
Is she not mine?

*Pho.* She is——and in that title
Even kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor!——and yet, Eumenes,
Shall she, by being thine, be barr'd a privilege
Which even the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?

*Eum.* Who has told thee so?
I'd force her to be happy.

*Pho.* That thou canst not.
What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?
The guest constrain'd, but murmurs at the banquet;
Nor thanks his host, but starves amidst abundance.

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*Eum.* 'T is well, young man—Why then, I 'll learn from thee
To be a very tame obedient father.
Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches;
" Ha! Is't not so?——Come, tell me? I'll forgive thee:
" Hast thou not found her a most ready scholar?
" I know thou hast."—Why, what a dull old wretch
Was I, to think I ever had a daughter!
*Pho.* I'm sorry that Eumenes thinks——
*Eum.* No——sorry!
Sorry for what? Then thou dost own thou wrong'd me!
That 's somewhat yet—Curse on my stupid blindness
For had I eyes I might have seen it sooner.
Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?
*Pho.* It was—with pride I own it—'t was Eudocia.
I have serv'd thee in serving her, thou know'st it,
And thought I might have found a better treatment.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou should'st tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words——I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.
*Eum.* O no—say on, that thou hast sav'd Damascus;
Is it not so?——Look o'er her battlements,



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See if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet clos'd, if thou hast freed us?
'T is true, thou 'st fought a skirmish—What of that?
Had Eutyches been present———

*Pho.* Eutyches!
Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifler?
O let him come! that in yon' spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 't was that best deserv'd Eudocia.

*Eum.* That will be seen ere long—But since I find
Thou arrogantly would'st usurp dominion,
Believ'st thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first try'd—for know, that from this moment
Thou here hast no command—Farewell!—So stay,
Or hence and join the foe—thou hast thy choice.

[*Exit* Eumenes.

*Pho.* Spurn'd and degraded!—Proud, ungrateful man!
Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And toss'd into the air to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'T is well——Eudocia,
Oh, I will see thee, thou wrong'd excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace—
Impossible!—Oh, rather let me walk
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence.

[*Exit.*

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## SCENE II.

*The Garden.* *Enter* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty lover's!
But 't will not long be so——What joy 't will be
To own my hero in his ripen'd honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me blest!
"Sure he 'll be here—See the fair rising moon,
"Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
"Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
"Drives back the hovering shade!" Come, Phocyas, come;
This gentle season is a friend to love;
And now methinks I could with equal passion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

He hears me—O my Phocyas!—What—not answer!
Art thou not he; or art some shadow?——Speak.
*Pho.* I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing.——
*Eud.* What dost thou mean?——for now I know thee, Phocyas.
*Pho.* And never can be thine!
It will have vent—O barbarous, curst—but hold—
I had forgot——it was Eudocia's father!——
O, could I too forget how he has us'd me!
*Eud.* I fear to ask thee——
*Pho.* Dost thou fear?——Alas,
Then thou wilt pity me——O generous maid!

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Thou hast charm'd down the rage that swell'd my heart,
And choak'd my voice——now I can speak to thee.
And yet 't is worse than death what I have suffer'd;
It is the death of honour!—Yet that 's little;
'T is more, Eudocia, 't is the loss of thee!

*Eud.* Has thou not conquer'd?—What are all these shouts,
This voice of general joy, heard far around?
"What are these fires, that cast their glimmering light
"Against the sky?" Are not all these thy triumphs?

*Pho.* O name not triumph! Talk no more of conquest!
It is indeed a night of general joy,
But not to me? Eudocia I am come
To take a last farewell of thee for ever.

*Eud.* A last farewell!

*Pho.* Yes;——How wilt thou hereafter
Look on a wretch despis'd, revil'd, cashier'd,
Stript of command, like a base beaten coward?
"Thy cruel father——I have told too much;
"I should not but for this have felt the wounds
"I got in fight for him——now, now they bleed.
"But I have done——and now thou hast my story,
"Is there a creature so accurst as Phocyas?

"*Eud.* And can it be?—Is this then thy reward?
"O Phocyas! never would'st thou tell me yet
"That thou had'st wounds; now I must feel them too.
"For is it not for me thou hast borne this?

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" What else could be thy crime?—Wert thou a traitor,
" Had'st thou betray'd us, sold us to the foe——
" *Pho.* Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave;
" Nay, I am dar'd to it with mocking scorn.
" My crime indeed was asking thee; that only
" Has cancell'd all, if I had any merit!
" The city now is safe, my service slighted,
" And I discarded, like an useless thing,"
Nay, bid begone ——and, if I like that better,
Seek out new friends, and join yon' barbarous host.
*Eud.* " Hold—let me think a while—[*Walks aside.*
" Tho' my heart bleed,
" I would not have him see these dropping tears"—
And wilt thou go, then, Phocyas?
*Pho.* To my grave;
Where can I bury else this foul disgrace:
" Alas! that question shows how poor I am,
" How very much a wretch; for if I go,
" It is from thee, thou only joy of life:
" And death will then be welcome."
*Eud.* Art thou sure
Thou hast been us'd thus? Art thou quite undone?
*Pho.* Yes, very sure——What dost thou mean?
*Eud.* That then, it is a time for me—O, Heaven! that I
" Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!"
To own thee, Phocyas, thus—[*Giving her hand.*] nay, glory in thee,
And show, without a blush, how much I love.
We must not part——

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*Pho.* Then I am rich again! [*Embracing her.*
O, no—we will not part! Confirm it, Heaven!
Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,
With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,
'Till I have wearied out thy father's scorn.
Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches——

*Eud.* Why wilt thou name him?

*Pho.* Now, even now, he's coming!
Just hov'ring o'er thee, like a bird of prey.
Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all——
'T was this that wrung my heart, and rack'd my brain.
Even to distraction!—vows thee to his bed;
Nay, threaten'd force, if thou refuse obedience.

*Eud.* Force! threaten'd force!—my father——
where is nature?
Is that, too, banish'd from his heart!—O then
I have no father—How have I deserv'd this?—
[*Weeping.*
No home, but am henceforth an out-cast orphan;
For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,
Ere give my hand to that detested contract.
O save me, Phocyas! thou hast sav'd my father——
Must I yet call him so, this cruel father——
How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?

*Pho.* See, how we're join'd in exile! How our fate
Conspires to warn us both to leave this city!
Thou know'st the emperor is now at Antioch;
I have an uncle there, who, when the Persian,
As now the Saracen, had nigh o'er-run
The ravag'd empire, did him signal service,

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And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,
Thou might'st be safe, and I may meet with justice.
*Eud.* There—any where, so we may fly this place.
" See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have wrought
" In a weak woman's frame! for I have courage
" To share thy exile now thro' ev'ry danger."
Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,
With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.
*Pho.* Then let us lose no time, but hence this night.
The gates I can command, and will provide
The means of our escape. Some five hours hence
('T will then be turn'd of midnight) we may meet
In the piazza of Honoria's convent.
*Eud.* I know it well; the place is most secure,
And near adjoining to this garden wall.
There thou shalt find me—O protect us, Heaven!
*Pho.* Fear not;—thy innocence will be our guard.
" I 've thought already how to shape our course;"
Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,
'Till thou art safe! O, I have suffer'd nothing:
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous proof,
How blest I am in my Eudocia's love!
My only joy, farewell!
*Eud.* Farewell, my Phocyas!
I have no friend but thee—yet thee I 'll call
Friend, father, lover, guardian!—Thou art all!
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

CALED's *Tent.* *Enter* CALED *and Attendants.* SERGIUS *brought in bound with Cords.*

*Caled.*

MERCY! What's that?—Look, yonder on the field
Of our late fight!—Go, talk of mercy there.
Will the dead hear thy voice?

*Serg.* O spare me yet.

*Cal.* Thou wretch!—Spare thee; to what? To live in torture?
Are not thy limbs all bruis'd, thy bones disjointed?
To force thee to confess? and would'st thou drag
Like a crush'd serpent, a vile mangled being?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!

*Serg.* Oh, I have told thee all—When first pursu'd
I fix'd my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls——

*Cal.* Hast thou told all;
Well, then thou shalt have mercy to requite thee;
Behold, I 'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates;
There let thy tongue tell o'er it's tale again.

*Ser.* O, bloody Saracens!

[*Exit* Ser. *dragged away by the Guards.*

*Enter* ABUDAH.

*Cal.* Abudah, welcome!

*Abu.* O Caled, what an evening was the last!



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*Cal.* Name it no more; remembrance sickens with it,
And therefore sleep is banished from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eye
Upon our shame, ere doubly we 've redeem'd it.
Have all the captains notice?

*Abu.* I have walk'd
The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of prayer,
From tent to tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done?

*Cal.* Thou know'st th' important news,
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in riot,
Fool'd with success, and not suspecting danger,
" Neglectful of their watch, or else fast bound
" In chains of sleep, companion of debauches,"
To form a new attack ere break of day,
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unprepar'd to 'scape our vengeance.

*Abu.* Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd spirit;
Yet hear me, Caled, hear and weigh my doubts,
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
" The archers of the tribe of Thoal fled,
" So long renown'd, or spent their shafts in vain;



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"The feather'd flights err'd thro' the boundless air,
"Or the death turn'd on him that drew the bow!"
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;
Is it to propogate th' unspotted law
We fight? 'T is well; it is a noble cause;
But much I fear infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the christian vices we chastise,
And tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
More than with distant hopes of Paradise,
I fear, may soon—but' oh, avert it heaven!
Fall even a prey to our own spoils and conquests.

*Cal.* No——thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal deceives thee.
Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
Thou saw'st how in the vale of Honan once
The troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
Even to the gates of Mecca's holy city?
'Till Mahomet himself there stop'd their entrance,
A javelin in his hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the foe; they fought again and conquered.
Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
His own example points us out the way.

*Abu.* Well——be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent hour
Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.
And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd it's champion,
How has this city rais'd it's drooping head!
As if some charm prevail'd where'er he fought;
Our strength seems wither'd, and our feeble weapons
Forget their wonted triumph—were he absent——

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*Cal.* I would have sought him out in the last action
To single fight, and put that charm to proof;
Had not a foul and sudden mist arose
Ere I arriv'd, to have restor'd the combat.
But let it be—'t is past. We yet may meet,
And 't will be known whose arm is then the stronger.

*Enter* DARAN.

*Dar.* Health to the race of Ismael! and days
More prosperous than the last—a christian captive
Is fall'n within my watch, and waits his doom.
*Cal.* Bring forth the slave!—O thou keen vulture, Death!
Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels!
Whole armies never can suffice thy anger.

DARAN *goes out, and re-enters with* PHOCYAS.

Whence, and what art thou!—Of Damascus!—Daran,
Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen thing,
That seems to lour defiance on our anger!
*Dar.* Marching in circuit, with the horse thou gav'st me,
T' observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanc'd,
And ere he could retreat my horsemen seiz'd him;
The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal given at our approcah,
And got within the gates. Would'st thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.



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*Cal.* Have I not seen thy face?

*Abu.* [*To* Caled] He hears thee not;
His eyes are fix'd on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.

*Cal.* A lion in the toils! We soon shall tame him.
Still art thou dumb?——Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft' around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou can'st not 'scape.

*Pho.* Then be it so—the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet—think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.

*Cal.* Ha! Phocyas?

*Abu.* Phocyas!—Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again.

"*Dar.* [*Aside.*] O devil, devil!
"And I not know him!—'t was but yesterday
"He kill'd my horse, and drove me from the field.
"Now I 'm reveng'd! No; hold you there, not yet,
"Not while he lives."

*Cal.* [*Aside.*] This is indeed a prize!
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps
There yet unbury'd lie without the camp,
Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
Call'd from the bridge of death to thee to follow,
That now thou 'rt here to answer to their cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome——

*Pho.* Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab!—Well I know
What to expect from thee: I know ye all.

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How should the author of distress and ruin
Be mov'd to pity? That's a human passion.
No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tortures?
I'm ready——lead me to them; I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen.—Yet were you men, I could
Unfold a story—But no more—Eumenes,
Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!

*Abu.* [*To* Cal. *aside.*] Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
Presages good accruing to our cause
By this event.

*Cal.* I tell thee then, thou wrong'st us,
To think our hearts thus steel'd, or our ears deaf
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woes that throbs within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.

*Pho.* This is not then the palace in Damascus!
If you will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be?—When he for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me!
You seem surpris'd.—It was ingratitude
That drove me out an exile from those walls,
Which I so late defended.

*Abu.* Can it be?
Are these thy christian friends?

*Cal.* 'T is well—we thank them:



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They help us to subdue themselves—But who
Was the companion of thy flight?—A woman,
So Daran said——
*Pho.* 'Tis there I am most wretched——
Oh, I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
That woman—'t was for her—How shall I speak it?
Eudocia, Oh farewell!—I 'll tell you, then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me;
I lov'd the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
And long in secret woo'd her; not unwelcome
To her my visits; but I fear'd her father,
Who oft' had press'd her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, 'till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
And service yielded at his greatest need:
When, as I mov'd my suit, with sour disdain,
He mock'd my service, and forbade my love;
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevail'd!—The generous maid
Was won by my distress to leave the city;
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.
*Abu.* [*Aside.*] My soul is mov'd—Thou wert a man,
O, prophet!
Forgive, if 't is a crime, a human sorrow,
For injur'd worth, tho' in an enemy!
*Pho.* Now——since you have heard my story, set
me free,

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That I may save her yet, dearer then life,
From a tyrannic father's threaten'd force;
Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my ransom;
Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break it's truce with you for ever.

*Cal.* No——there 's one way, a better, and but one,
To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.

*Pho.* O, name it quickly and my soul will bless thee!

*Cal.* Embrace our faith, and share with us our fortunes.

*Pho.* Then I am lost again!

*Cal.* What; when we offer
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high
To greatness, conquest, glory, heavenly bliss!

*Pho.* To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
To present times, to every future age
A proverb and a scorn!—take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.

*Cal.* As thou wilt.
The time 's too precious to be wasted longer
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom—— farewell.

*Abu.* [*To* Cal. *aside.*] Hear me Caled, grant him some short space;
Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
Try him, at least——

*Cal.* Well——be it so, then. Daran,

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Guard well thy charge—Thou hast an hour to live;
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.
[*Exeunt* Cal. *and* Abu.

*Pho.* [Dar. *waiting at a distance.*] Farewell, and think
of death! Was it not so?
Do murderers then preach morality?——
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not tell?——
What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
The way to thee we know! disease, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates
That day and night stand ready to receive us.
But what 's beyond them?—Who will draw that veil?
Yet death 's not there—No; 't is a point of time,
The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
And when we have reach'd it, in that very instant
'T is past the thinking of! O! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles
When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
And there 's no more to fear.

*Dar.* [*Aside.*] Suppose I now
Dispatch him!—Right—What need to stay for orders?
I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare I 'll do,
Your jewels, christian—You 'll not need these trifles—
[*Searching him.*

*Pho.* I pray thee, slave, stand off—My soul's too
busy
To lose a thought on thee.

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*Enter* ABUDAH.

*Abu.* What 's this!——forbear!
Who gave thee leave to use this violence?
[*Takes the jewels from him, and lays them on a table.*
*Dar.* [*Aside.*] Deny'd my booty?—Curses on his head!
Was not the founder of our law a robber?
" Why 't was for that I left my country's gods,
" Menaph and Uzza. Better still be pagan,
" Than starve with a new faith."
*Abu.* What, dost thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty.
[*Exit* Dar.
Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not——
*Pho.* I know
Thy name Abudah, and thy office here.
The second in command. What more thou art
Indeed I cannot tell.
*Abu.* True, for thou yet
Know'st not I am thy friend.
*Pho.* Is 't possible?——
Thou speak'st me fair.
*Abu.* What dost thou think of life?
*Pho.* I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard conditions, life were but a load,
And I will lay it down.
*Abu.* Art thou resolv'd?
*Pho.* I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
Than those I have rejected.

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*Abu.* Think again,
Caled, by me, once more renews that offer.
*Pho.* Thou say'st thou art my friend? Why dost thou try
To shake the settled temper of my breast?
" My soul hath just discharg'd her cumb'rous train
" Of hopes and fears, prepar'd to take her voyage
" To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
" And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
" The painful road of life"—Tempt me no more
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.
" *Abu.* The general knows thee brave, and 't is for that
" He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.
*Pho.* He knows me brave!——Why does he then thus treat me?
" No; he believes I am so poor of soul,
" That barely for the privilege to live,
" I would be bought his slave. But go tell him,
" The little space of life his scorn bequeath'd me
" Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit."
*Abu.* Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings!
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bands?—" The light divine, whose beams
" Pierc'd thro' the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
" And there illumined the great Mahomet,"
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.

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Arise salute with joy the guest from heaven,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.

*Pho.* But whither must I follow?—answer that.
Is she a guest from heaven? What marks divine,
What signs, what wonders vouch her boasted mission?

*Abu.* What wonders—turn thy eye to Mecca! mark
How far from Caaba first, that hallow'd temple,
Her glory dawn'd!—then look how swift it's course,
As when the sun beams shooting thro' a cloud
Drive o'er the meadow's face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripen'd corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our laws, if not to show that heaven
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest.

*Pho.* Dost thou ask why is this!—O why, indeed?
Where is the man can read heaven's secret counsels?—
Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here——

*Pho.* I 'll tell thee—thy good angel
Has seiz'd thy hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out
From swift destruction; know, ere day shall dawn,
Damascus will in blood lament it's fall!
We 've heard what army is design'd to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.
Now too thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—so Caled
Charg'd me to say, and more—that he invites thee;

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Thou know'st the terms——to share with him the conquest.

*Pho.* Conquest?—Revenge—Hold, let me think—O horror!

Revenge!—O what revenge? Bleed on, my wounds,
For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse
Than all that I can suffer?——But Eudocia——
Where will she then—Shield her, ye pitying powers,
And let me die in peace!

*Abu.* Hear me once more,
'T is all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.

*Pho.* Ha! safe—but how! A wretch'd captive too!

*Abu.* He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.

*Pho.* Then I am lost indeed——O cruel bounty!
"How can I be at once both curs'd and happy!"

*Abu.* The time draws near and I must quickly leave thee;
But first reflect, that in this fatal night
Slaughter and rapine may be loos'd abroad,
And while they roam with unextinguish'd rage,
Should she thou lov'st—"well may'st thou start,"—be made,
Perhaps unknown, some barb'rous soldier's prey;
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust—
Or brutal fury.

*Pho.* O——this pulls my heart strings! [*Falls.*
Earth open——save me, save me from that thought;
There 's ruin in it, 't will, it will undo me!

*Abu.* Nay, do not plunge thyself in black despair;

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Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwreck'd yet,
Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?
"Yet hear me, and be blest."

*Pho.* [*Rising.*] Ha! Who, what art thou? [*Raving.*
My friend? that 's well; but hold——are all friends honest?
What 's to be done?—Hush, hark! what voice is that?

*Abu.* There is no voice; 't is yet the dead of night,
The guards, without, keep silent watch around us.

*Pho.* Again—it calls—'tis she—O lead me to her—

*Abu.* Thy passion mocks thee with imagin'd sounds.

*Pho.* Sure 't was Eudocia's voice cry'd out—Forbear,
What shall I do?——O heaven!

*Abu.* Heaven shows thee what.
Nay, now it is too late; see, Caled comes
With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there———

*Pho.* [*Rising.*] What do I see?
Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains!—Is there no more—O save her, save her!
[*Exit* Pho. *and* Abu.

*Enter* CALED *and* DARAN.

*Dar.* Behold, on thy approach, they shift their ground.

*Cal.* 'T is as thou say'st, he trifles with my mercy.

*Dar.* Speak, shall I fetch his head?

*Cal.* No, stay you here,



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I cannot spare thee yet. Raphan, go thou.

[*To an Officer.*

But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.
Go, tell him he shall live, 'till he has seen
Damascus sink in flames, 'till he behold
That slave, that woman-idol he adores,
Or given a prize to some brave Mussulman,
Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death as for a boon——perhaps we 'll grant it.

[*Exit* Raphan.

*Dar.* The captains wait thy orders.

*Cal.* Are the troops
Ready to march?

*Dar.* They are.

[*The Captains pass by as they are named.*

"*Cal.* Where's Abu-Taleb?
"Alcorash?——O your valiant tribes, I thank 'em,
"Fled from their standard! Will they now redeem it?
"Omar and Serjahil?——'t is well, I see them.
"You know your duty. You, Abdorraman,
"Must charge with Raphan." Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou 'scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse him!

*Dar.* But who commands the trusty bands of Mecca?
Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.

*Cal.* 'T is true; thou, Daran, well deserv'st that charge;
I 've mark'd what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these christian dogs.

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*Dar.* Thou do'st me right.

*Cal.* And therefore I 'll reward it.
Be that command now thine. And here—this sabre,
Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself,
At Chaibar's prosp'rous fight, shall aid thy arm.

*Dar.* Thanks, my good chief; with this I 'll better thank thee. [*Taking the Scimitar.*

*Cal.* Myself will lead the troops of the black standard,
And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

*Dar.* But why do we not move? 't will soon be day.
Methinks I 'm cold, and would grow warm with action.

*Cal.* Then haste, and tell Abudah—O thou 'rt welcome.

*Enter* ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn captive?

*Abu.* Indeed he 's brave. I left him for a moment
In the next tent. He 's scarcely yet himself.

*Cal.* But is he ours?

*Abu.* The threats of death are nothing;
Tho' thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he held his root, 'till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly our's, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.

*Cal.* Say how?

*Abu.* Oft' he inclin'd, oft' started back; at last,
When just consenting, for a while he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in thought, and lift his eyes to heaven;



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Then, as with fresh recover'd force, cry'd out,
Renounce my faith! Never——I answer'd, No,
That now he should not do it.

*Cal.* How!

*Abu.* Yet hear,
For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temperate thoughts.
Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd him
By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,
With her he lov'd, perhaps the lives of thousands,
No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.

*Cal.* What, no more?
Then he's a christian still!

*Abu.* Have patience yet:
For if by him we can surprise the city——

*Cal.* Say'st thou?

*Abu.* Hear what 's agreed; but on the terms
That ev'ry unresisting life be spar'd.
I shall command some chosen faithful bands,
Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escap'd, nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.

*Cal.* This is something.
And yet I do not like this half-ally——
Is he not still a christian?——But no matter——
Mean time I will attack the eastern gate;
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.

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Hear, all!——Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of Paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
And ev'ry sense be lost in ev'ry joy. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*A great Square in the City, before the Governor's Palace. Enter* ABUDAH, *Saracen Captains and Soldiers; with* EUMENES, HERBIS, *and other Christians, unarm'd.*

*Eumenes.*

It must be so——farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus!——Hell, and all ye fiends,
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!

*Herb.* We 've been betray'd by riot and debauch;
Curse on the traitor guard.

*Eum.* The guard above,
Did that sleep too?

*Abu.* Christians, complain no more,
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye men,



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And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice!——Know, the doom from heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our numbers. Now you 're safe;
Quarter and liberty are giv'n to all;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

*Enter* ARTAMON *hastily.*

*Art.* All 's lost!——Ha!——Who are these?

*Eum.* All 's lost, indeed.
Yield up thy sword, if thou would'st share our safety.
Thou com'st too late to bring us news.

*Art.* Oh!——no
The news I bring is from the eastern guard.
Caled has forc'd the gate, and——but he's here.
[*A cry without.*] Fly, fly; they follow——Quarter, mercy, quarter!

[*Several Persons as pursued run over the Stage.*

*Caled.* [*Without.*] No quarter! Kill, I say. Are they not christians?
More blood! our prophet asks it.

*He enters with* DARAN, *&c.*

What, Abudah!
Well met!——but wherefore are the looks of peace?
Why sleeps thy sword?

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*Abu.* Caled, our task is over.
Behold the chiefs; they have resign'd the palace.
*Cal.* And sworn t' obey our law?
*Abu.* No.
*Cal.* Then fall on.
*Abu.* Hold yet, and hear me—Heaven by me has spar'd
The sword it's cruel task. On easy terms
We 've gain'd a bloodless conquest.
*Cal.* I renounce it.
Curse on those terms! The city 's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say———
*Abu.* Nay then, I swear ye shall not.
*Cal.* Ha!——Who am I?
*Abu.* The general—and I know
What reverence is your due.
[Caled *gives signs to his men to fall on.*
———————Nay, he who stirs,
First makes his way thro' me. My honour's pledg'd;
Rob me of that who dares. [*They stop.*] I know thee, Caled,
Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and faithful;
But yet, remember, I 'm a Mussulman;
Nay, more, thou know'st, companion of the prophet,
And what we vow is sacred.
*Cal.* Thou 'rt a christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the faith,
Curse on thy new allies!
*Abu.* No more—this strife
But ill becomes the servants of the caliph,

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And casts reproach——Christians, withdraw a while;
I pledge my life to answer the conditions———
[*Exeunt* Eumenes, Herbis, &c.
Why, Caled, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law?
Thou call'st me christian——What! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I 'm a christian?
Come, 't is not well, and if———

*Cal.* What terms are yielded?

*Abu.* Leave to depart, to all that will; an oath
First given, no more to aid the war against us,
An unmolested march. Each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burthen;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor;
Beside some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.

*Cal.* Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equip'd an army!

*Abu.* Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will choose to stay,
Receive our law, or pay th' accustomed tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scatter'd fugitives?——Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces even court subjection.

*Cal.* Well—be it on thy head, if worse befall!
This once I yield——but see it thus proclaim'd
Thro' all Damascus, that who will depart

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Must leave the place this instant——Pass, move on. [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*The outside of a Nunnery.* *Enter* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all, all are foes——Oh, Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest! would I were too!
[*After a pause.*
This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to distance.
I 've heard that even these infidels have spar'd
Walls sacred to devotion——World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, 'till the friendly grave
Opens it's arms and shelters me for ever! [*Exit.*

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

*Pho.* Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice,
This way?——a woman's too?——and seem'd complaining?
Hark!—No—O torture! Whither shall I turn me?
"I 've search'd the palace rooms in vain; and now,
"I know not why, some instinct brought me hither,"
'T was here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more—— [*Going out he meets her.*

*Eud.* Who calls the lost Eudocia?
Sure 't is a friendly voice.

*Pho.* 'T is she——O rapture!

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*Eud.* Is't possible—my Phocyas?

*Pho.* My Eudocia!

Do I yet call thee mine?

*Eud.* Do I yet see thee?

Yet hear thee speak?—O how hast thou escap'd
From barbarous swords, and men that know not mercy?

*Pho.* I've borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.

But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks, I 'm rais'd to life immortal,
And feel I 'm blest beyond the power of change

*Eud.* O, yet beware—lest some event unknown
Again should part us.

*Pho.* [*Aside.*] Heaven avert the omen!
None can, my fair, none shall.

*Eud.* Alas! thy transports
Makes thee foget; is not the city t aken?

*Pho.* It is.

*Eud.* And are we not beset with foes?

*Pho.* There are no foes—or none to thee——No danger.

" *Eud.* No foes?

" *Pho.* I know not how to tell thee yet;—
" But, think, Eudocia, that my matchless love
" And wondrous causes pre-ordain'd conspiring,
" For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest foes,
" And turn'd them friends.

" *Eud.* Amazement! Friends!——
" O all ye guardian powers!—Say on—O lead me,

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" Lead me thro' this dark maze of Providence
" Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps
" With silent awe, and worship as I pass.
" *Pho.* Enquire no more—thou shalt know all hereafter———
" Let me conduct thee hence—
" *Eud.* O whither next?
" To what far distant home?——But 't is enough,
" That favour'd thus of Heaven, thou art my guide.
" And as we journey on the painful way,
" Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
" And open all the wonders of the story?"
*Pho.* Indulge no more thy melancholy thoughts, Damascus is thy home.
*Eud.* And yet thou say'st
It is no longer our's!——Where is my father?
" *Pho.* To show thee too, how fate seems every way
" To guard thy safety, e'en thy father now,
" Wert thou within his power, would stand defeated
" Of his tyrannic vow. Thou know'st last night
" What hope of aid flatter'd this foolish city;
" At break of day th' Arabian scouts had seiz'd
" A second courier, and from him 't is learn'd
" That on their march the army mutiny'd,
" And Eutyches was slain.
" *Eud.* And yet, that now
" Is of the least importance to my peace.
" But answer me; say, where is now my father?
*Pho.* Or gone, or just preparing to depart.
*Eud.* What! is our doom revers'd? And is he then The wretched fugitive?

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*Pho.* Thou heavenly maid!
To free thee, then, from every anxious thought,
Know, I 've once more, wrong'd as I am, ev'n sav'd,
Thy father's threaten'd life; nay, sav'd Damascus
From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
Terms are obtain'd, and general freedom granted
To all that will, to leave in peace the city.

*Eud.* Is't possible!—" now trust me I could chide thee:
" 'T is much unkind to hold me thus in doubt:"
I pray thee clear these wonders.

" *Pho.* 'T will surprise thee,
" When thou shalt know.———
" *Eud.* What?
" *Pho.* To what deadly gulphs
" Of horror and despair, what cruel straits
" Of agonizing thought I have been driven.
" This night, ere my perplexed, bewilder'd soul
" Could find it's way—thou said'st that thou would'st chide;
" I fear thou wilt; indeed I have done that
" I could have wish'd t' avoid——but for a cause
" So lovely, so belov'd——
" *Eud.* What dost thou mean?
" I 'll not indulge a thought that thou could'st do
" One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
" And that firm zeal against these foes of heaven,
" Which won my heart at first to share in all
" Thy dangers and thy fame, and wish thee mine.
" Thou could'st not save thy life by means inglorious.

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" *Pho.* Alas! thou know'st me not—I 'm man,
frail man,
" To error born; and who, that 's man, is perfect?
" To save my life? O no, well was it risk'd
" For thee! had it been lost, 't were not too much,
" And thou art safe;—O what would'st thou have
said,
" If I had risk'd my soul to save Eudocia?
" *Eud.* Ha! speak—Oh, no, be dumb—it cannot
be!
" And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale,
" Why dost thou shake?——Alas! I tremble too!
" Thou could'st not, hast not sworn to Mahomet?
" *Pho.* No—I should first have dy'd—nay, given
up thee.
" *Eud.* O Phocyas! was it well to try me thus?—
" And yet another deadly fear succeeds.
" How came these wretches hither? Who reviv'd
" Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?
" For while thou fought'st, and fough'st the christian
cause,
" These batter'd walls were rocks impregnable,
" Their towers of adamant. But O, I fear
" Some act of thine"——
*Pho.* Oh, I must tell thee all;
But pr'ythee do not frown on me, Eudocia!
I found the wakeful foe in midnight council
Resolv'd ere day to make a fresh attack,
Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter—
Could my rack'd soul bear that, and think of thee!



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Nay, think of thee expos'd a helpless prey
To some fierce ruffian's violating arms!
O had the world been mine in that extreme
I should have given whole provinces away,
Nay all——and thought it little for thy ransom!

*Eud.* For this then—Oh—thou hast betray'd the city!
Distrustful of the righteous powers above
That still protect the chaste and innocent:
And to avert a feign'd, uncertain danger,
Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!

*Pho.* No, thou forget'st the friendly terms——the sword,
Which threaten'd to have fill'd the streets with blood,
I sheath'd in peace; thy father, thou, and all
The citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

*Eud.* Safe! free! O no——life, freedom, every good,
Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means.
Yet sure it cannot be! Are these the terms
On which we meet?—No—we can never meet
On terms like these; the hand of death itself
Could not have torn us from each other's arms
Like this dire act, this more than fatal blow!
In death, the soul and body only parts.
To meet again, and be divorc'd no more;
But now——

*Pho.* Ha! lightning blast me! strike me,
Ye vengeful bolts! if this is my reward,
Are these my hop'd for joys! Is this the welcome



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The wretched Phocyas meets, from her he lov'd
" More than life, fame—even to his soul's distraction!
*Eud.* Hast thou not help'd the slaves of Mahomet,
To spread their impious conquest o'er thy country?
What welcome was there in Eudocia's power
She has witheld from Phocyas? " But, alas!
" 'T is thou hast blasted all our joys for ever,
" And cut down hope, like a poor, short-lived flower,
" Never to grow again!"
*Pho.* Cruel Eudocia!
If in my heart's deep anguish I 've been forc'd
A while from what I was——dost thou reject me?
Think of the cause——
*Eud.* The cause? There is no cause—
Not universal nature could afford
A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,
" The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,"
If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
And all the triumphs of a godlike breast
Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?
*Pho.* How shall I answer thee?—My soul is aw'd,
And trembling owns th' eternal force of reason?
But oh; can nothing then atone, or plead
For pity from thee?
*Eud.* Can'st thou yet undo
The deed that 's done; recal the time that 's past?
" O, call back yesterday; call back last night,



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" Tho' with it's fears, it's dangers, it's distress :"
Bid the fair hours of innocence return,
When, in the lowest ebb of changeful fortune,
Thou wert more glorious in Eudocia's eyes
Than all the pride of monarchs!—But that deed—

*Pho.* No more———thou waken'st in my tortur'd heart
The cruel, conscious worm that stings to madness.
Oh, I 'm undone!——I know it, and can bear
To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.

*Eud.* Poor wretch!—I pity thee!—but art thou Phocyas,
The man I lov'd?——I could have died with thee
Ere thou did'st this; " then we had gone together,
" A glorious pair, and soar'd above the stars,
" Bright as the stars themselves; and as we pass'd
" The heavenly roads and milky ways of light
" Had heard the blest inhabitants with wonder
" Applaud our spotless love." But never, never
Will I be made the curst reward of treason,
To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
And to ensure thy everlasting woe.

*Pho.* What league?—'t is ended—I renounce it—thus—— [*Kneels.*
I bend to heaven and thee——O thou divine,
Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.

*Eud.* No——we must part. 'T will ask whole years of sorrow

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To purge away this guilt. Then do not think
Thy loss in me is worth one drooping tear:
But if thou would'st be reconcil'd to Heaven,
First sacrifice to Heaven that fatal passion
Which caus'd thy fall—Farewell: "forget the lost—
"But how shall I ask that?———I would have said,
"For my soul's peace," forget the lost Eudocia.
Can'st thou forget her?—Oh! the killing torture
To think 't was love, excess of love, divorc'd us!
Farewell for——still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell—— [*Exit.*

*Pho.* [*Raving*] For ever!
Return, return and speak it; say, for ever!
She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives.
And yet she did not quite pronounce my doom——
O hear, all gracious Heaven! wilt thou at once
Forgive, and O inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what 's past!
Prosper this day, or let it be my last. [*Exit.*

## *ACT V. SCENE I.*

*An open Place in the City. Enter* CALED *and* DARAN *meeting.*

*Cated.*

SOLDIER, what news? thou look'st as thou wert angry.

*Dar.* And durst I say it, so my chief I am.
I 've spoke——if it offends, my head is thine,



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Take it, and I am silent.

*Cal.* No; say on.

I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess
What knits thy brows in frowns———

*Dar.* Is this, my leader,
A conquer'd city?——View yon' vale of palms:
Behold the vanquish'd Christian triumph still,
Rich in his flight, and mocks thy barren war.

*Cal.* The vale of palms!

*Dar.* Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
To gather all their forces; there disguis'd,
Just now I've view'd their camp—O, I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.

*Cal.* What hast thou seen?

*Dar.* Why all Damascus:—All it's souls, it's life,
It's heart blood, all it's treasure, piles of plate,
Crosses enrich'd with gems, arras and silks,
And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre.

*Cal.* How!

*Dar.* 'T is true.
The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.

*Cal.* So forward too! Curse on this foolish treaty.

*Dar.* Forward——it looks as if they had been forewarn'd.
By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade! and thou would'st swear it's merchants

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Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighbouring countries.
" *Cal.* [*Aside.*] Ha! this starts
" A lucky though of Mahomet's first exploit,
" When he pursu'd the caravan of Corash,
" And from a thousand misbelieving slaves
" Wrested their ill-heap'd goods, transferr'd to thrive
" In holier hands, and propagate the faith.——
" 'T is said, [*To* Dar.] the emperor had a wardrobe here
Of costly silks.
" *Dar.* That too they have remov'd."
*Cal.* Dogs! infidels! 't is more than was allow'd.
*Dar.* And shall we not pursue them——Robbers! thieves!
That steal away themselves, and all they 're worth,
And wrong the valiant soldier of his due.
*Cal.* [*Aside.*] The caliph shall know this—he shall, Abudah,
This is thy coward bargain——I renounce it.
Daran, we 'll stop their march, and search.
*Dar.* And strip—
*Cal.* And kill.
*Dar.* That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's christian friend——
*Cal.* If possible,
He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah,
By the seven heavens! his soul 's a christain too,
And 't is by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their cursed lives, and taints our cause with mercy.

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*Dar.* I knew my general would not suffer this,
Therefore I 've troops prepar'd without the gate;
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts—that devil Phocyas
Will know it soon—I met him near the gate,
My nature sickens at him, and forbodes
I know not what of ill.

*Cal.* No more, away·
With thy cold fears—we 'll march this very instant,
And quickly make this thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts for
blood. · [*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE II.*

*A Valley full of Tents; Baggage and Harness lying up and down amongst them. The Prospect terminating with Palm trees and Hills at a Distance. Enter* EUMENES *with Officers, Attendants, and Crowds of the People of* DAMASCUS.

*Eum.* [*Entering*] Sleep on—and angels be thy
guard! —soft slumber
Has gently stole her from her griefs a while,
Let none approach the tent—Are·out-guards plac'd
On yonder hills? [*To an Officer.*

*Offi.* They are.

*Eum.* [*Striking his breast.*] Damascus, O—
Still art thou here!—Let me intreat u, friends,

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To keep strict order: I have no command,
And can but now advise you.
*1st. Cit.* You are still
Our head and leader.
" *2d. Cit.* We resolve t' obey you."
*3d. Cit.* We 're all prepar'd to follow you.
*Eum.* I thank you.
The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And 'till to-morrow's dawn this is our home:
Mean while, each as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot—
*Offi.* Sir, I have mark'd
The camp's extent: 't is stretch'd quite thro' the valley.
I think that more than half the city 's here.
*Eum.* The prospect gives me much relief. I'm pleas'd,
My honest countrymen, t' obsesve your numbers;
And yet it fills my eyes with tears—'T is said
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd
His numerous army, but to think them mortal;
Yet he then flourish'd in prosperity.
Alas! what 's that?—Prosperity!—a harlot,
That smiles but to betray! O shining ruin!
Thou nurse of passions, and thou bane of virtue!
O self-destroying monster! that art blind,
Yet putt'st out reason's eye, that still should guide thee—
Then plungeth down some precipice unseen,
And art no more!—Hear me, all-gracious Heaven,

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Let me wear out my small remains of life
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be—I 'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O Heaven,
Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me!——Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

*Enter* HERBIS.

*Herb.* On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.
*Eum.* And it it worth a look?
*Herb.* No—I 've forgot it.
All our possessions are a grasp of air:
We 're cheated whilst we think we hold them fast:
And when they 're gone, we know that they were nothing.—
But I've a deeper wound.
*Eum.* Poor, good old man!
'T is true'—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

*Enter* ARTAMON.

What Artamon!—art thou here, too?
*Art.* Yes, sir.
I never boasted much of my religion,
Yet I 've some honour and a soldier's pride;
I like not these new lords.
*Eum.* Thou 'rt brave and honest.

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Nay, we 'll not yet despair. A time may come
When from these brute barbarians, we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas! how soon
The flatterer hope is ready with his song
To charm us to forgetfulness!—No more—
Let that be left to Heaven—See, Herbis, see,
Methinks we 've here a goodly city yet.
Was it not thus our great forefathers liv'd,
In better times—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving wealth!
See too, where our own Pharphar winds his stream
Thro' the long vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool, wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march!—Why this is plenty.

*Enter* EUDOCIA.

My daughter!—wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?

*Eud.* Rest is not there,
Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh no—we 're wanderers, it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.

*Eum.* Thou art not well.

"*Eud.* I would, if possible, avoid myself."
I 'm better now, near you.

*Eum.* Near me! alas,
The tender vine so wreathes it's folded arms
Around some falling elm—It wounds my heart

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To think thou followest but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.

*Eud.* O say not so.

You have lost nothing; no——you have preserv'd,
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To Heaven and to your country. Have you not
Refus'd to join with prosperous wicked men,
And hold from them a false inglorious greatness?
Ruin is yonder, in Damascus now
The seat abhorr'd of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague has spread
Contagion thro' it's guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.

*Eum.* Heroic maid!
Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee 'till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wrong'd in thee!

*Eud.* If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiven me.

*Eum.* Forgiven thee!—Why, for thee it is, thee only,
I think, heaven yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis too——we both have been to blame.
O, Phocyas!——but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child!——I meant not to provoke thy tears.

*Eud.* [*Aside.*] O why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are blest in innocence,
And why was he not one?

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*Enter an* Officer.

*Off.* Where is Eumenes?
*Eum.* What means thy breathless haste?
*Off.* I fear there's danger:
For as I kept my watch, I spy'd afar
Thick clouds of dust, and on a nearer view
Perceiv'd a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.
*Herb.* I saw them too,
Where the roads meet on t'other side these hills,
But took them for some band of christian Arabs
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?
*Off.* With utmost speed.
*Eum.* If they are christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire a while, Eudocia,
Till I return. [*Exit* Eudocia.
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

*Enter another* Officer.

2 *Off.* Arm, arm! we're ruined?
The foe is in the camp.
*Eum.* So soon!
2 *Off.* They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forc'd
Our guard; they say they come for plunder.
*Eum.* Villains!



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Sure Caled knows not of this treachery.
Come on—we can fight still. We 'll make them know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair. *Exeunt.*

[*A noise of fighting is heard for some time.*

*Enter* DARAN, *with a Party of Saracen Soldiers.*

*Dar.* Let the fools fight at distance——Here's the harvest.
Reap, reap, my countrymen!—" Ay, there—first clear
" Those further tents"——

[*Exeunt Soldiers, bearing off baggage, &c.*

[*Looking between the Tents.*] What 's here, a woman—fair
She seems, and well attir'd!——It shall be so,
I'll strip her first, and then——

[*Exit and returns with* Eudocia.

*Eud.* [*Struggling.*] Mercy! O spare me!
Help, save me!——What, no help!——Barbarian! Monster!
Heaven hear my cries!

*Dar.* Woman, thy cries are vain.
No help is near.

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

*Pho.* Villain, thou lyest! take that
To loose thy hold—— [*Pushing at him with his spear.*

*Dar.* " What, thou? my evil spirit!
" Is't thou that haunt'st me still?—but thus I thank thee, [*Offering to strike him with his scimitar.*
" It will not be"——Light'ning for ever blast
This coward arm that fails me!—O, vile Syrian, [*Falls.*
I 'm kill'd——O curse—— [*Dies.*

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*Pho.* Die then; thy curses choak thee!——
Eudocia!

*Eud.* Phocyas!——O, astonishment!
Then is it thus that Heaven has heard my prayers?
I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, "or whence this sudden outrage?"

"*Pho.* [*Walking aside.*] The blood ebbs back that
fill'd my heart, and now
"Again her parting farewell awes my soul,
"As if 't were fate, and not to be revok'd.
"Will she not now upbraid me? See thy friends!
"Are these, are these the villains thou hast trusted?

"*Eud.* What means this murmur'd sorrow to thy-
self?
"Is it in vain that thou hast rescu'd me
"From savage hands?—Say, what's th' approaching
danger?

"*Pho.* Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
"Thou see'st 't is death t' approach thee without awe,
"And barbarism itself cannot profane thee.

"*Eud.* Thou dost not answer;" whence are these
alarms?

*Pho.* Some stores remov'd, and not allow'd by treaty,
Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 't will quickly be agreed——But, Oh!
Thou know'st, Eudocia, I 'm a banish'd man,
And 'tis a crime I 'm here once more before thee;
Else might I speak, 't were better for the present
If thou would'st leave this place.



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*Eud.* No——I have a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd,
"Or he had not been thus driven out, expos'd
"The humble tenant of this shelt'ring vale
"For one poor night's repose."——And yet, alas!
For this last act how would I thank thee, Phocyas!—
I've nothing now but prayers and tears to give,
Cold, fruitless thanks!——But 't is some comfort yet
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet again we part——

*Pho.* For ever!
'T is then resolv'd——It was thy cruel sentence,
And I am here to execute that doom.

*Eud.* What dost thou mean?

*Pho.* [*Kneeling.*] Thus at thy feet——

*Eud.* O rise!

*Pho.* Never——No, here I'll lay my burthen down;
I've try'd it's weight, nor can support it longer.
Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
To look upon a wretch accurst, cast off
By Heaven and thee——A little longer yet,
And I am mingled with my kindred dust,
By thee forgotten and the world——

*Eud.* Forbear,
O cruel man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Did'st thou not mark—thou did'st, when last we parted,
The pangs, the strugglings of my suffering soul;
That nothing but the hand of Heaven itself
Could ever drive me from thee!——Dost thou now

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Reproach me thus? or can'st thou have a thought
That I can e'er forget thee?

*Pho.* [*Rising.*] Have a care!
I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false pity!
No, I renounce it. See I am prepar'd.
[*Showing a dagger.*
Thy cruelty is mercy now——Farewell!
And death is now but a release from torment!

*Eud.* Hold—Stay thee yet.—O madness of despair!
And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the gulph,
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown way,
Canst thou return? What if the change prove worse?
O think, if then——

*Pho.* No——thought's my deadliest foe;
'T is lingering racks, and slow consuming fires;
And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it!

*Eud.* O fatal error!——Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,
Perhaps, in forms more frightful. "Death's a name
"By which poor guessing mortals are deceiv'd,
"'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'st in vain
"From life, to meet again with that thou fly'st."
How wilt thou curse thy rashness then? How start,
And shudder, and shrink back? yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?

*Pho.* I thank thee!
For now I'm quite undone——I gave up all
For thee before, but this; this bosom friend,
My last reserve—There——[*Throws away the dagger.*



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Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, deny'd the food of life,
And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will fate do with me?

*Eud.* Oh——— [*Turns away weeping.*

*Pho.* Thou weep'st!
Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort? Not a glimmering light
To guide me thro' this maze? Or must I now
Sit down in darkness and despair for ever?

[*Here they both continue silent for some time.*

Still thou art silent?——Speak, disclose my doom,
That's now suspended in this aweful moment!
O speak——for now my passions wait thy voice:
My beating heart grows calm, my blood stands still.
Scarcely I live, or only live to hear thee.

*Eud.* If yet—but can it be!—I fear—O, Phocyas,
Let me be silent still!

*Pho.* Here then this last,
This only prayer!—Heaven will consent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where-e'er thou goest
But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,
To guide and govern my returning steps,
'Till long contrition and unweary'd duty,
Shall expiate my guilt. Then say, Eudocia,
If like a soul anneal'd in purging fires,
After whole years thou see'st me white again,
When thou, even thou shalt think———

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*Eud.* No more——This shakes
My firmest thoughts, and if———
[*Here a cry is heard of persons slaughtered in the camp.*
———What shrieks of death!
I fear a treacherous foe—have now
Begun a fatal harvest!——Haste,
Prevent—O would'st thou see me more with comfort,
Fly, save 'em, save the threaten'd lives of christians,
My father and his friends!—I dare not stay——
Heaven be my guide to shun this gathering ruin!
[*Exit* Eudocia.

*Enter* CALED.

*Cal.* [*Entering.*] So—Slaughter, do thy work!
——These hands look well. [*Looking on his hands.*
The jovial hunter, ere he quits the field,
First signs him in the stag's warm vital stream
With stains like these, to show 't was gallant sport.
Phocyas! Thou 'rt met—But whether thou art here
[*Comes forward.*
A friend or foe I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?

*Pho.* Hold——pass no further.

*Cal.* Say'st thou, not pass?

*Pho.* No——on thy life no further.

*Cal.* What, dost thou frown too!—sure thou know'st me not!

*Pho.* Not know thee!—Yes, too well I know thee now,
O murd'rous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise———

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*Cal.* Promise!——Insolence!
'T is well, 't is well——for now I know thee too.
"Perfidious mungrel slave! Thou double traitor!
"False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!

*Pho.* That 's well—go on—I swear I thank thee.
"Speak it again, and strike it thro' my ear!"
A villain! Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self, my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all——
Thou canst out—O thou robber!——Give me then
Revenge, or death! The last I well deserve,
That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which accurst be thou, and curst thy prophet!

*Cal.* Hear'st thou this, Mahomet?——Blaspheming mouth!
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.
Go——speed thee thither——

[*Pushing at him with his Lance, which* Phocyas *puts by, and kills him.*

*Pho.* Go thou first thyself.

*Cal.* [*Falling.*] O dog! Thou gnaw'st my heart!
——False Mahomet.
Is this then my reward——O—— [*Dies.*

*Pho.* Thanks to the gods, I have reveng'd my country! [*Exit* Phocyas.

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*Several parties of Christians and Saracens pass over the farther end of the Stage fighting. The former are beaten. At last* EUMENES *rallies them, and makes a stand. Then enters* ABUDAH *attended.*

*Abu.* Forbear, forbear, and sheath the bloody sword,
*Eum.* Abudah! is this well?
*Abu.* No——I must own
You've cause.——O Mussulmans, look here! Behold
Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!
*Eum.* Ha! Caled?
*Abu.* Dumb and breathless.
Then thus has Heaven chastis'd us in thy fall
And thee for violated faith. Farewell.
Thou great, but cruel man!
*Eum.* This thirst of bood
In his own blood is quench'd.
*Abu.* Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first
O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults——
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord the caliph is no more!
Good Abubeker has breath'd out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your Caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.

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Alas!—foreknowledge sure of this event
Guided his choice!——Obey me then your chief.
For you, O christians! know, with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.
Your goods shall be untouch'd, your persons safe,
Nor shall our troops, henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march.—If more you ask, 't is granted.

*Eum.* Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn
A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us even wish thee ours.

*Abu.* [*Aside.*] O, Power Supreme!
That mad'st my heart, and know'st it's inmost frame!
If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!——Now, Eumenes,
Friends as we may be, let us part in peace.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter* ARTAMON *and* EUDOCIA.

" *Eud.* Alas! but is my father safe?
" *Art.* Heav'n knows.
" I left him just preparing to engage;
" When doubtful of th' event he bade me haste
" To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
" And aid your speedy flight.
" *Eud.* My flight! but whither?
" O no——if he is lost——
" *Art.* I hope not so.

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"The noise is ceas'd. Pyrhaps they 're beaten off.
"We soon shall know;—here 's one that can inform
us."

"*Enter first Officer.*"

Soldier, thy looks speak well. What says thy tongue?
1 *Off.* The foe's withdrawn; Abudah has been here,
And has renew'd the terms. Caled is kill'd——
*Art.* Hold——first thank Heaven for that!
*Eud.* Where is Eumenes?
1 *Off.* I left him well; by his command I came
To search you out: and let you know this news.
I 've more; but that——
*Art.* Is bad, perhaps, so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let 's know it,
'T is but life's chequer'd lot.
1 *Off.* Eumenes mourns
A friend's unhappy fall; Herbis is slain;
A settled gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him,
Th' effect of grief, 't is thought, for his lost son.
When, on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desperate valour
He press'd the foe, and met the fate he wish'd.
*Art.* See, where Eumenes comes!——What 's this?
He seems
To lead some wounded friend——Alas! 't is——
[*They withdraw to one side of the stage.*

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*Enter* EUMENES *leading in* PHOCYAS *with an Arrow in his Breast.*

" *Eum.* Give me thy wound! O I could bear it
for thee,
" This goodness melts my heart. What, in a moment
" Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
" T' exchange forgiveness thus!
" *Pho.* Moments are few,
" And must not now be wasted. O, Eumenes,
" Lend me thy helping hand a little farther;
" O where, where is she? [*They advance.*"
*Eum.* Look, look here, Eudocia!
Behold a sight that calls for all our tears!
*Eud.* Phocyas, and wounded!—O what cruel hand—
*Pho.* No, 't was a kind one——Spare thy tears, Eudocia!
For mine are tears of joy.——
*Eud.* Is 't possible?
*Pho.* 'T is done——the pow'rs supreme have heard
my pray'r,
And prosper'd me with some fair deed this day.
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.
By me the treacherous chiefs are slain; a while
I stopp'd the foe, 'till, warn'd by me before
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came;
But first this random shaft had reach'd my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er——'t is thus that Heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me;
And now I wake as from the sleep of death.



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*Eud.* What shall I say to thee to give thee comfort?

*Pho.* Say only thou forgiv'st me——O, Eudocia!
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Thro' passion's mists; my soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms!
Bright as the shining angel host that stood—
Whilst I——but there it smarts———

*Eud.* Look down, look down,
Ye pitying powers! and help his pious sorrow!

*Eum.* 'T is not too late, we hope, to give thee help.
See! yonder is my tent: we 'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dress'd.
Perhaps it is not mortal.

*Pho.* No! not mortal!
No flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For the world's empire I 'd not lose this death!
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjur'd you
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors, and defend my fame.
For know——soon as this pointed steel 's drawn out
Life follows thro' the wound.

*Eud.* What dost thou say?
O touch not yet the broken springs of life!
A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul.
How shall I give them words? "Oh, 'till this hour
"I scarce have tasted woe!——this is indeed
"To part——but, Oh!"———

*Pho.* No more——death is now painful!
But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask,



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(For still methinks all your concerns are mine)
Whither have you design'd to bend your journey?

*Eum.* Constantinople is my last retreat,
If Heaven indulge my wish; there I 've resolv'd
To wear out the dark winter of my life,
An old man's stock of days.—I hope not many.

*Eud.* There will I dedicate myself to Heaven.
O, Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
Shall e'er possess my heart. My father too
Consents to this my vow. "My vital flame
"There, like a taper on the holy altar,
"Shall waste away; 'till Heaven relenting hears
"Incessant prayers for thee and for myself,
"And wing my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
"For in that thought I find a sudden hope,
"As if inspir'd, springs in my breast, and tells me
"That thy repenting frailty is forgiven,"
And we shall meet again to part no more.

*Pho.* [*Plucking out the Arrow.*] Then all is done——
'twas the last pang——at length——
I've given up thee, and the world now is—nothing.

*Eum.* Alas! "he falls. Help, Artamon, support him.
"Look how he bleeds! Let 's lay him gently down!"
Night gathers fast upon him——so——look up,
Or speak, if thou hast life—Nay then—my daughter!
She faints—"Help there, and bear her to her tent."
[Eudocia *faints away.*

*Art.* [*Weeping aside.*] I thank ye, eyes! This is but decent tribute.
My heart was full before.

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*Eum.* O Phocyas, Phocyas!
Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth!
As for a son——so let me call thee now.
A much-wrong'd friend, and an unhappy hero!
A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can show;
Tears vainly flow for errors learnt too late,
When timely caution should prevent our fate.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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## EPILOGUE.

*WELL, sirs; you've seen, his passion to approve,*
*A desperate lover give up all for love,*
*All but his faith,—Methinks now I can 'spy,*
*Among you airy sparks, some who would cry,*
*Phoo, pox,—for that what need of such a pother?*
*For one faith left, he would have got another.——*
*True: 't was your very case. Just what you say,*
*Our rebel fools were ripe for, t' other day;*
*Tho' disappointed now, they're wiser grown,*
*And with much grief—are forc'd to keep their own.*
*These generous madmen gratis sought their ruin,*
*And set no price, not they—on their undoing.*
*For gain, indeed, we've others would not dally,*
*Or with stale principles, stand shilly-shally.—*
*You'll find all their religion in 'Change-Ally,*
*There all pursue, or better means or worse,*
*Iago's rule 'Put money in your purse,'*
*For tho' you differ still in speculation,*
*For why—each head is wiser than the nation,*
*Th' points of faith for ever will divide you,*
*And bravely you declare—none e'er shall ride you.*
*In practice all agree, and every man,*
*Devoutly strives to get what wealth he can:*
*All parties at this golden altar bow,*
*Gain, powerful gain's the new religion now.*

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*But leave we this—Since in the circle smile*
*So many shining beauties of our isle,*
*Who to more generous ends direct their aim,*
*And show us virtue in it's farest frame;*
*To these, with pride, the author bids me say,*
*'T was chiefly for your sex he wrote this play;*
*And if in one bright character you find*
*Superior honour, and a noble mind,*
*Know from the life Eudocia's charms he drew,*
*And hopes the piece shall live, that copies you.*
*Sure of success, he cannot miss his end,*
*If every British heroine proves his friend.*

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